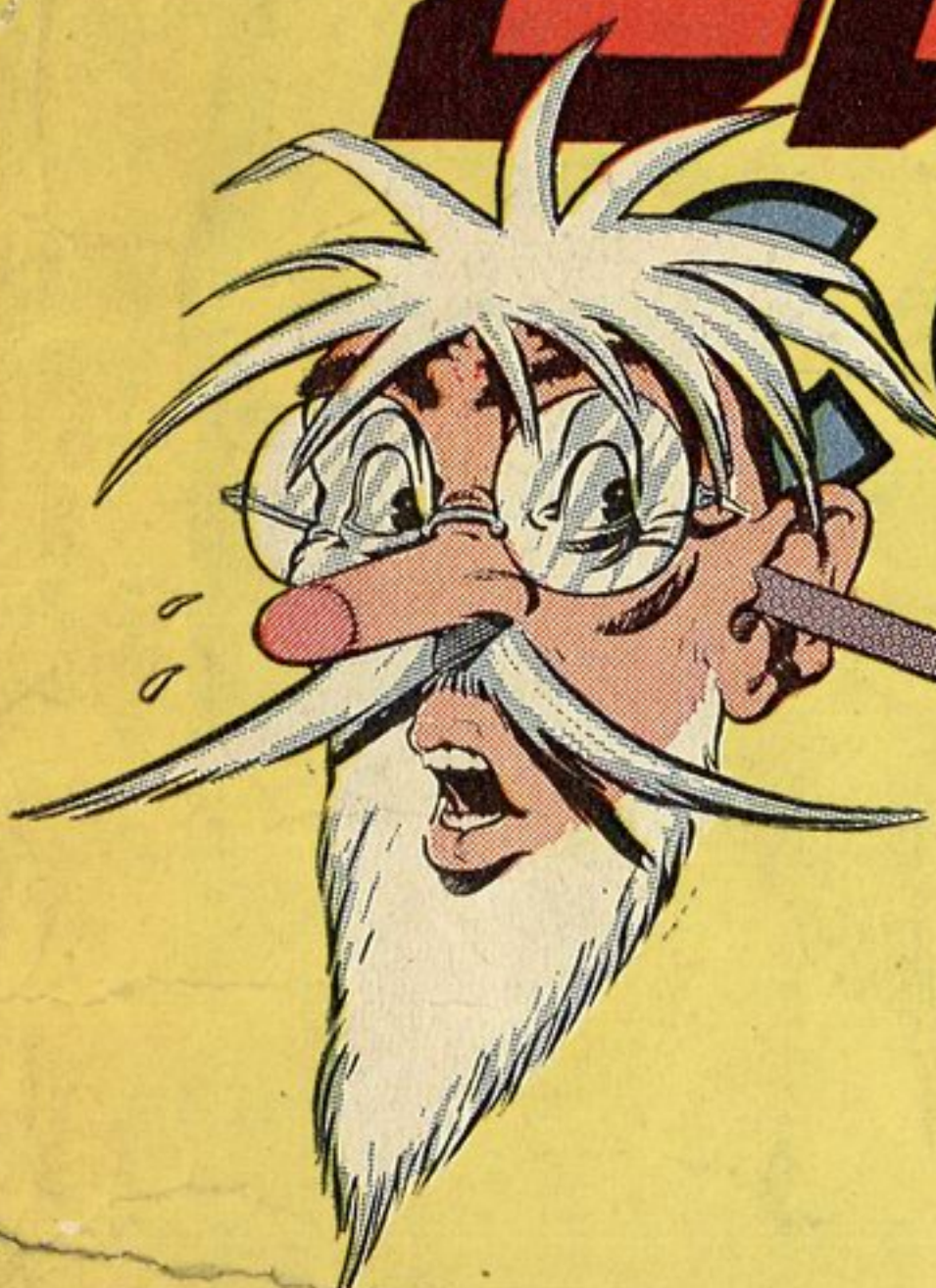


OCTOBER
No. 55

SMASH COMICS

10¢

SM
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10



MIDNIGHT
and his PALS
AGREE!

Never trouble
TROUBLE
until trouble
troubles
YOU!





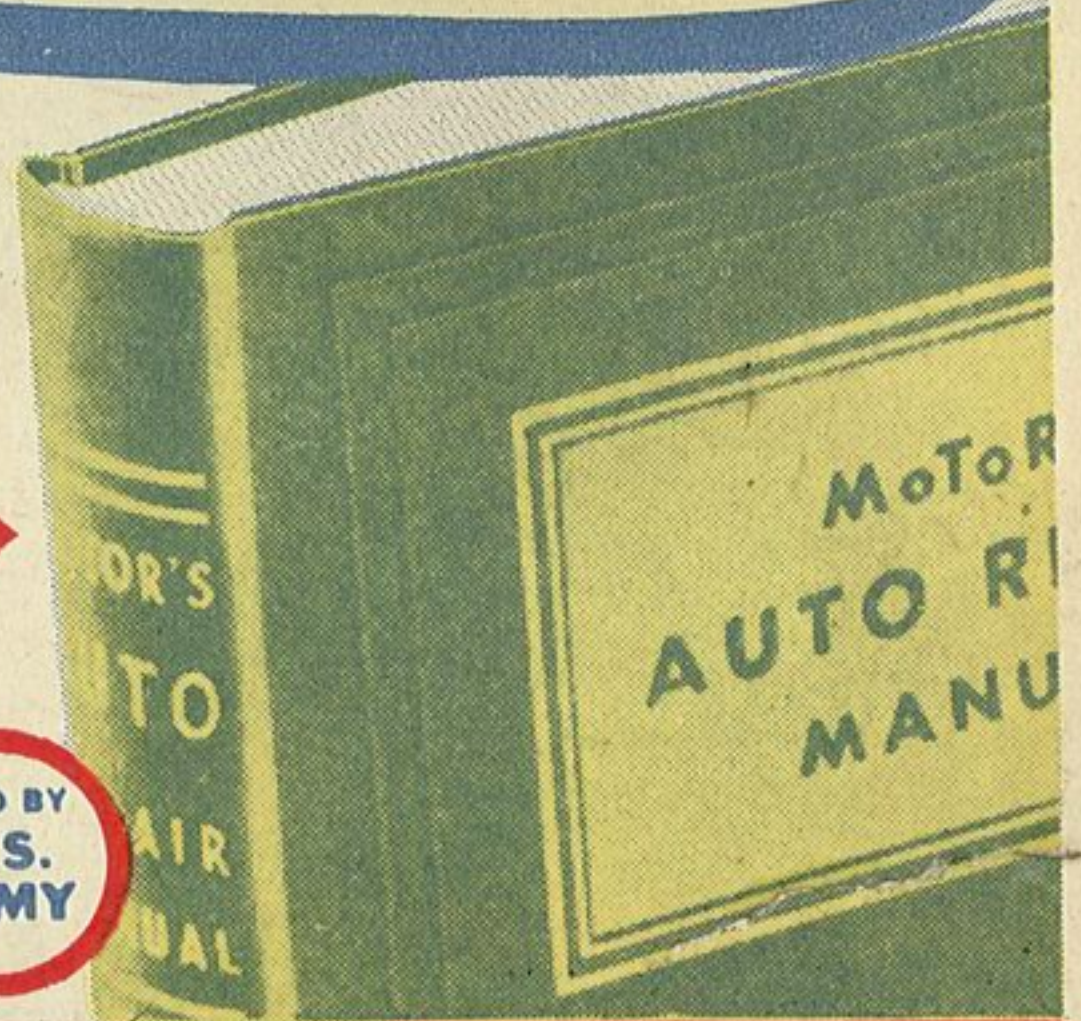
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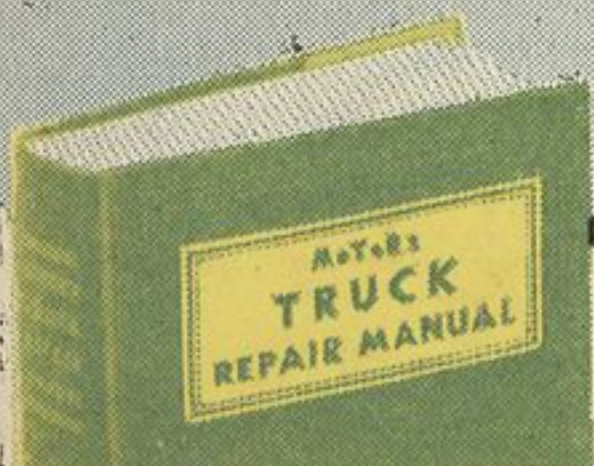
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SMASH COMICS

Midnight

By
PAUL GUSTAVSON

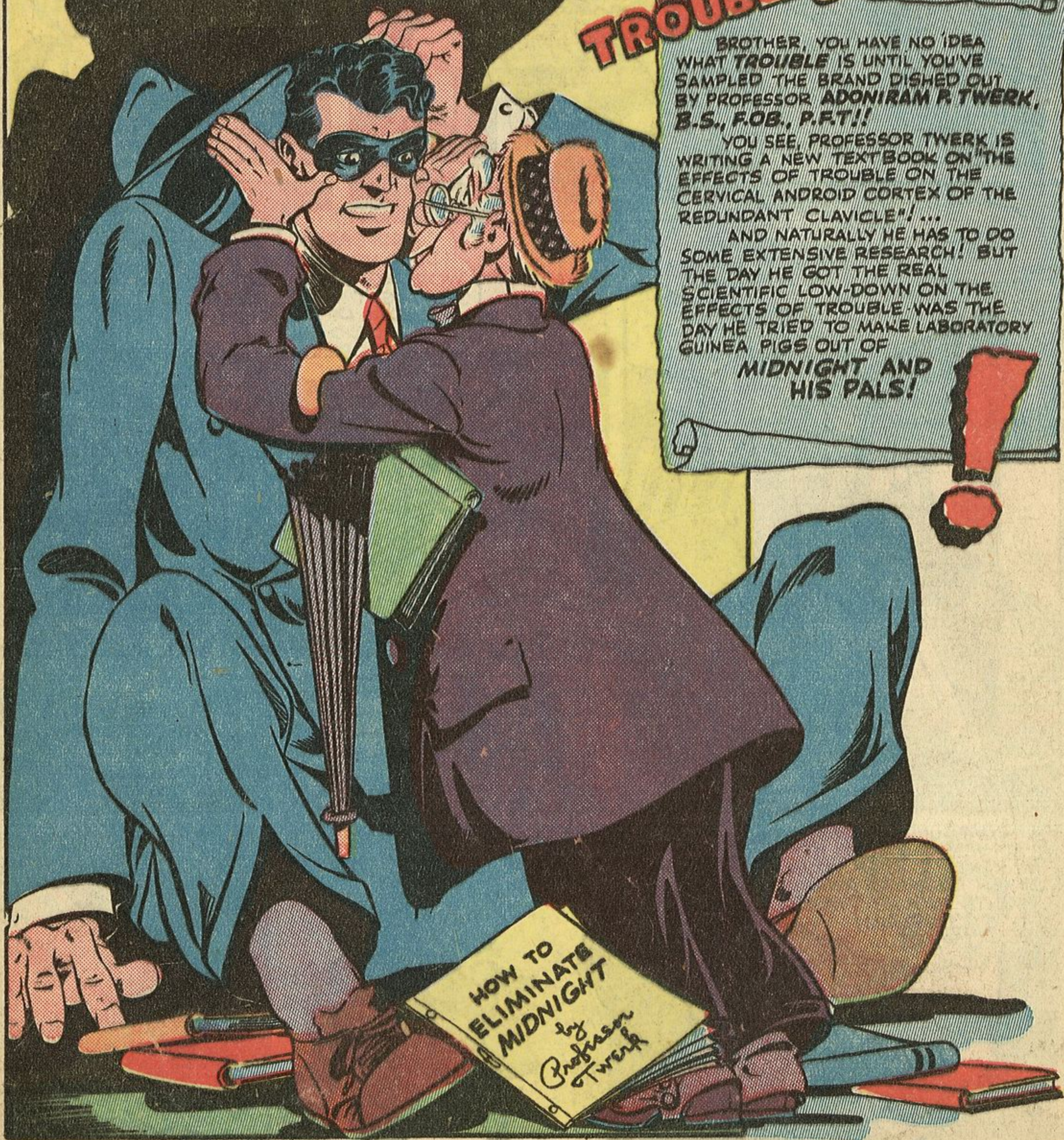
TROUBLE?

BROTHER, YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT TROUBLE IS UNTIL YOU'VE SAMPLED THE BRAND DISHED OUT BY PROFESSOR ADONIRAM R TWERK, B.S., F.O.B., P.F.T.!!

YOU SEE, PROFESSOR TWERK IS WRITING A NEW TEXTBOOK ON "THE EFFECTS OF TROUBLE ON THE CERVICAL ANDROID CORTEX OF THE REDUNDANT CLAVICLE"! ...

AND NATURALLY HE HAS TO DO SOME EXTENSIVE RESEARCH! BUT THE DAY HE GOT THE REAL SCIENTIFIC LOW-DOWN ON THE EFFECTS OF TROUBLE WAS THE DAY HE TRIED TO MAKE LABORATORY GUINEA PIGS OUT OF

MIDNIGHT AND HIS PALS!



Shhhhhh...

Behind these portals labors one who would revolutionize the science of psychology...

ALMOST FINISHED! ONE MORE CHAPTER AND MY LOVELY BOOK ON "THE EFFECTS OF TROUBLE ON THE CERVICAL ANDROID CORTEX OF THE REDUNDANT CLAVICLE" WILL BE DONE!

BUT HOW CAN I FINISH WITHOUT ACTUAL EXAMPLES OF TROUBLE? I MUST HAVE TROUBLE!

PROFESSOR TWERK!

AH!... PERHAPS THIS IS IT! COME IN, MISS LUMP!

PROFESSOR, DEAR, YOU'VE BEEN WORKING SO-O HARD! I THOUGHT YOU'D ENJOY A BOWL OF MY SOUP! AND DO CALL ME LOBELIA!

HELP! MISS LUMP--ER--LOBELIA! HAVEN'T YOU MADE A MISTAKE?

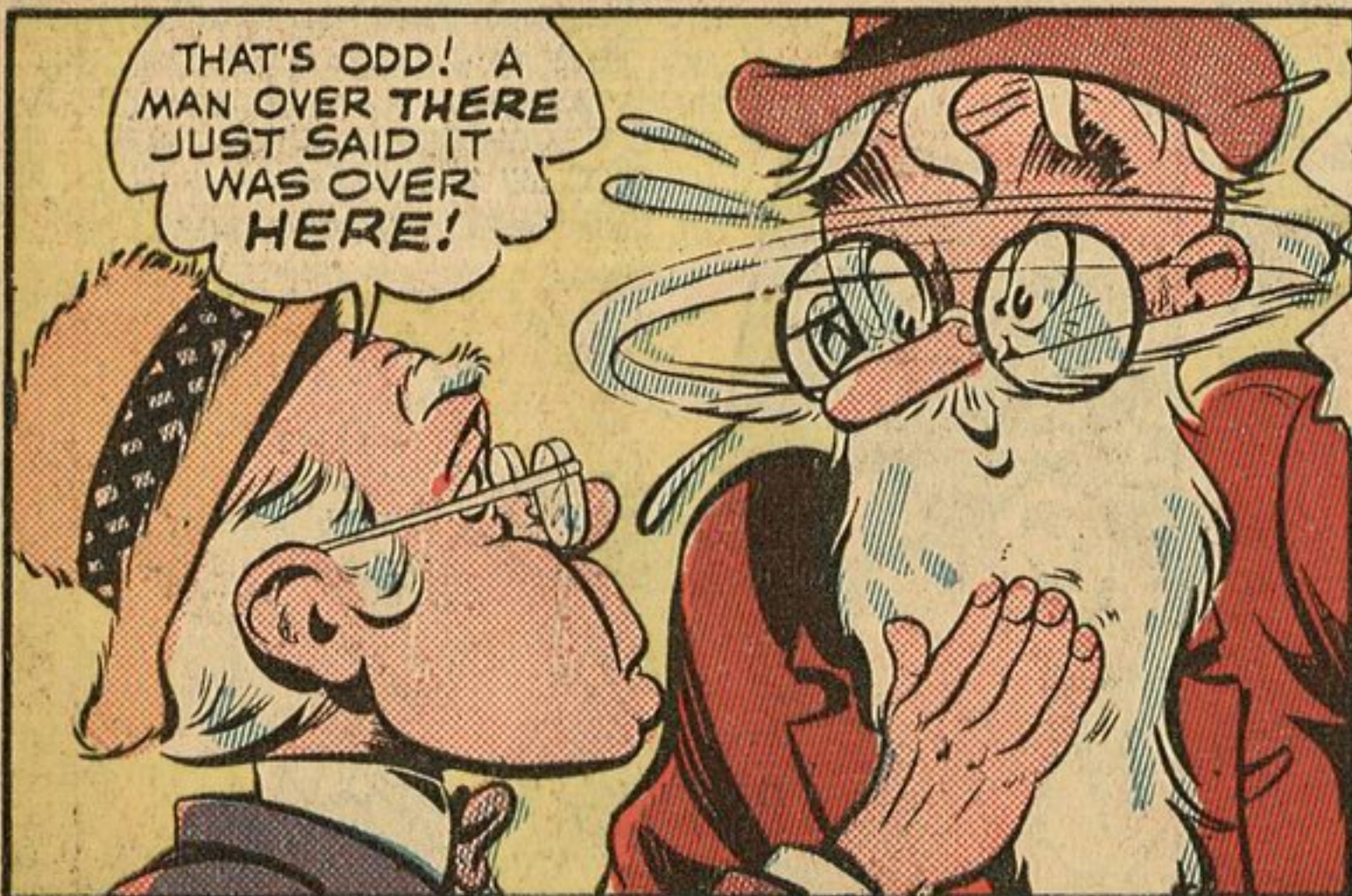
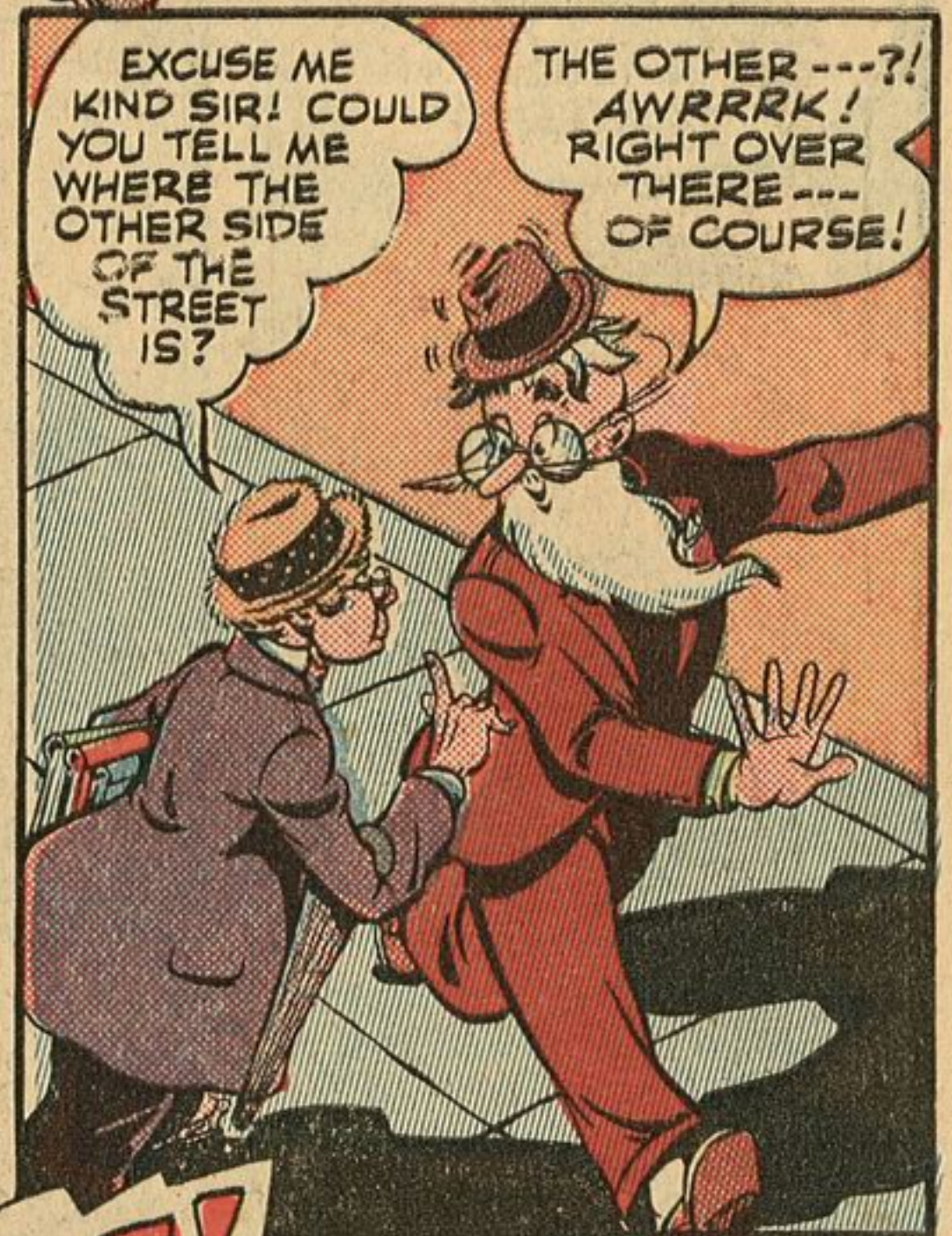
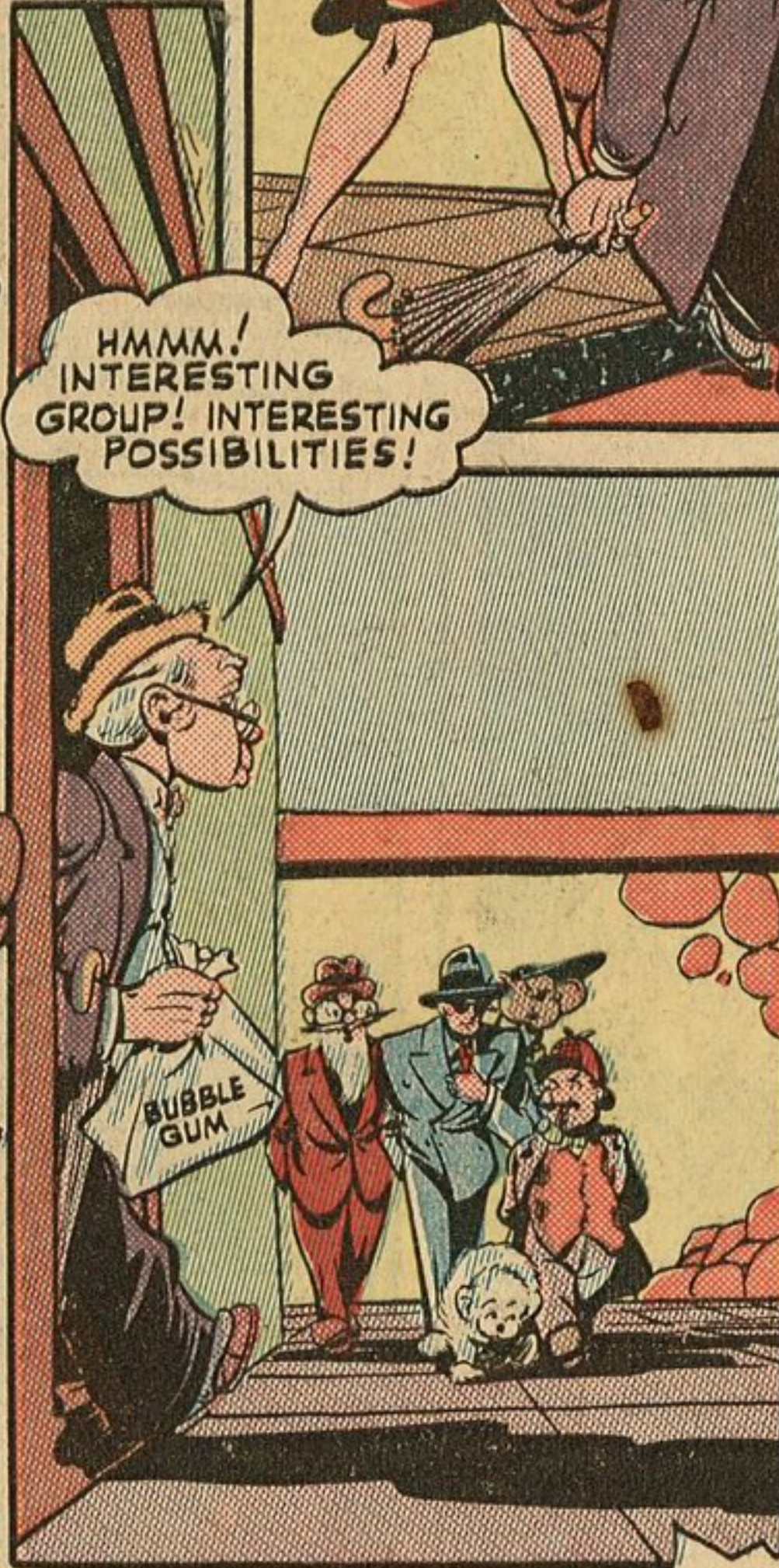
OH, YOU DEAR BOY! HOW SILLY! FOR YOU, I'D KICK ALL THE OTHER ROOMERS OUT! ... I'D...

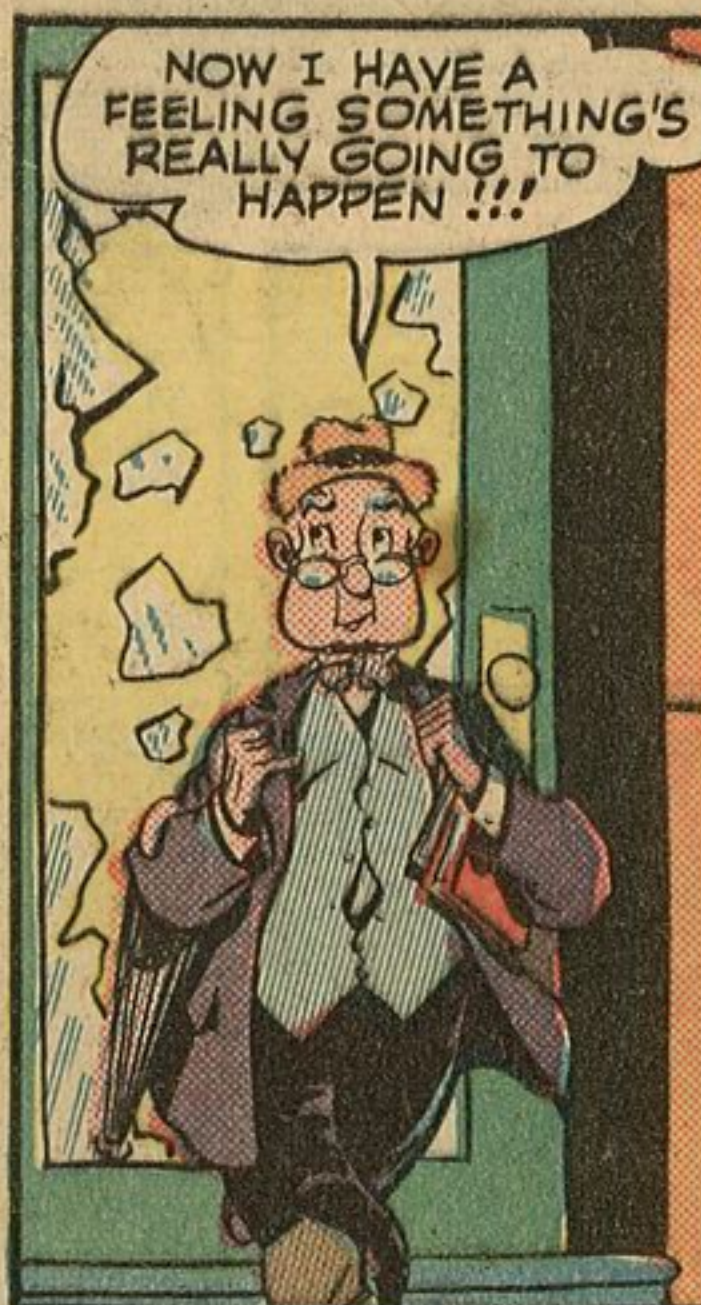
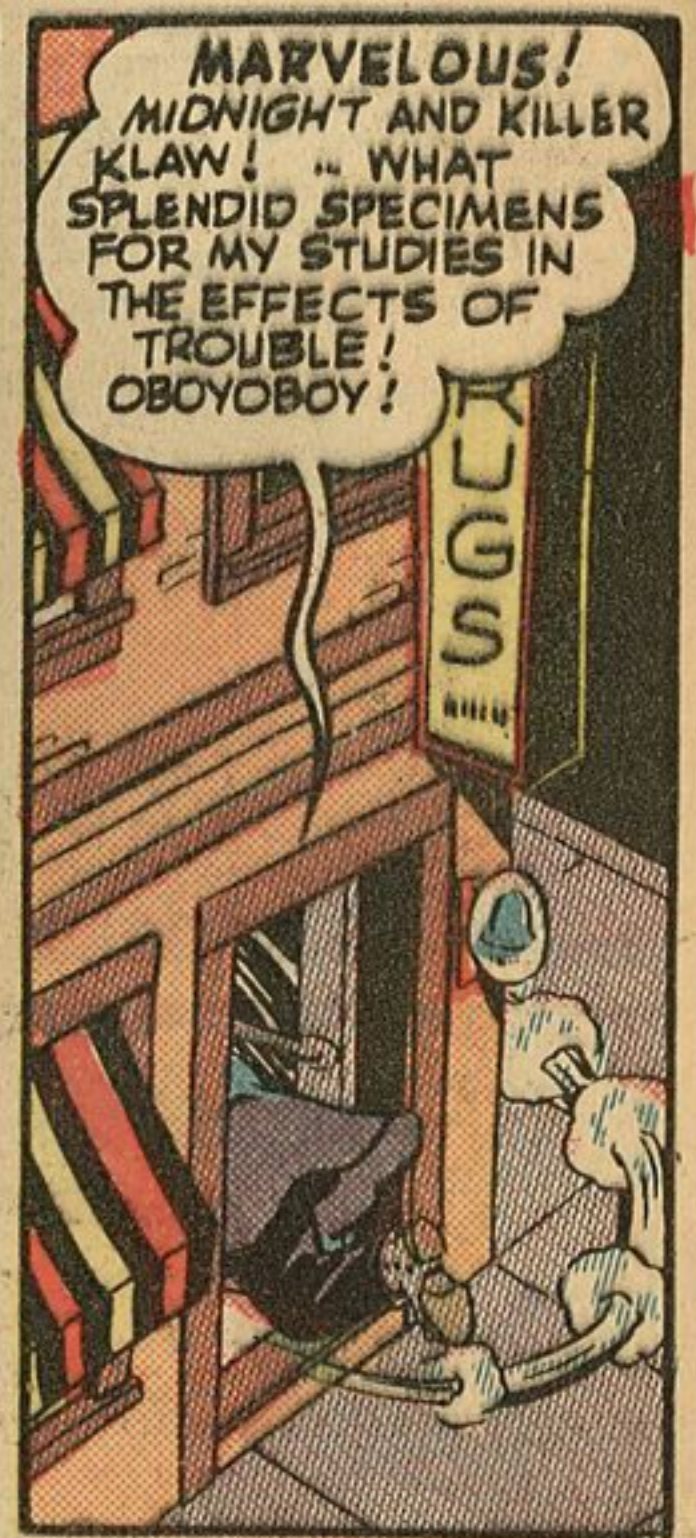
WOO WOO!

CONFOUND IT, I'M SIX WEEKS BEHIND IN MY RENT! I KEEP YOUR OTHER ROOMERS AWAKE NIGHTS WITH MY TYPING! I COMPLAIN! I FUSS...

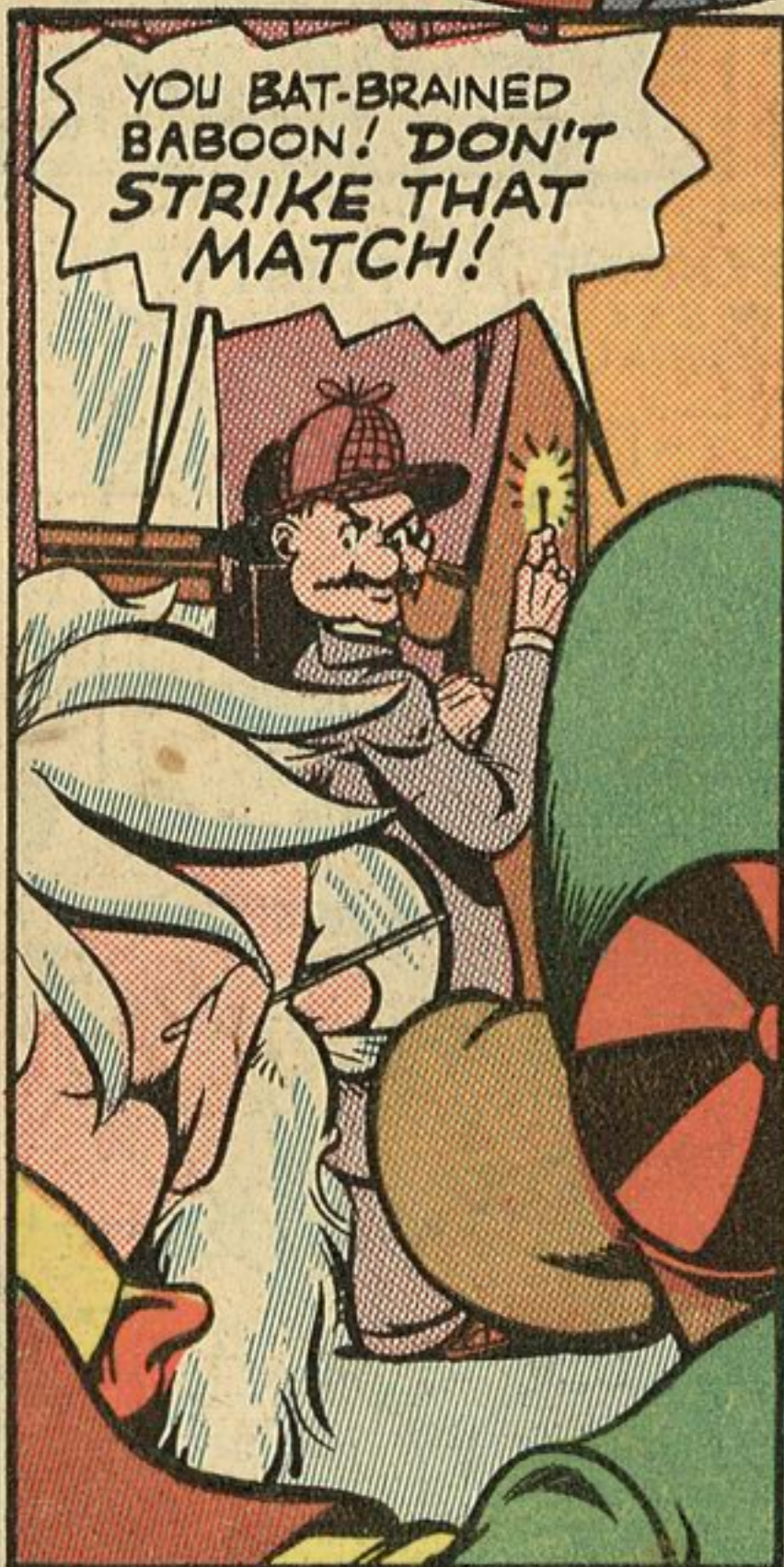
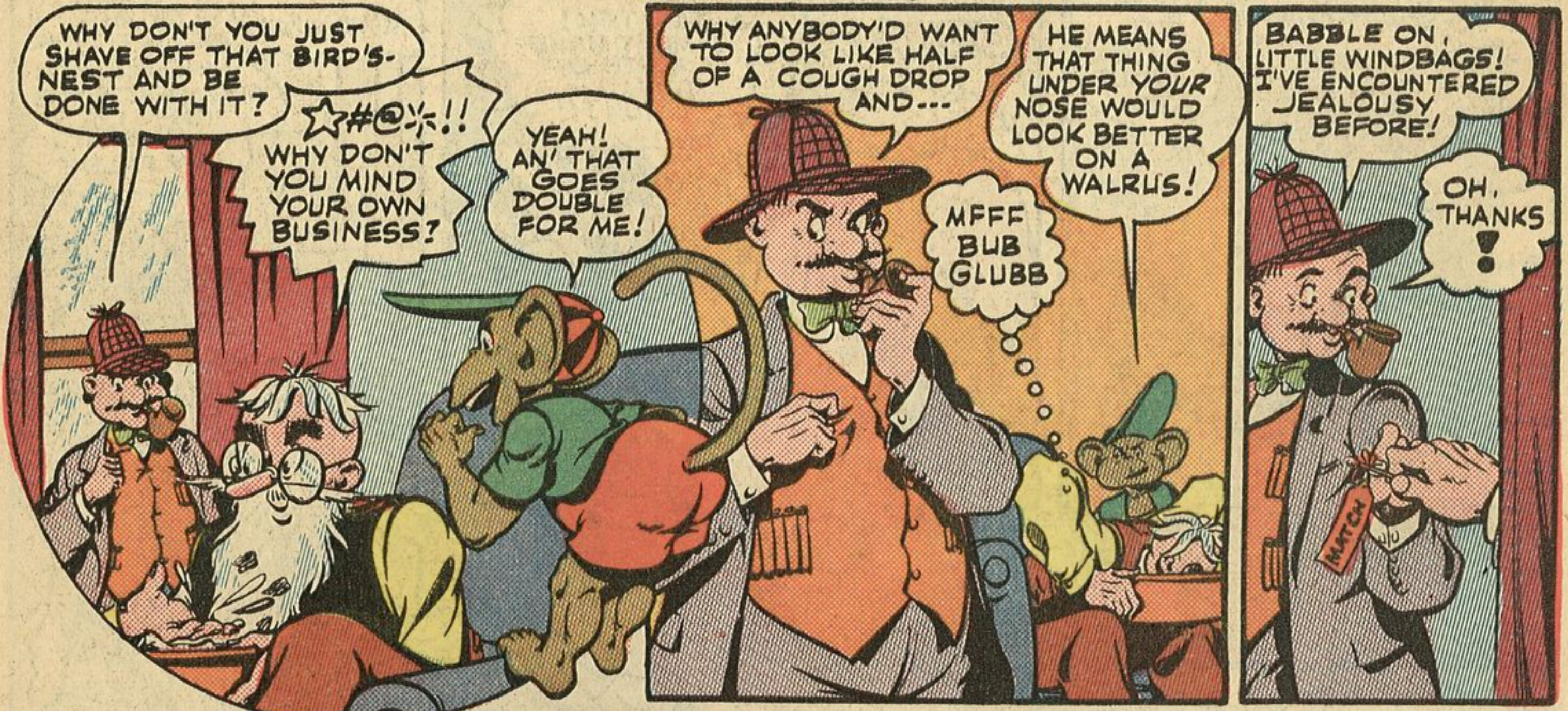
AREN'T YOU GOING TO MAKE TROUBLE FOR ME?

I DIDN'T MEAN THAT KIND OF TROUBLE!





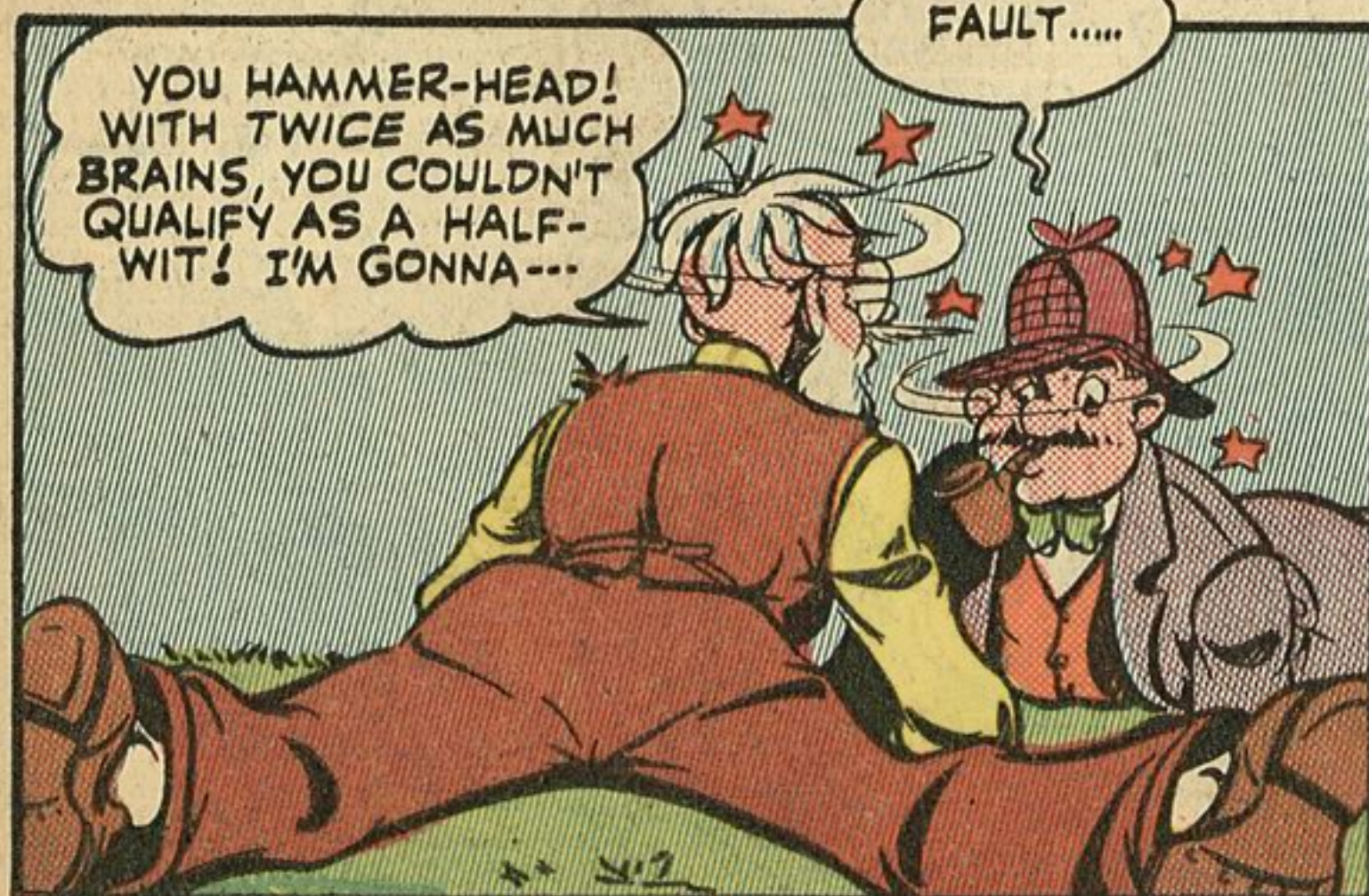
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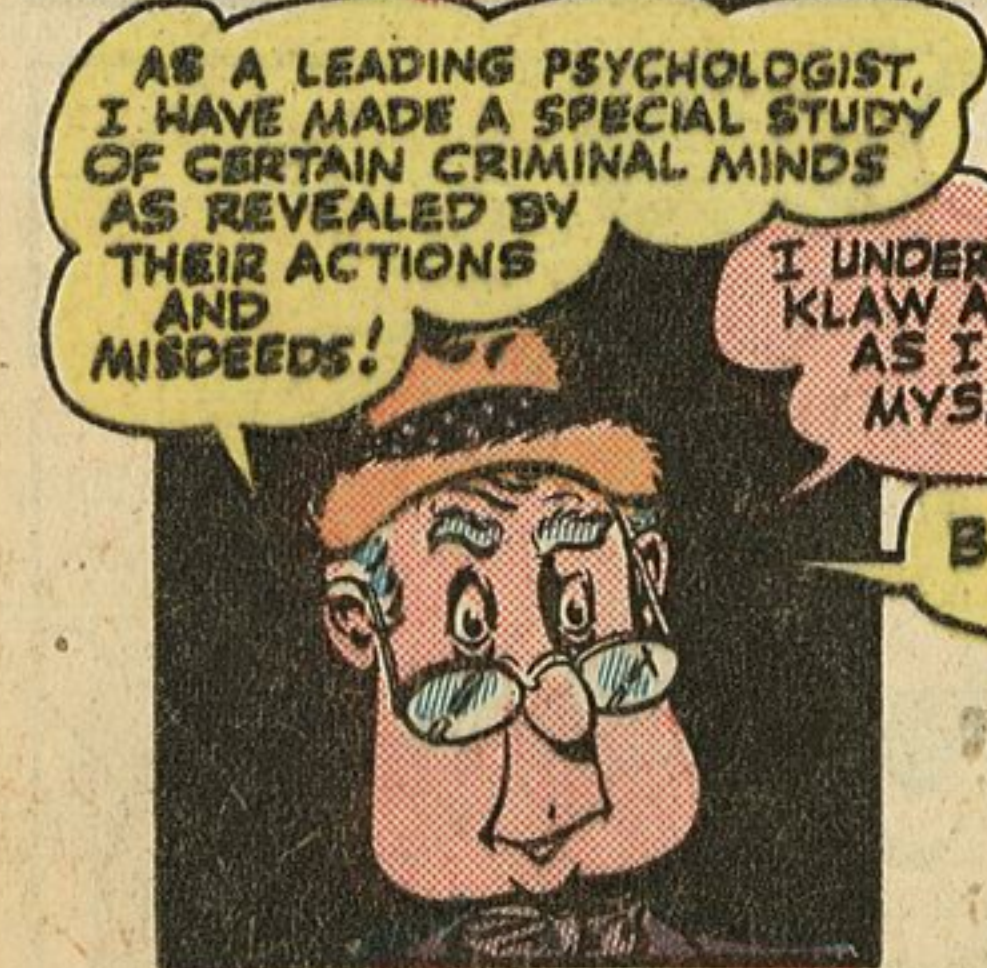
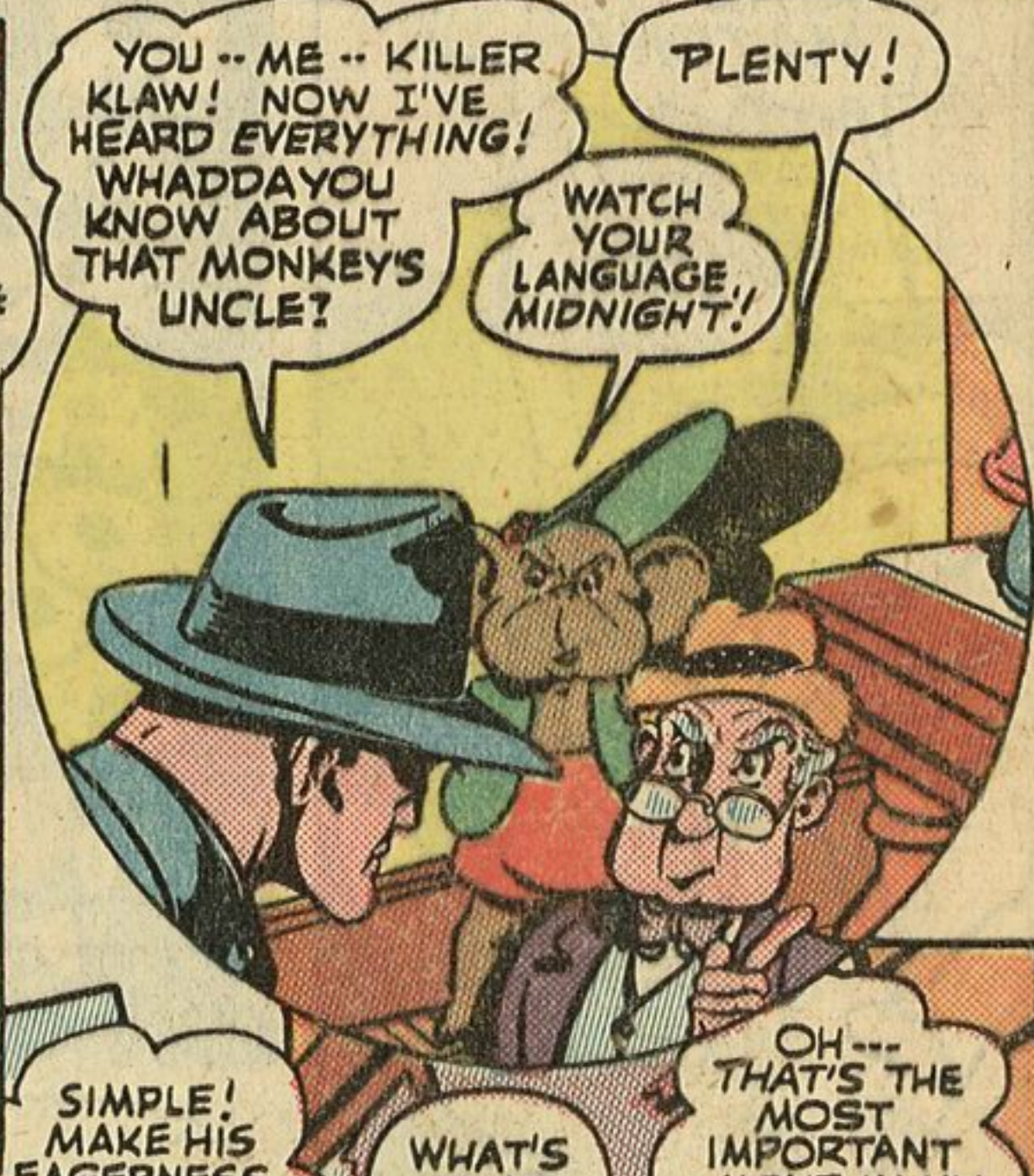
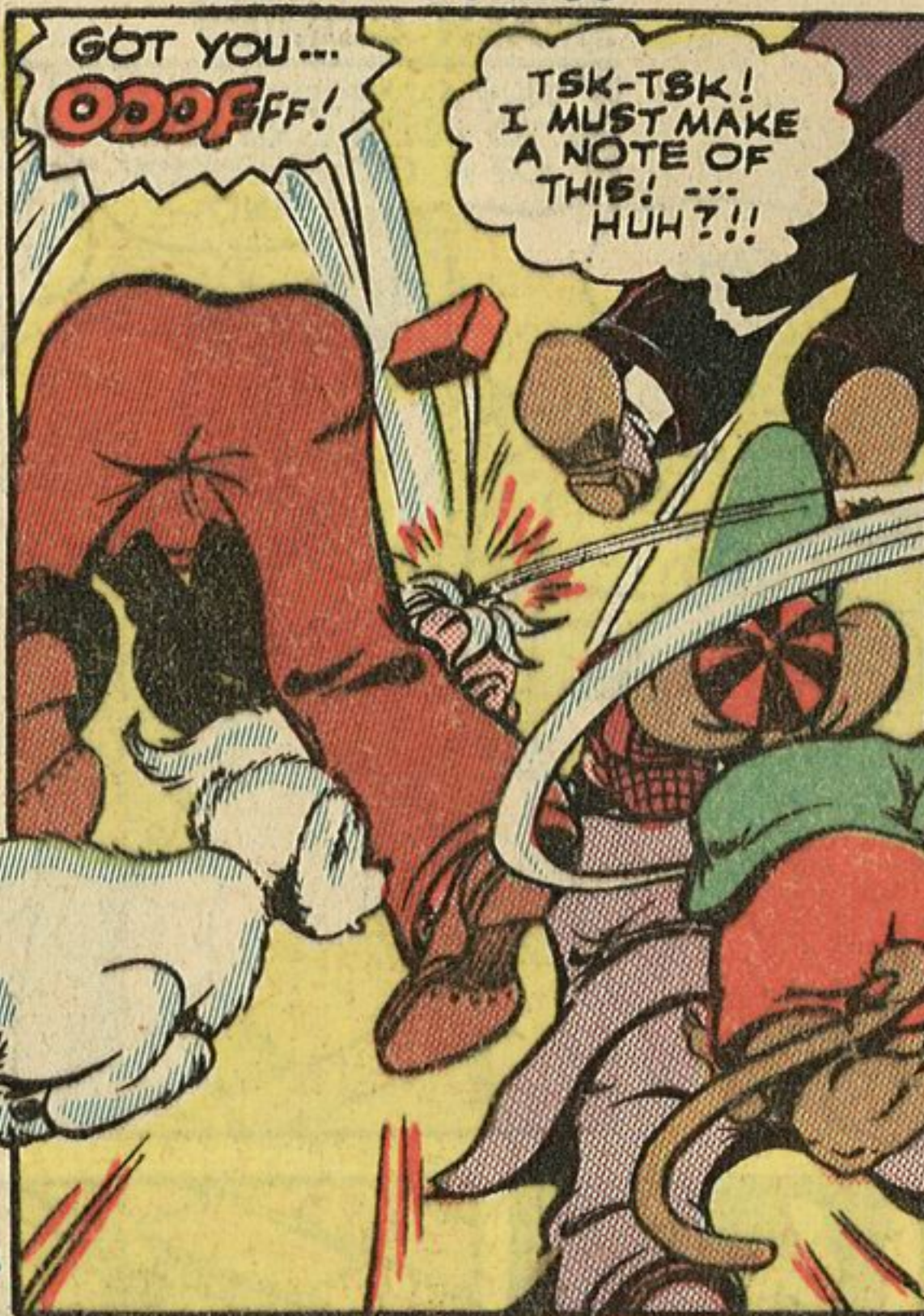


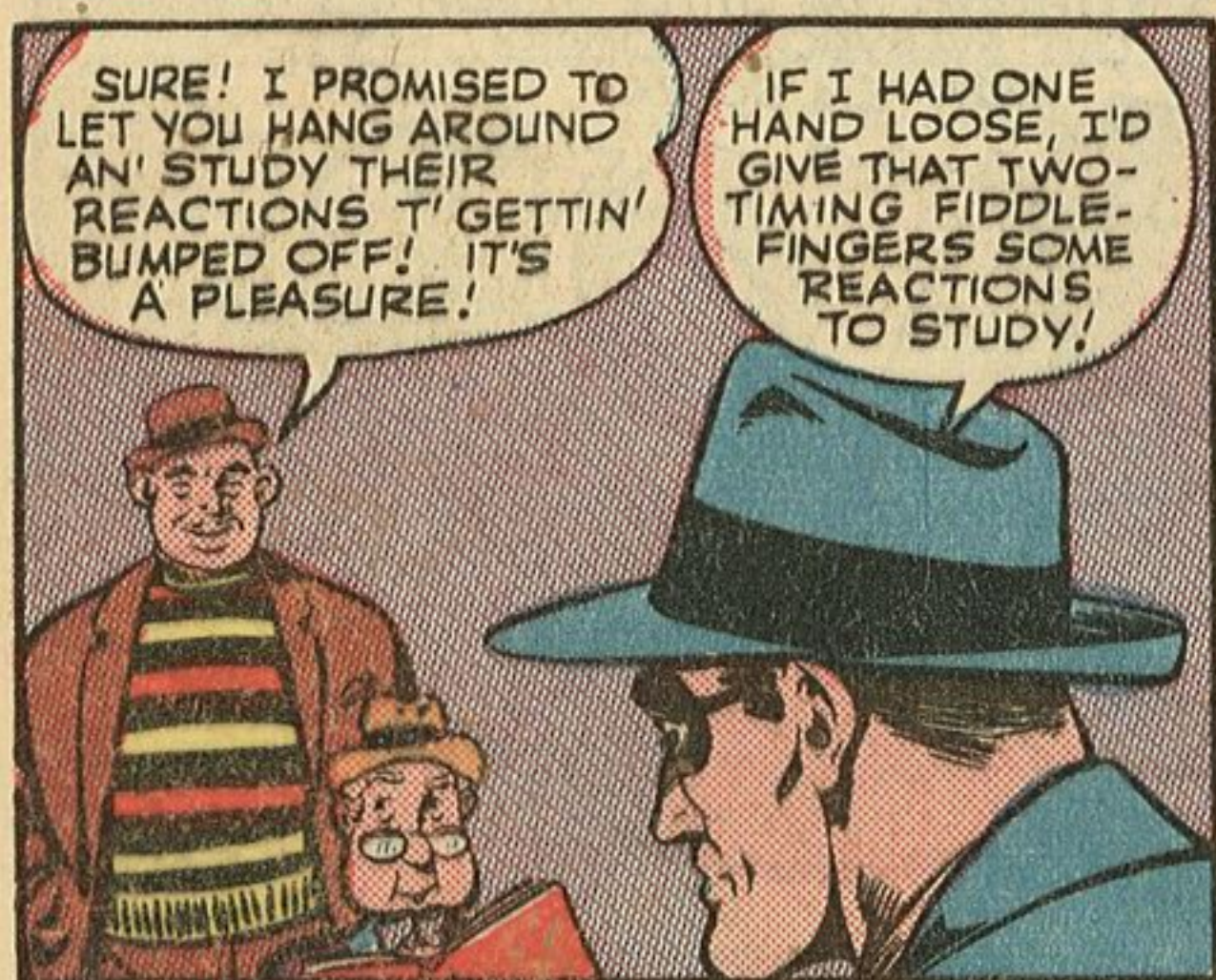
WAAH WOOO!

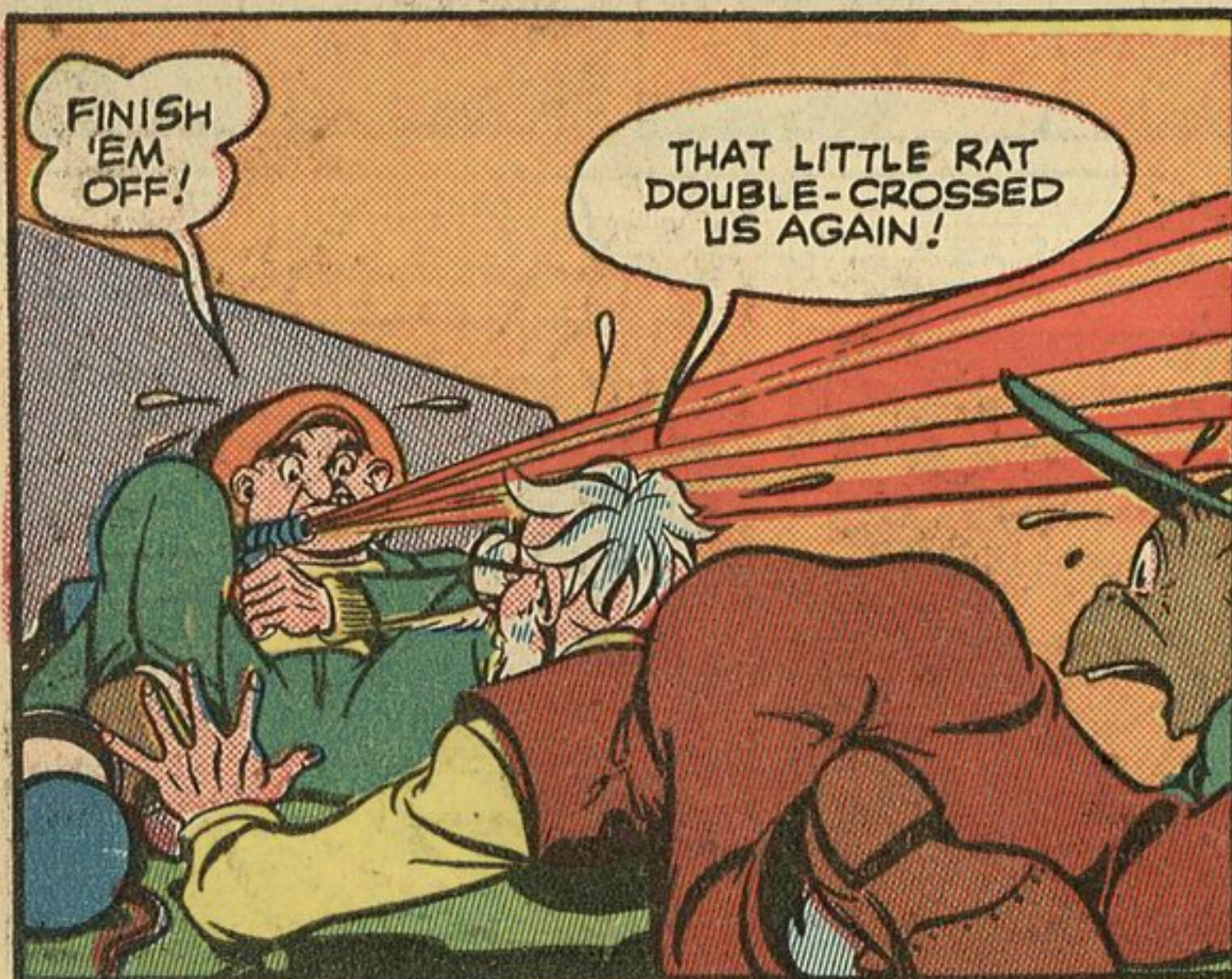


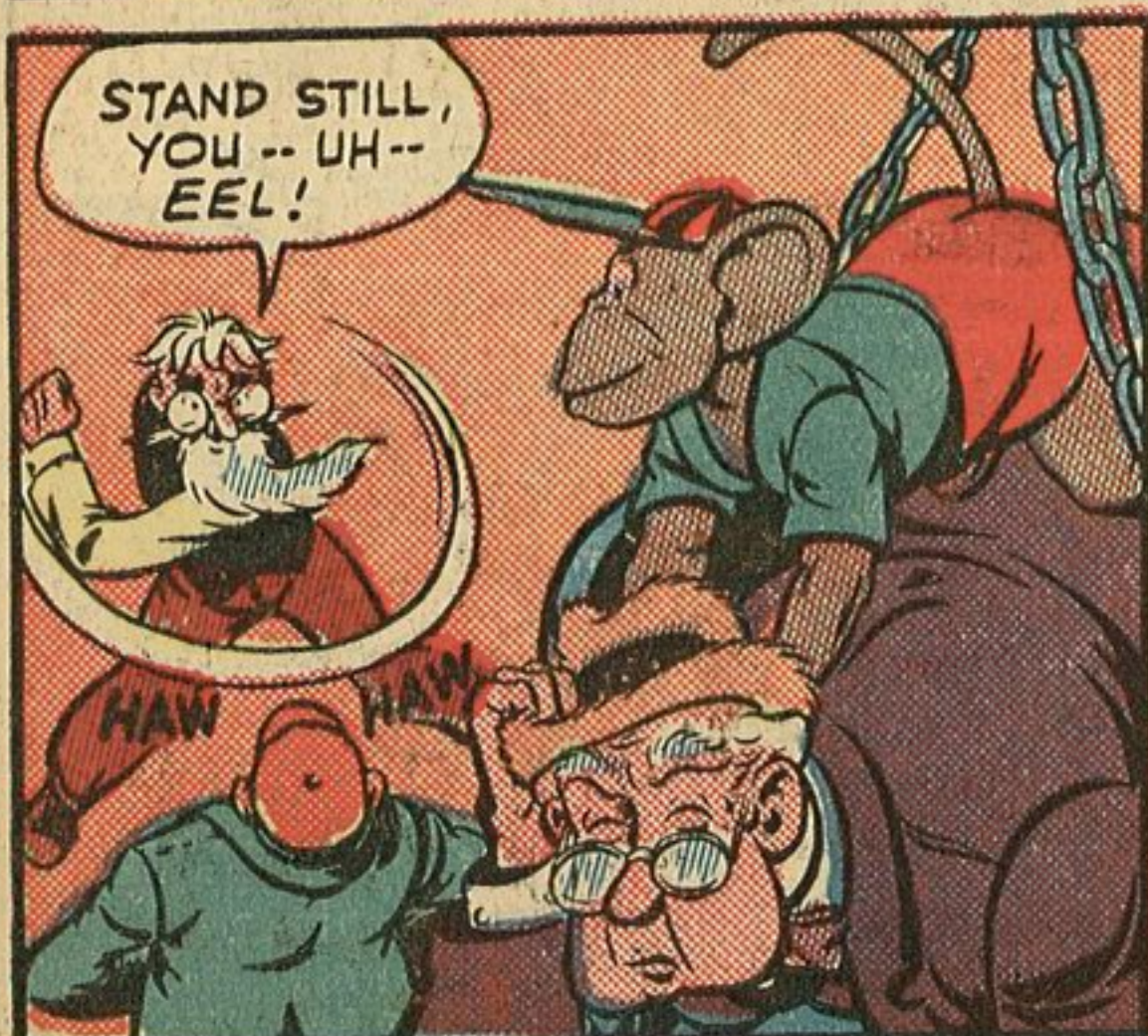
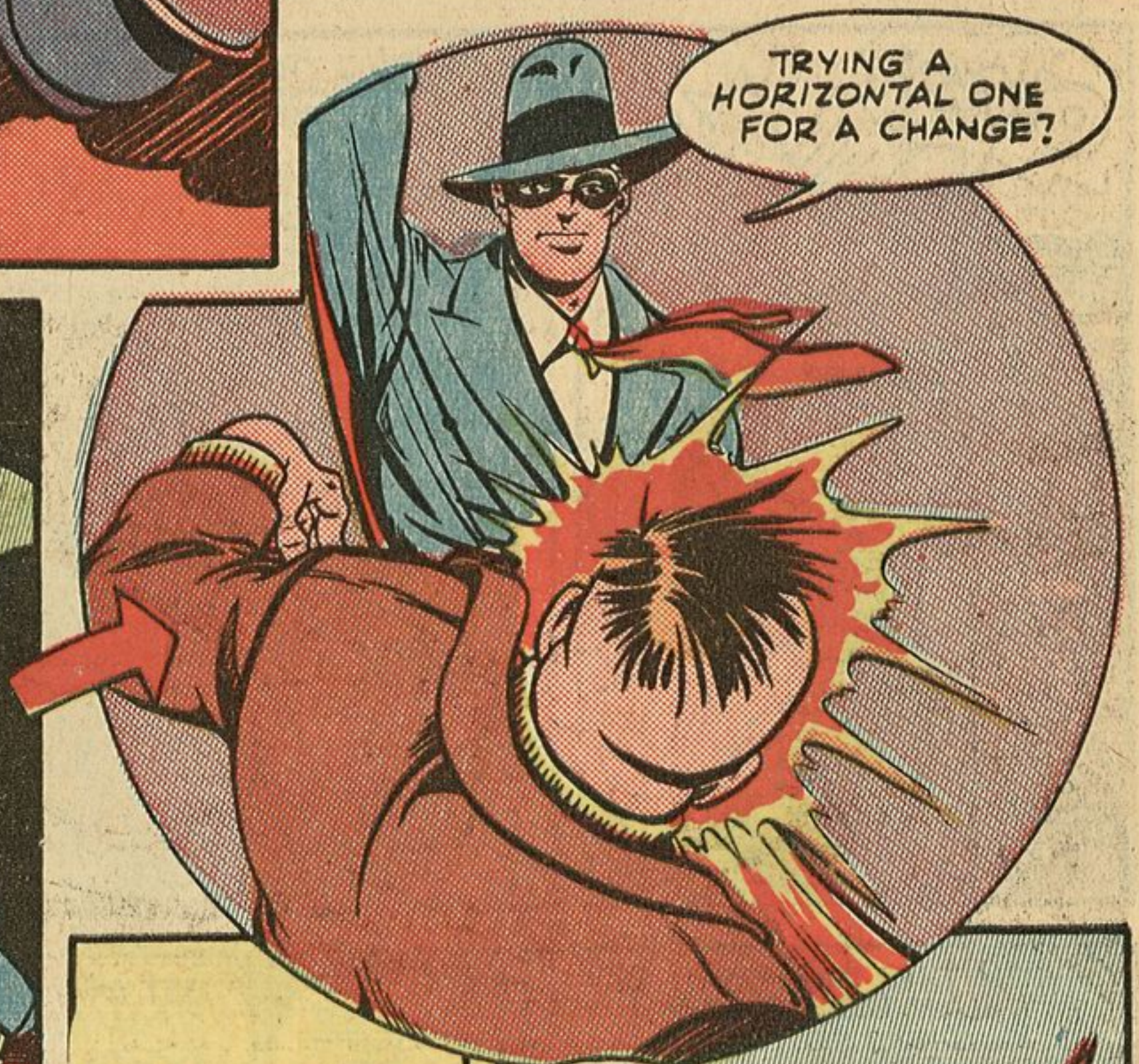
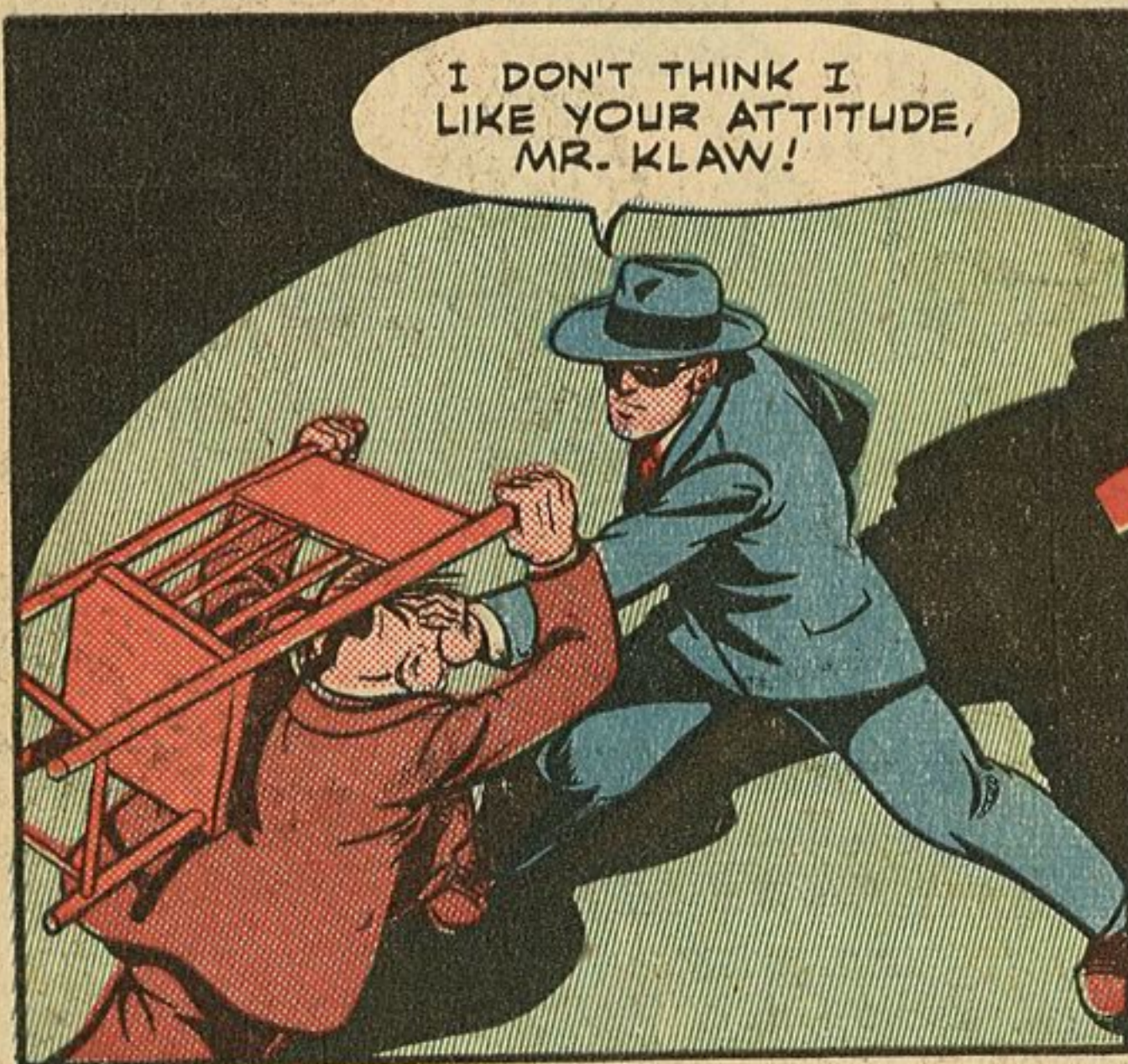
WAIT, DOC... IT WASN'T MY FAULT....

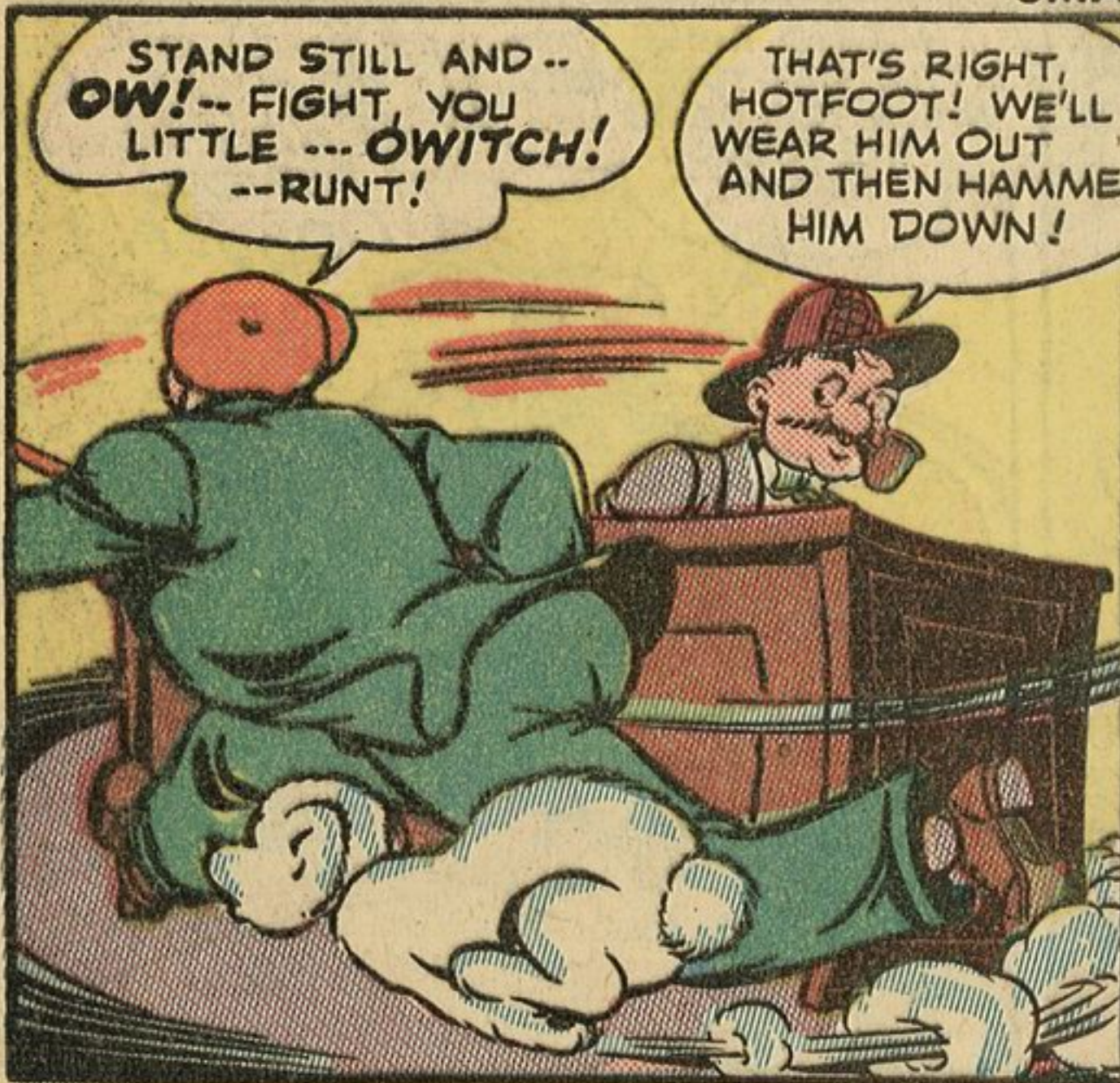










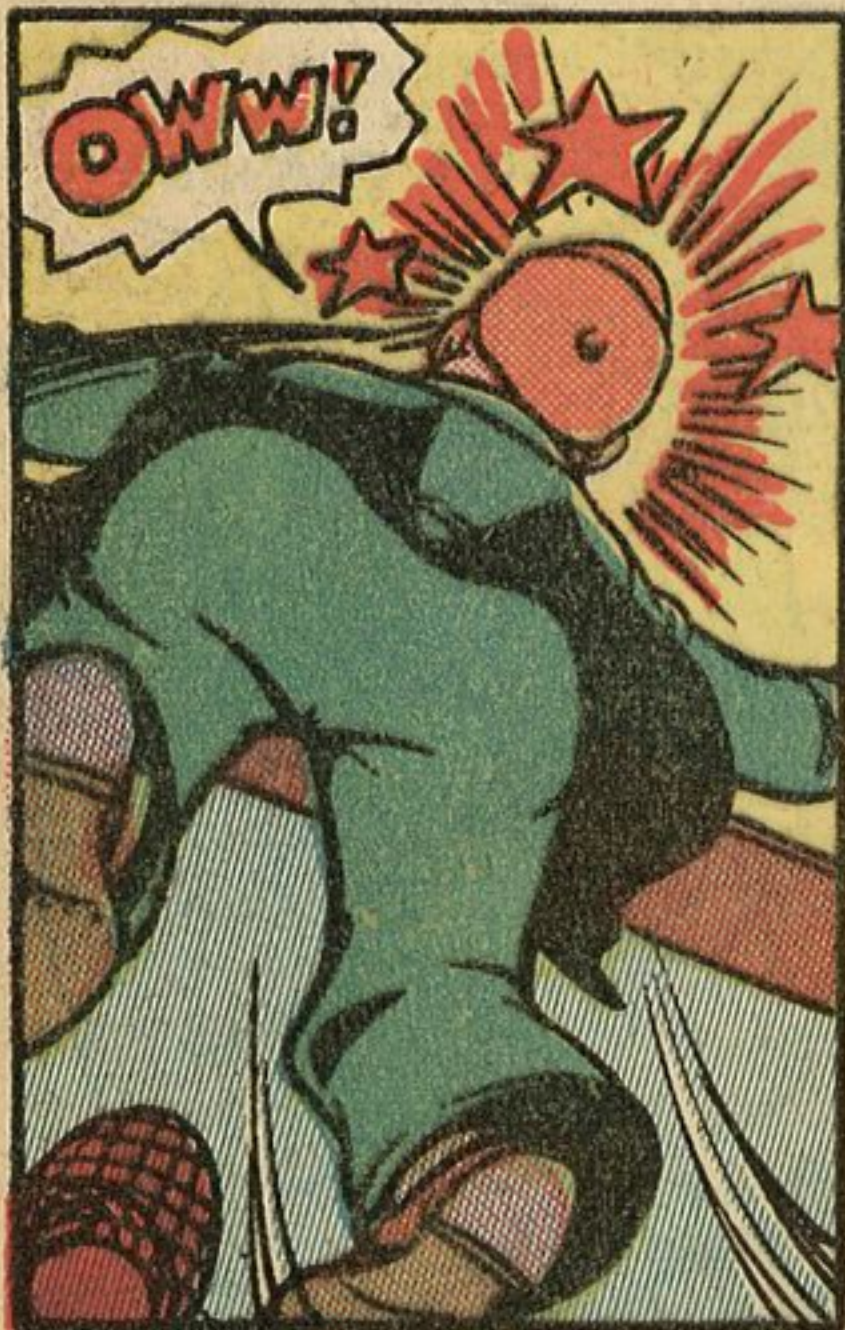


THAT'S RIGHT, HOTFOOT! WE'LL WEAR HIM OUT AND THEN HAMMER HIM DOWN!



DON'T LAUGH! I'M WEARING HIM DOWN --- OOPS!

UGH!



PUFF
PUFF



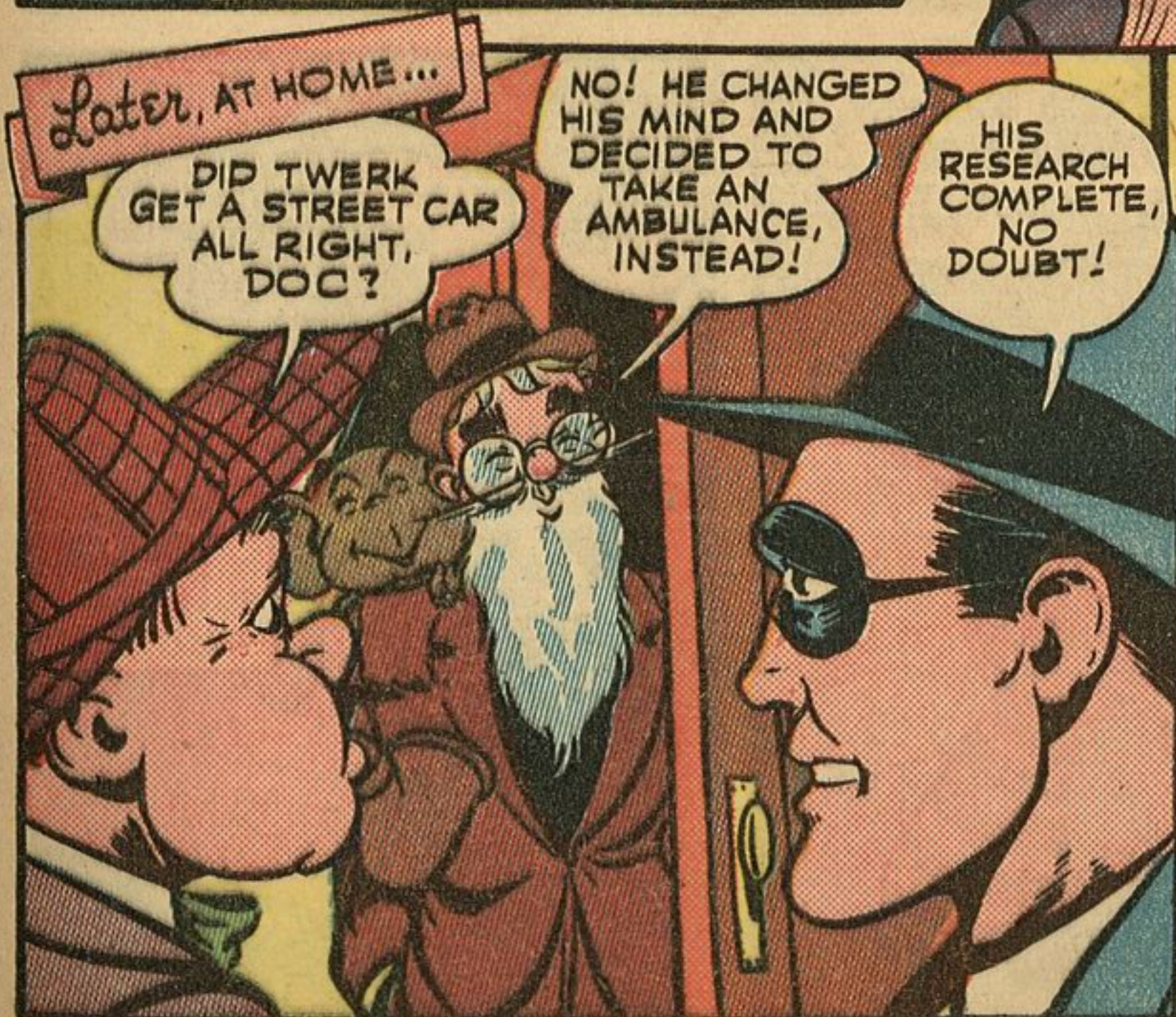
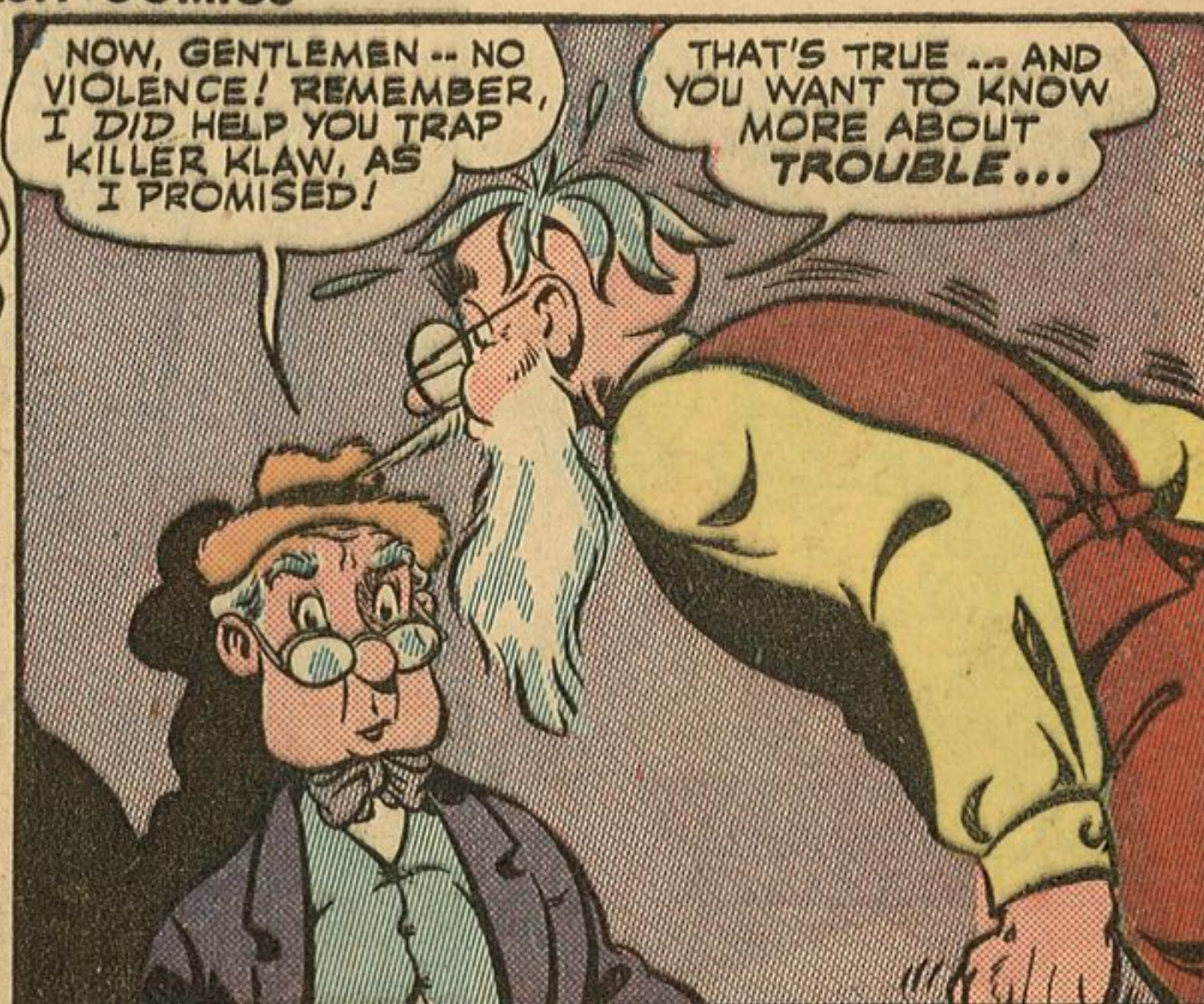
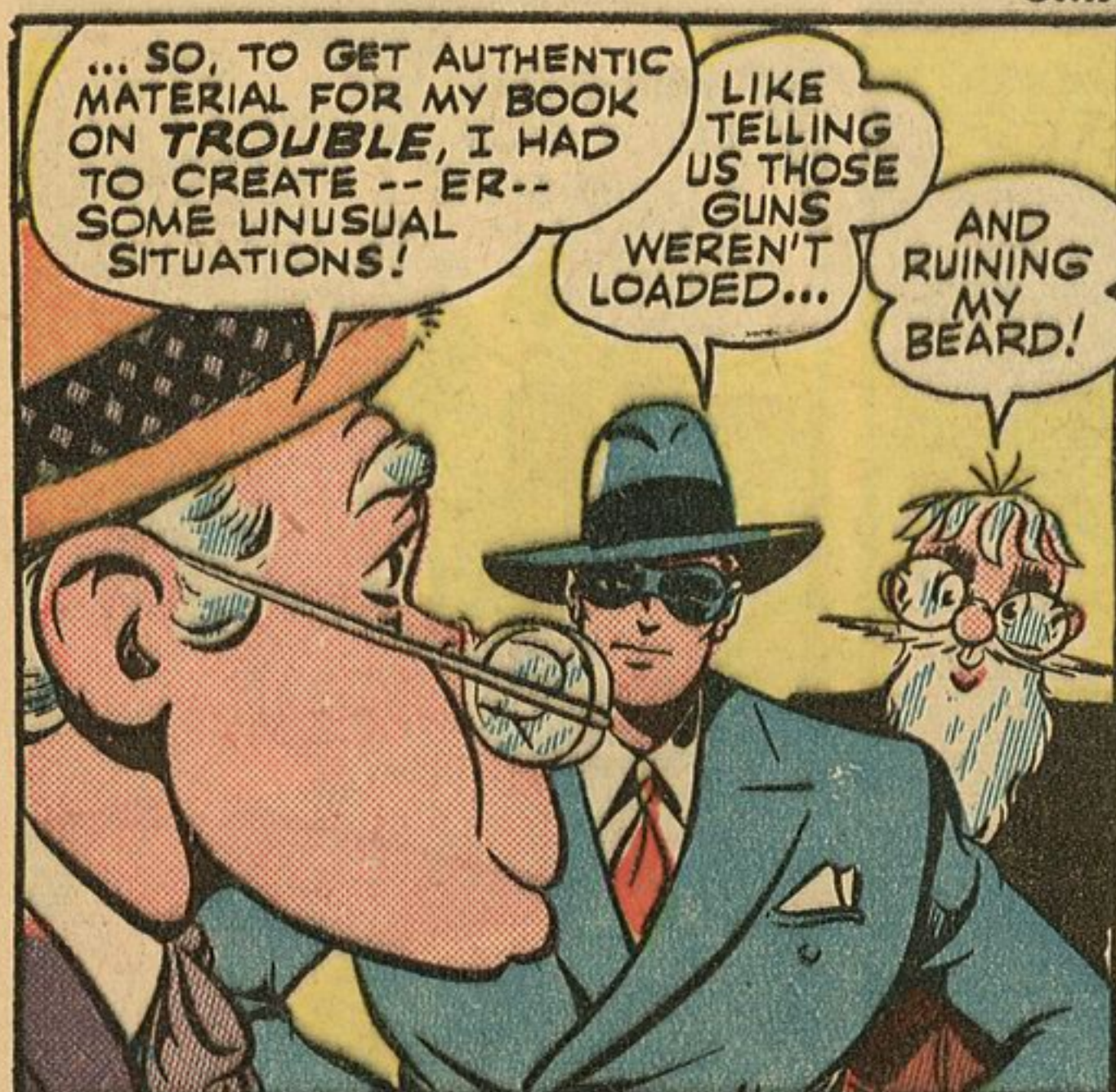
YEAH! THAT'S JUST WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, TOO!

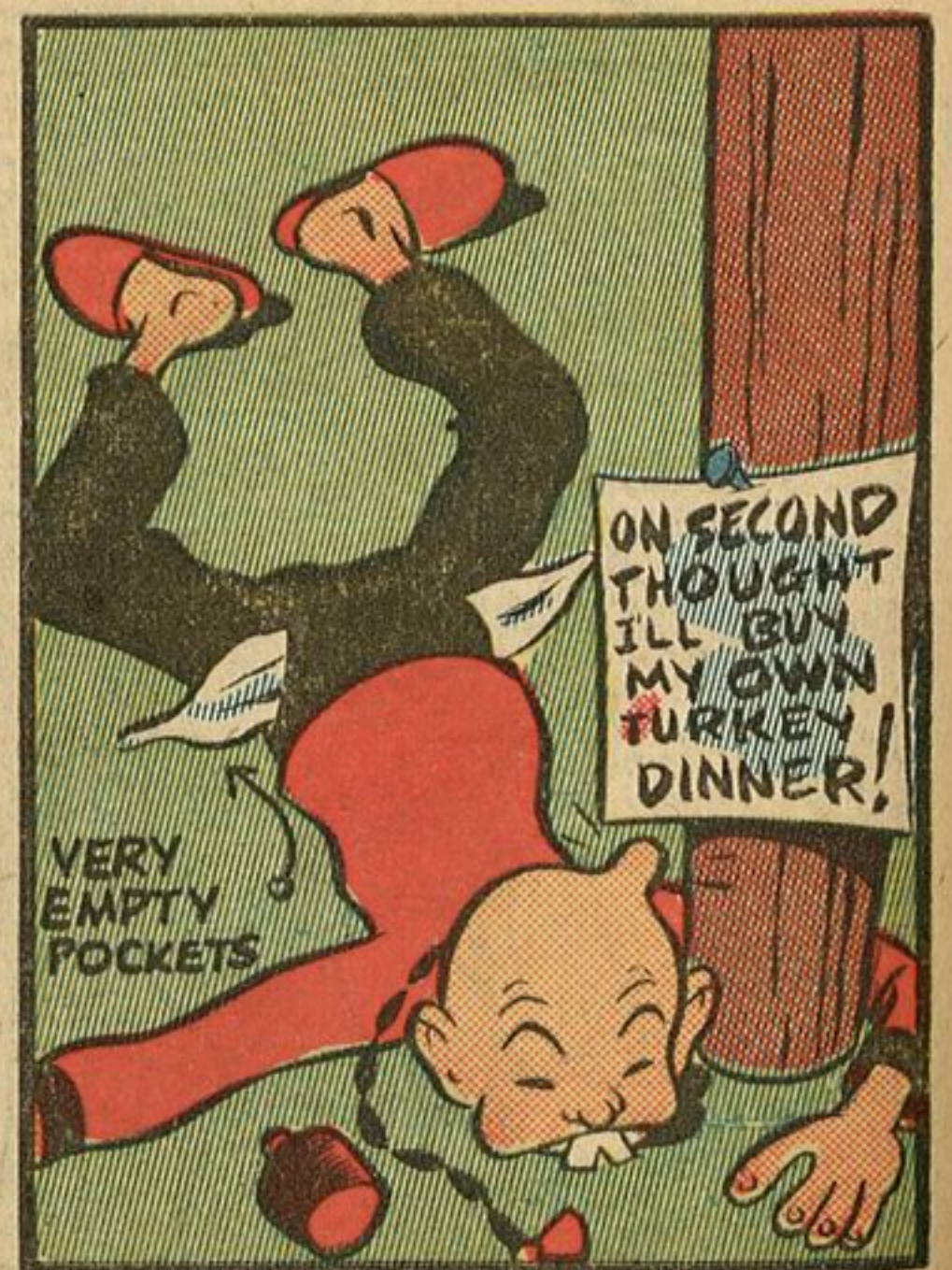
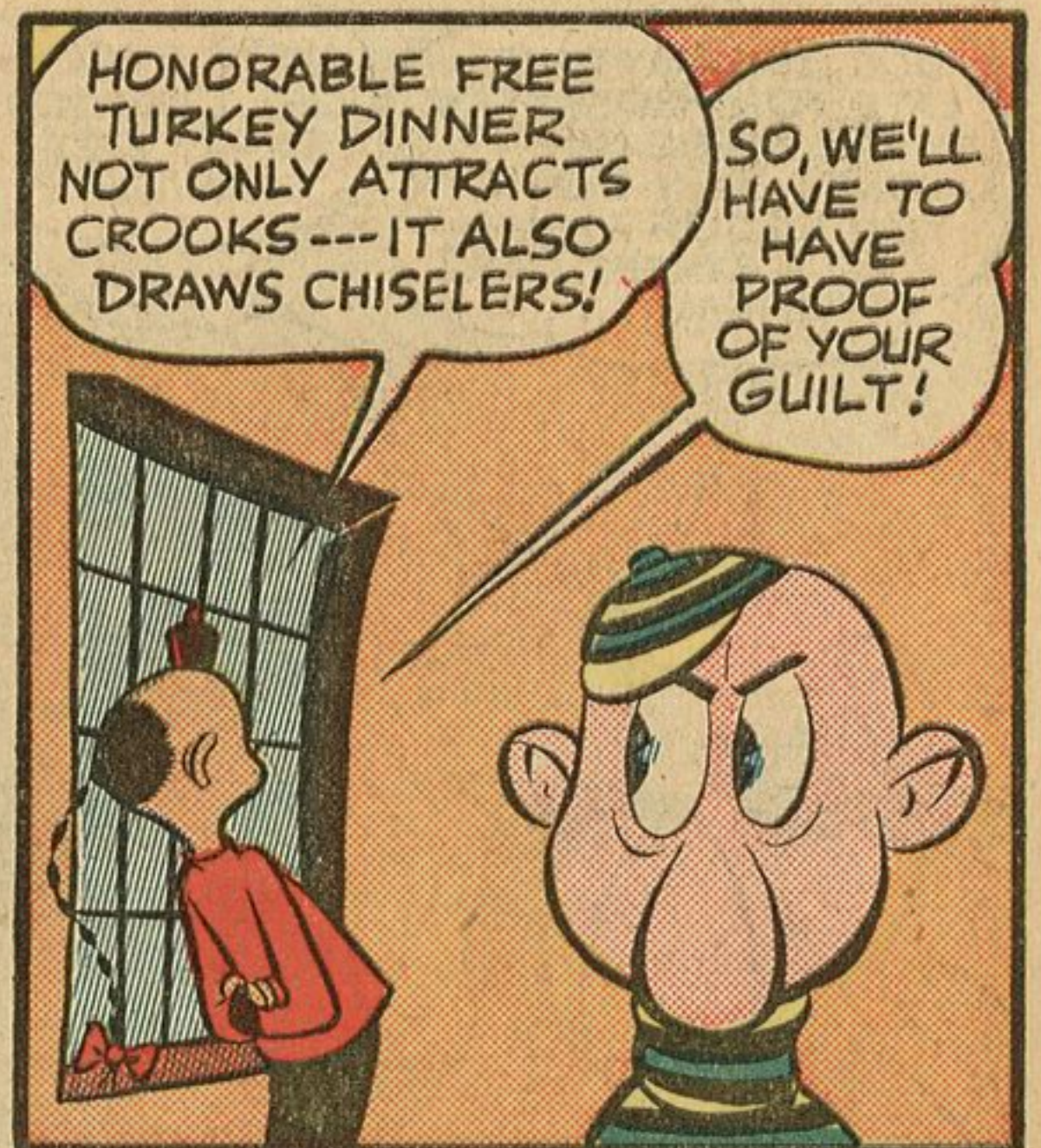
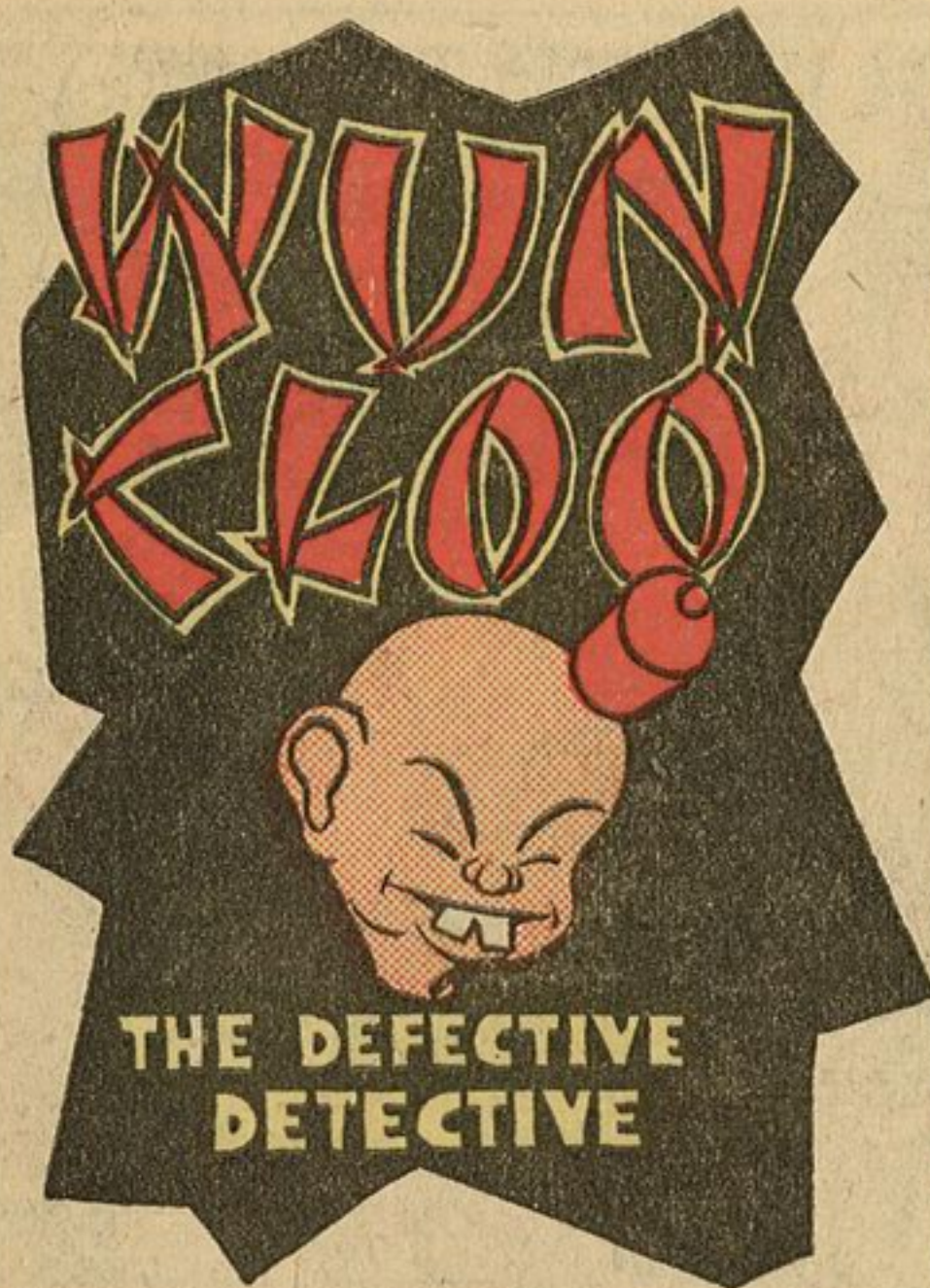


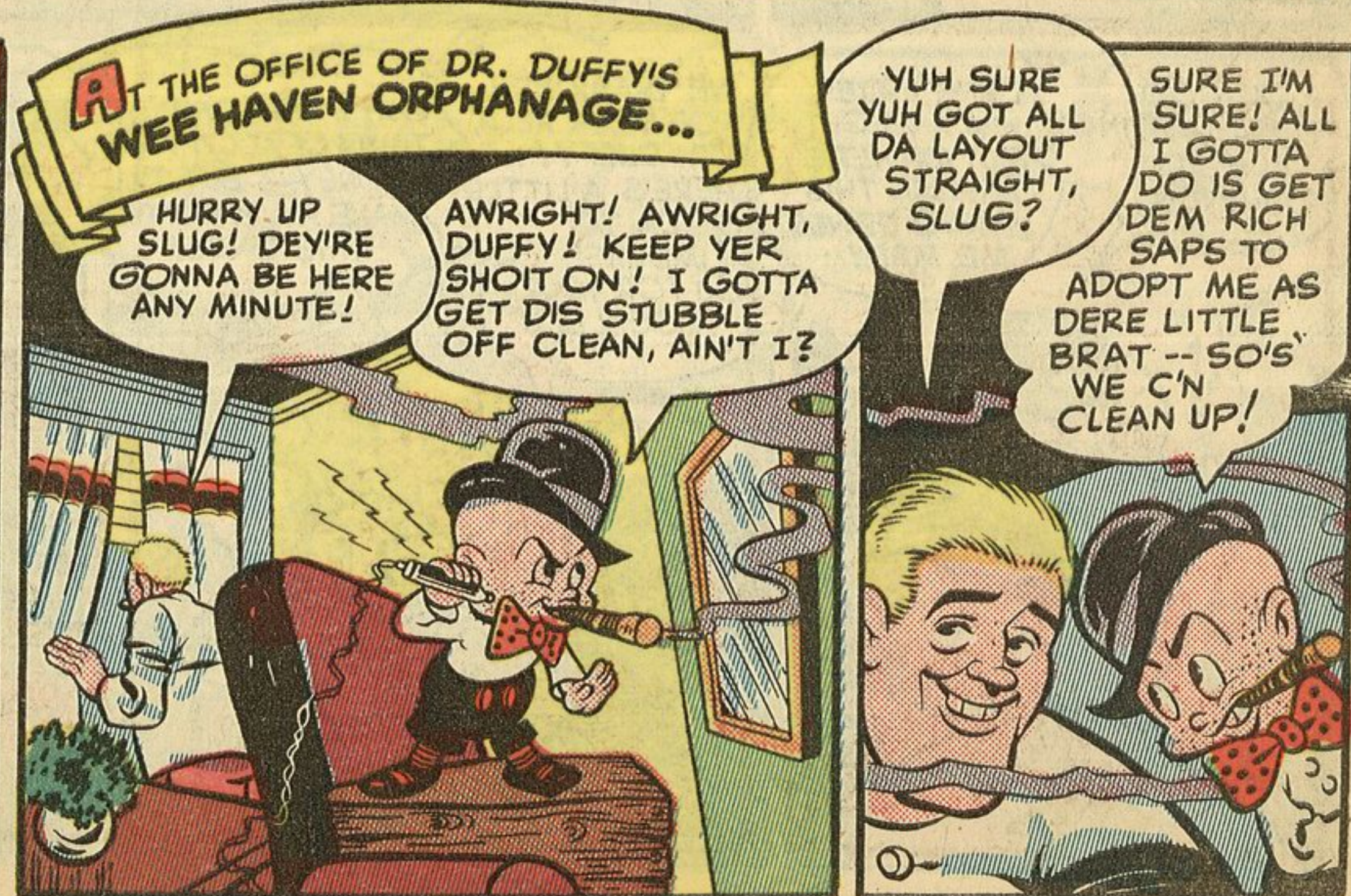
HERE HE IS!

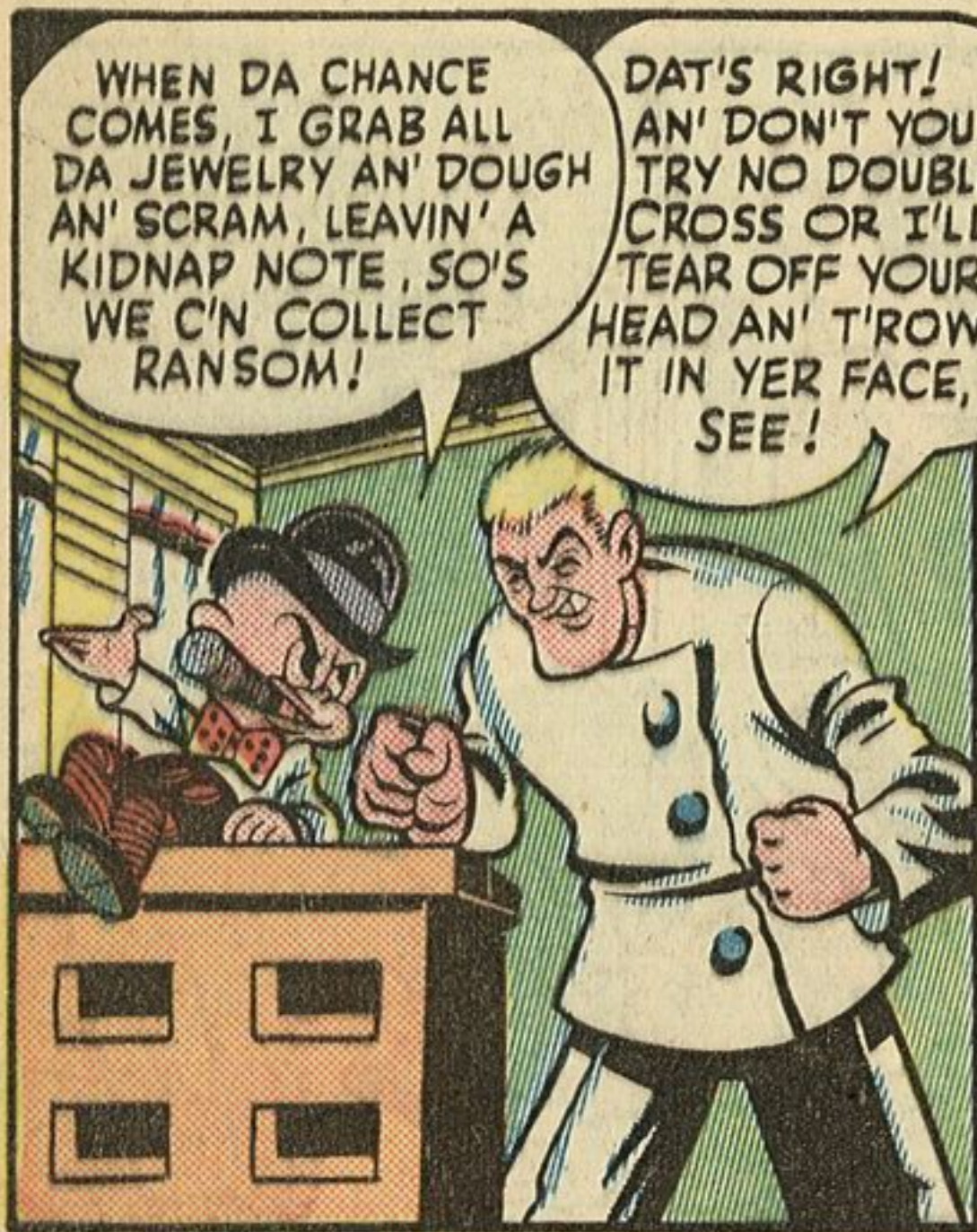


WELL, ILK YOURSELF OUT OF THERE AND START EXPLAINING, SONNY BOY!









WHEN DA CHANCE COMES, I GRAB ALL DA JEWELRY AN' DOUGH AN' SCRAM, LEAVIN' A KIDNAP NOTE, SO'S WE C'N COLLECT RANSOM!

DAT'S RIGHT! AN' DON'T YOU TRY NO DOUBLE-CROSS OR I'LL TEAR OFF YOUR HEAD AN' T'ROW IT IN YER FACE, SEE!



HOLD IT! THAT'S SPLENDID, MRS. GILTROX! ANY STATEMENT FOR THE PRESS?

YOU MAY TELL YOUR READERS THAT WE HUNGRED FOR THE PATTEN OF BABY FEET! SO WE DECIDED TO ADOPT A DARLING BABY!



AH, MR. AND MRS. GILTROX! DO STEP IN!... I HAVE THE LITTLE DARLINGS ALL LINED UP SO YOU CAN MAKE YOUR CHOICE!

HARRUMPH! LET'S GET ON WITH IT!... THE MARKET'S VERY IRREGULAR TODAY! I MUST GET BACK!



OH, THE LITTLE DARLINGS!... AREN'T THEY TOO, TOO DIVINE!

EH? SPEAK LOUDER, AGNES! THESE KIDS ARE MAKING SO MUCH RACKET I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU SAY!



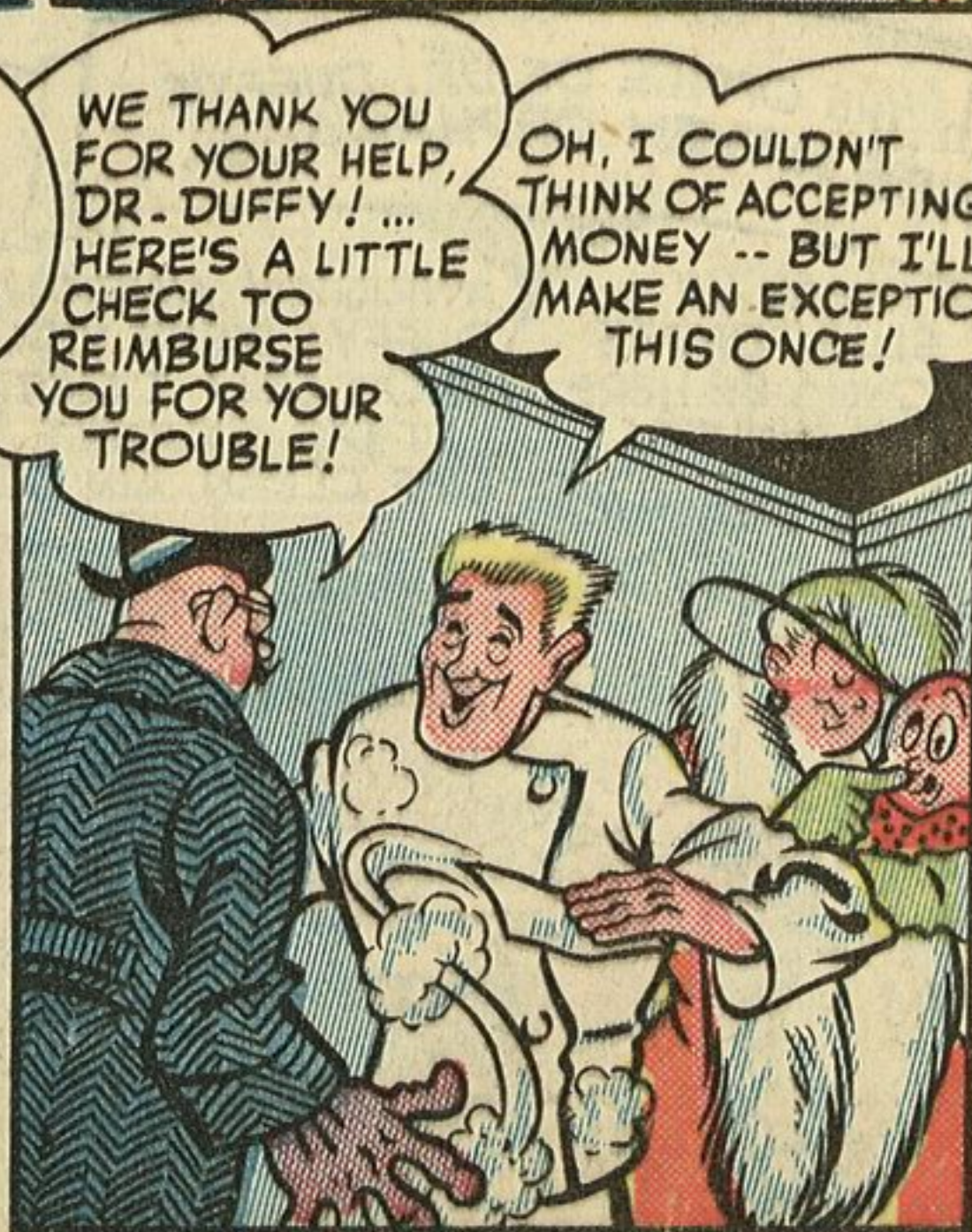
THIS ONE LOOKS AS IF HE HAS PERSONALITY!

PLEASE TAKE 'LITTLE SLUGGY' OUTTA THIS AWFUL RACKET! I'M SO-O-O LONESOME FOR A MOMMY AN' DADDY!



OH-- 'OO TTLE DARLING! TUM TO MUVVER!

LET'S TAKE HIM AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THIS UPROAR DRIVES ME MAD!



WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP, DR. DUFFY!... HERE'S A LITTLE CHECK TO REIMBURSE YOU FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

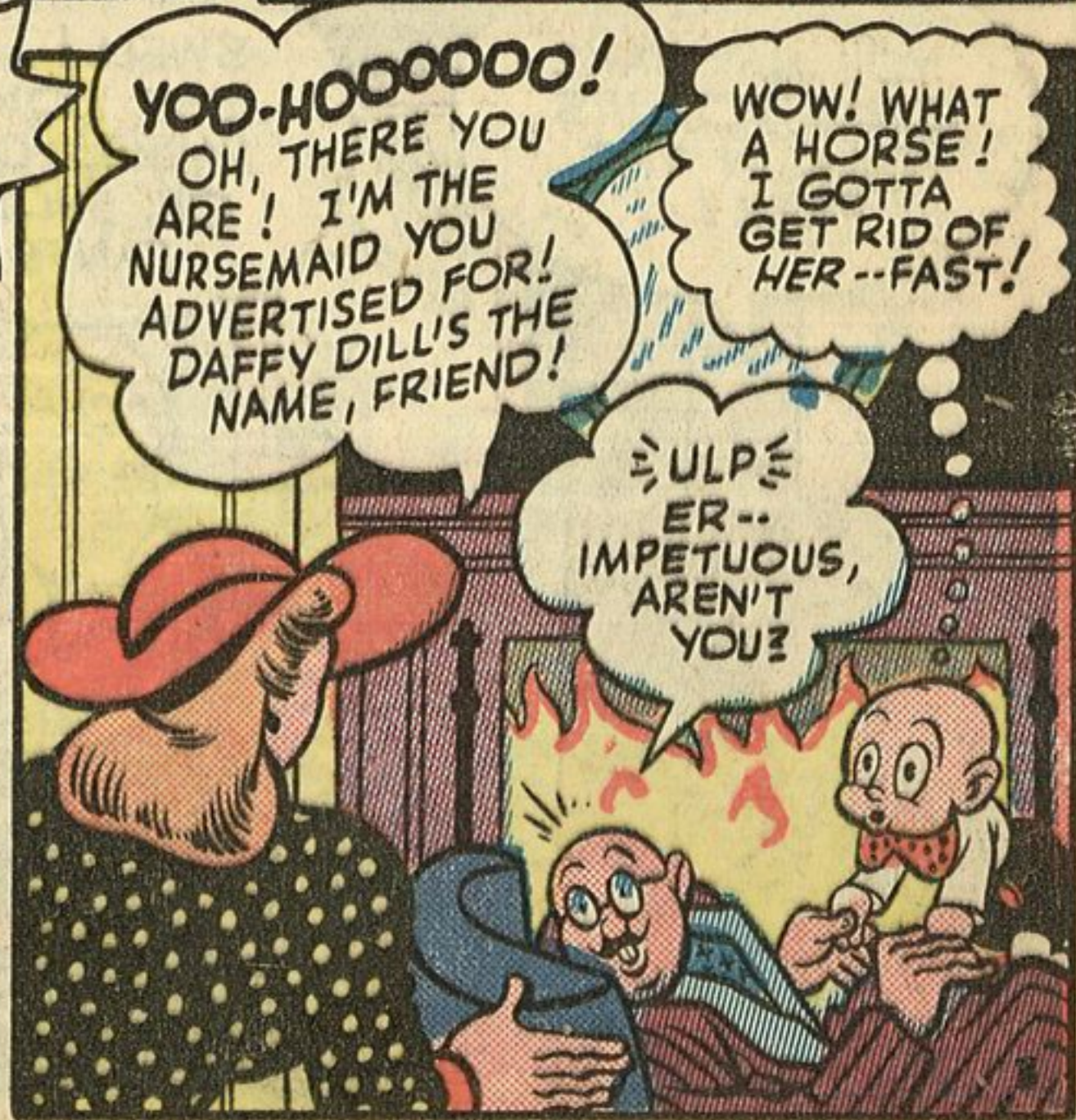
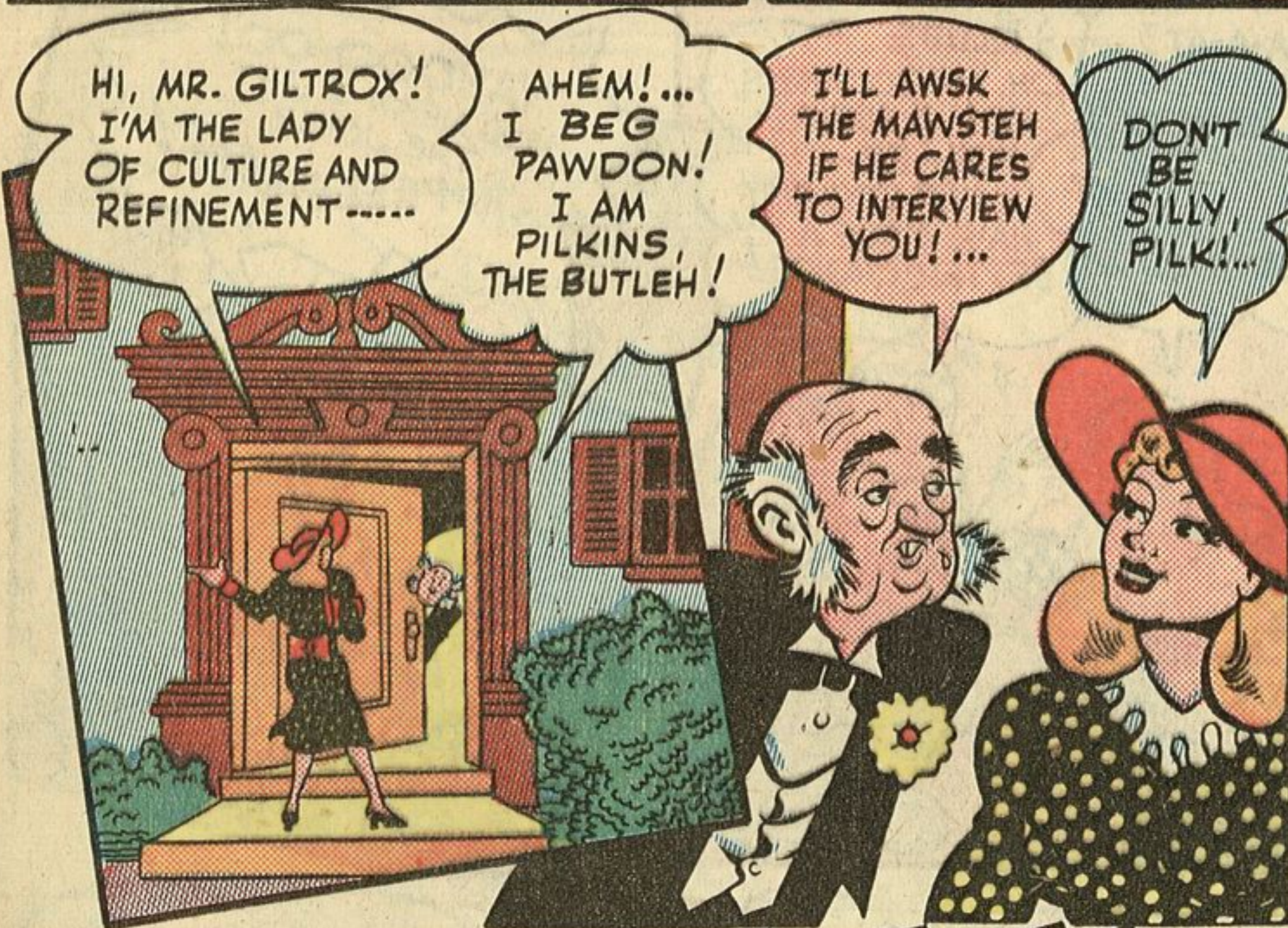
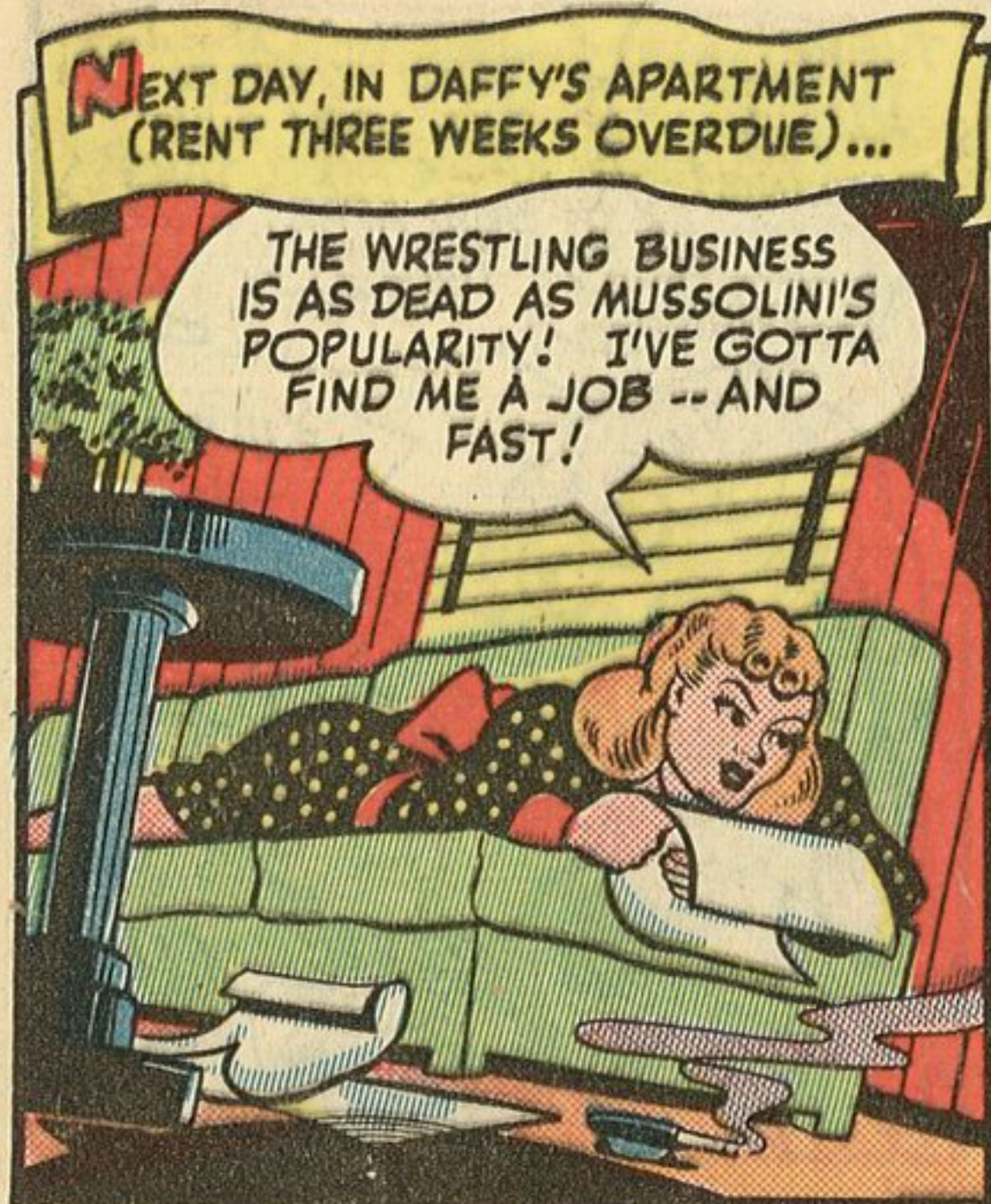
OH, I COULDN'T THINK OF ACCEPTING MONEY -- BUT I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION, THIS ONCE!



GOOD EVENING, SIR!

BYE-BYE, DOCKY-WOCKY!!

WHAT--?? @*#! ☆*@!!!





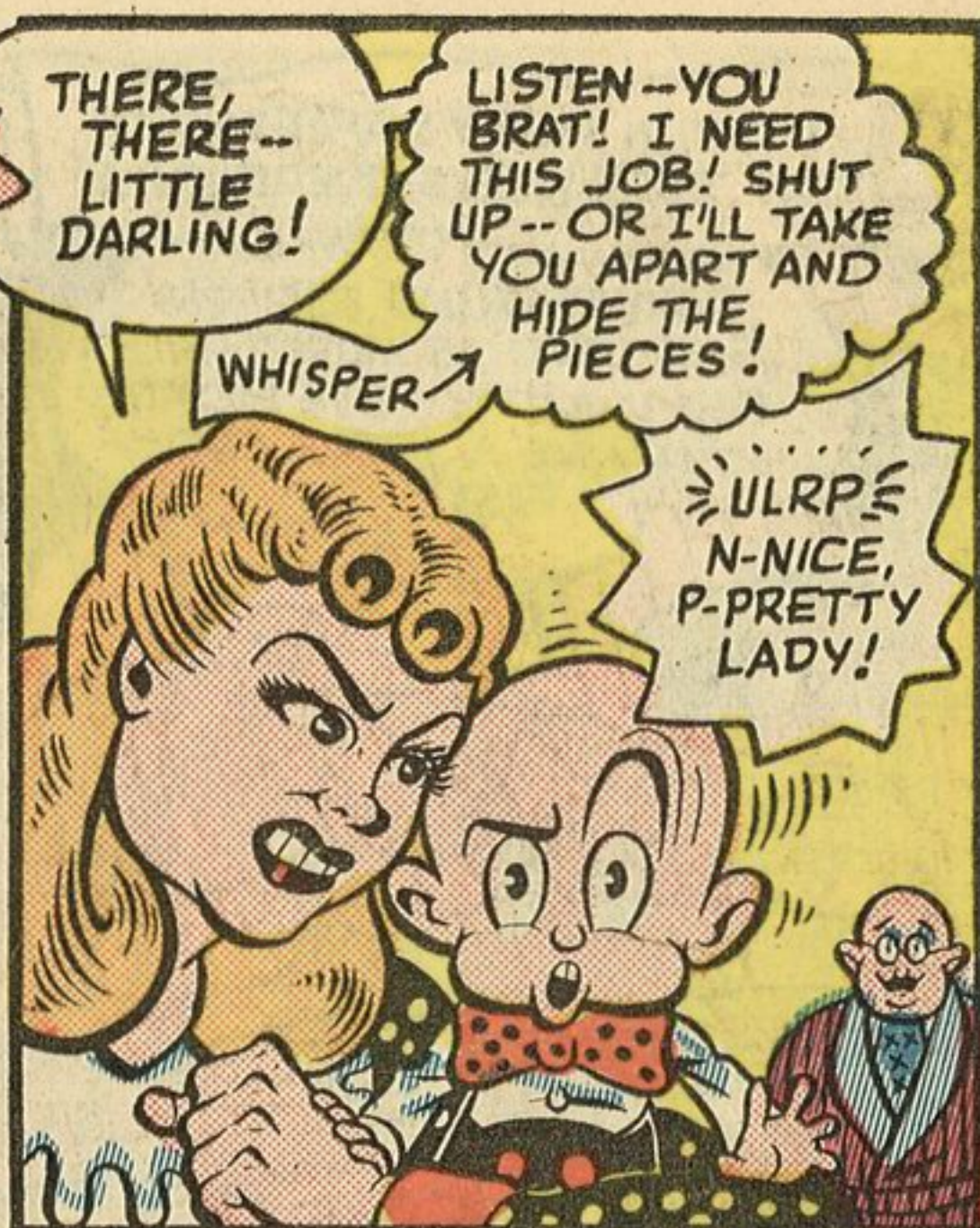
BWAH-H-H!
DON'T
LIKE HER!
TAKE HER
AWA-A-Y!

YOU SEE?
I'M AFRAID
LITTLE ELMER
SIMPLY DOESN'T
TAKE TO YOU,
MY DEAR!
SO SORRY!



YUH MEAN
HE'S THE
"LITTLE
GENTLEMAN"?
THINK NOTHING
OF IT, PAL!
I HAVE A WAY
WITH KIDS!

BWOO
HOOO!
DON'T
LIKE!

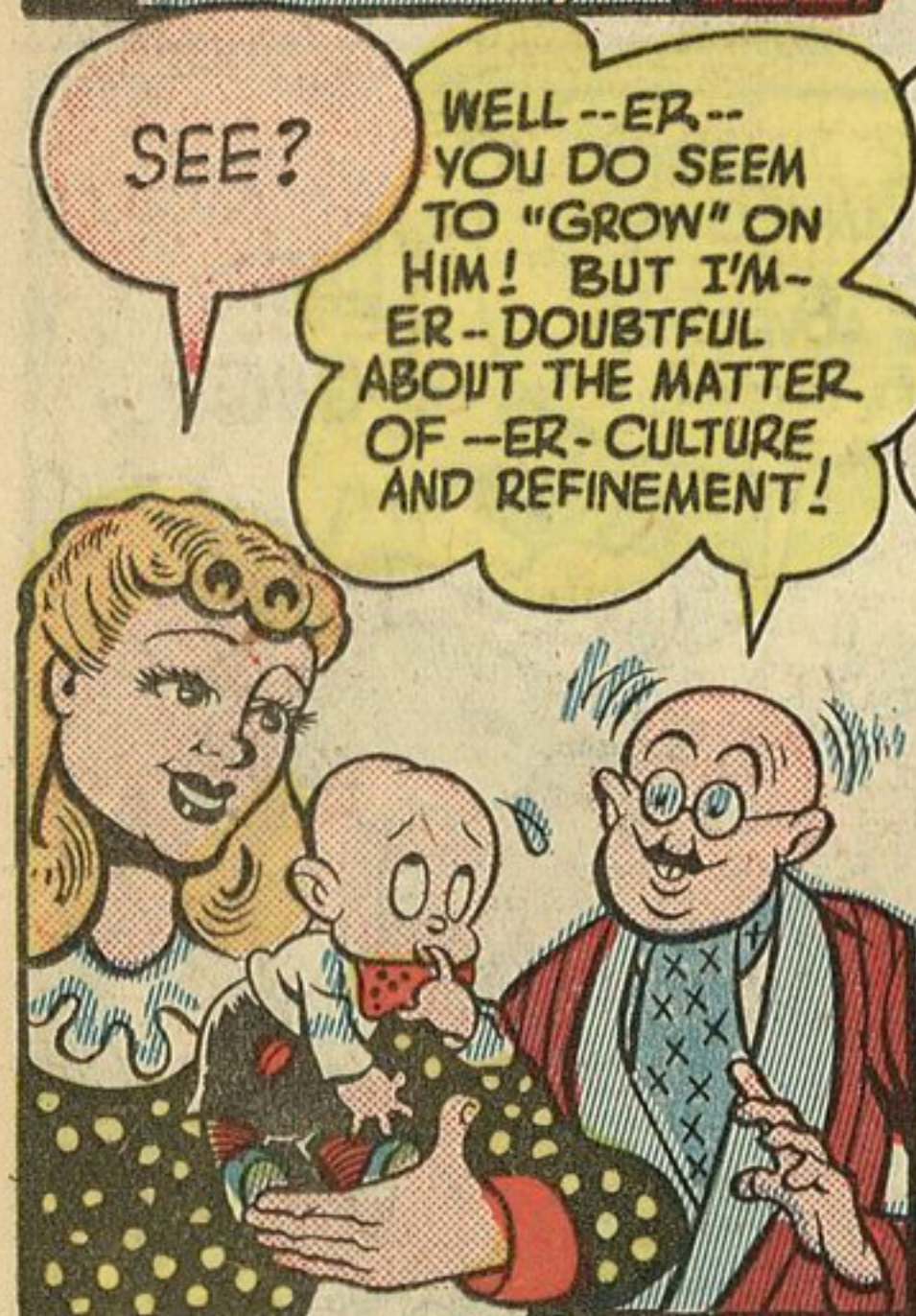


THERE,
THERE--
LITTLE
DARLING!

LISTEN--YOU
BRAT! I NEED
THIS JOB! SHUT
UP--OR I'LL TAKE
YOU APART AND
HIDE THE
PIECES!

WHISPER

ULRP
N-NICE,
P-PRETTY
LADY!



SEE?

WELL--ER--
YOU DO SEEM
TO "GROW" ON
HIM! BUT I'M--
ER--DOUBTFUL
ABOUT THE MATTER
OF--ER--CULTURE
AND REFINEMENT!



WHA-A-AT?
YOU WORM!
YOU MEAN TO
INSINUATE I
AIN'T NO LADY?
FER TWO
CENTS I'D--

GLUB
OH, MY GOODNESS,
NO! I ASSURE
YOU--ER--
ELMER COULDN'T
HAVE MADE A
BETTER CHOICE!

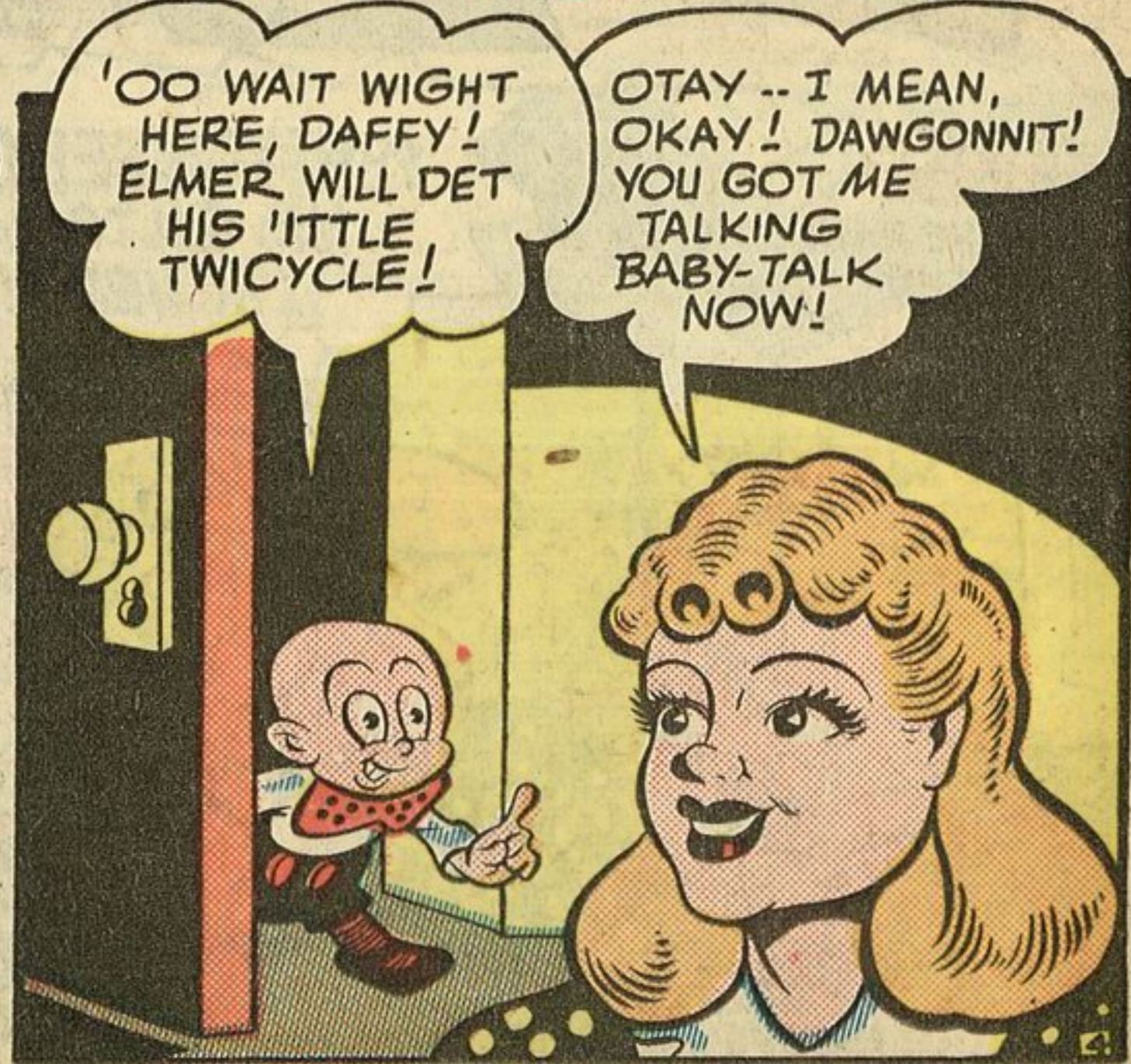


YAHOOO--OO!
YOU MEAN I GET
THE JOB?
YIPPEEE--EEEE!



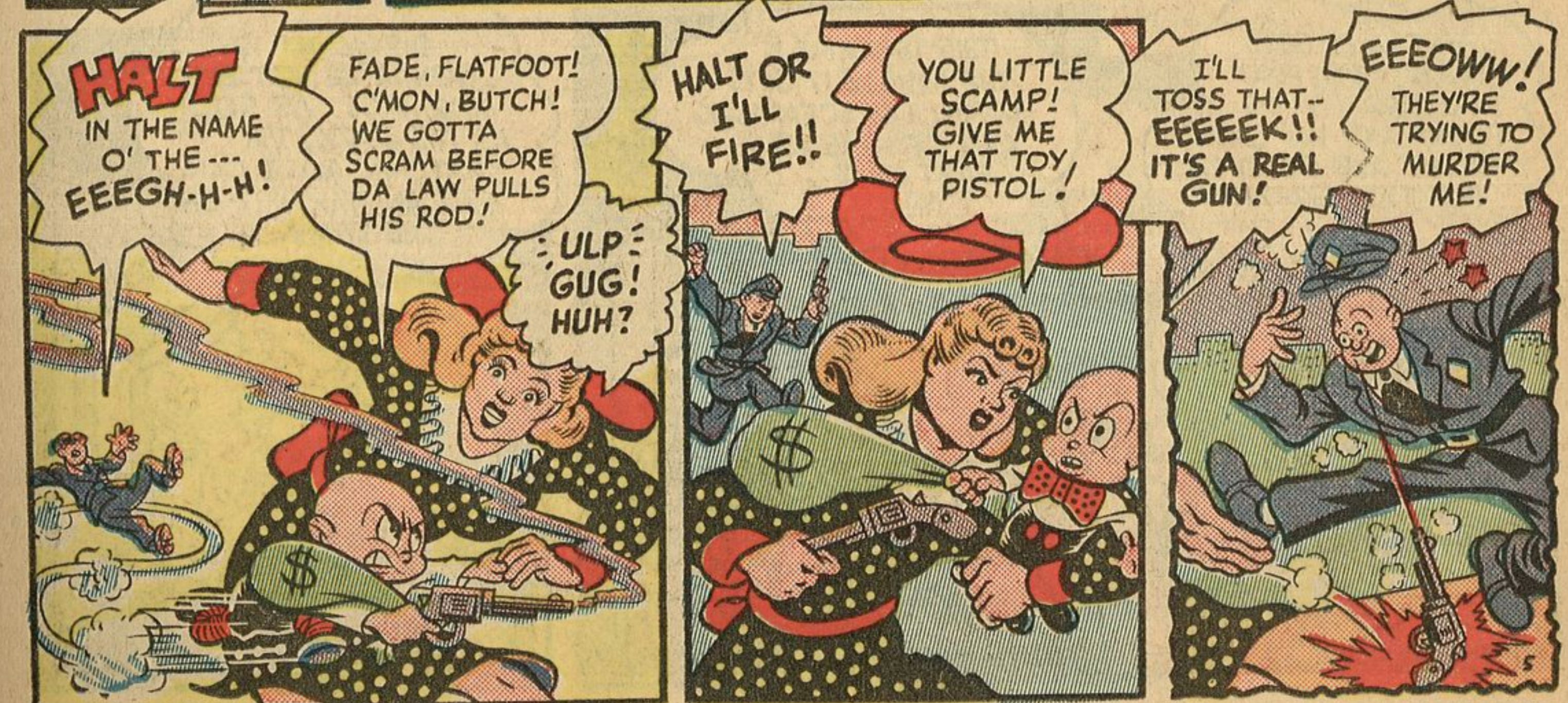
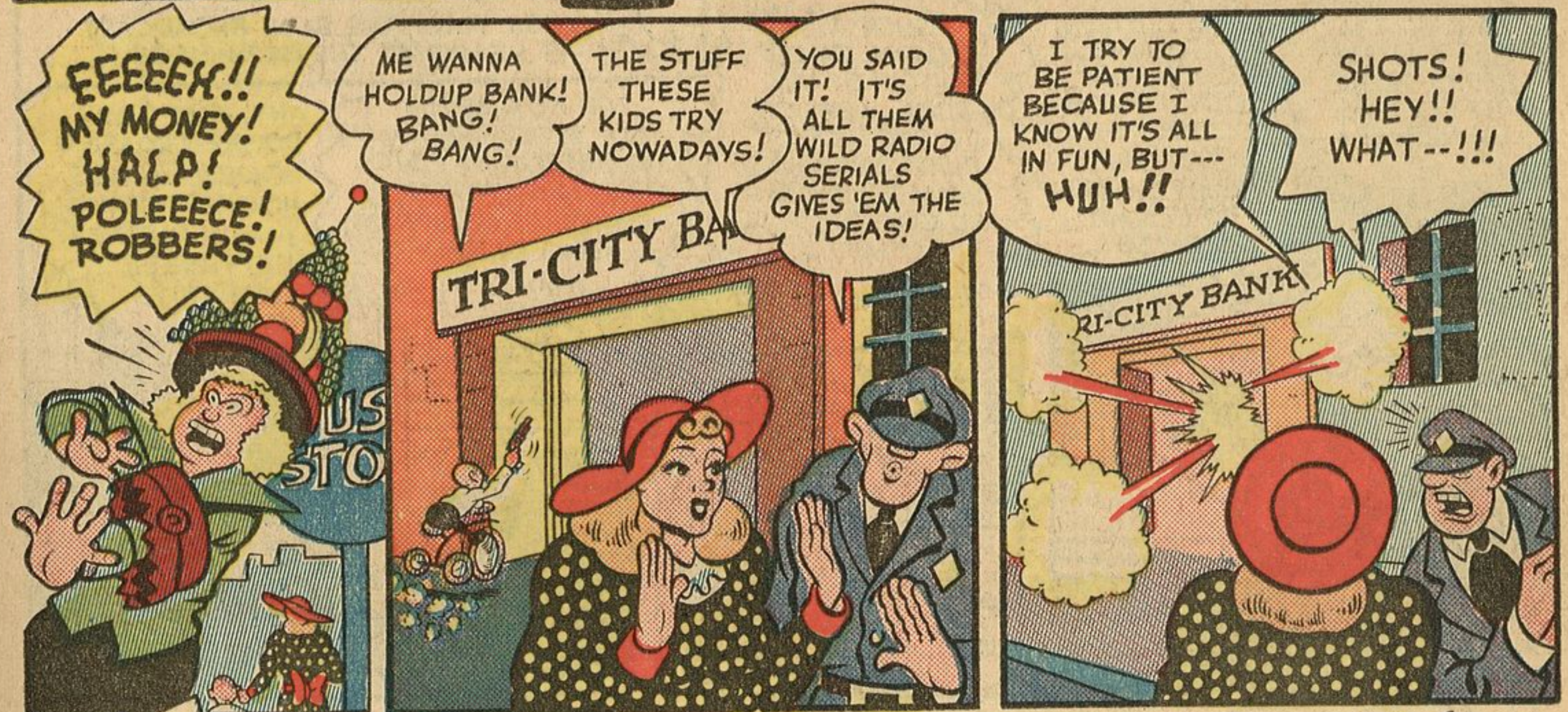
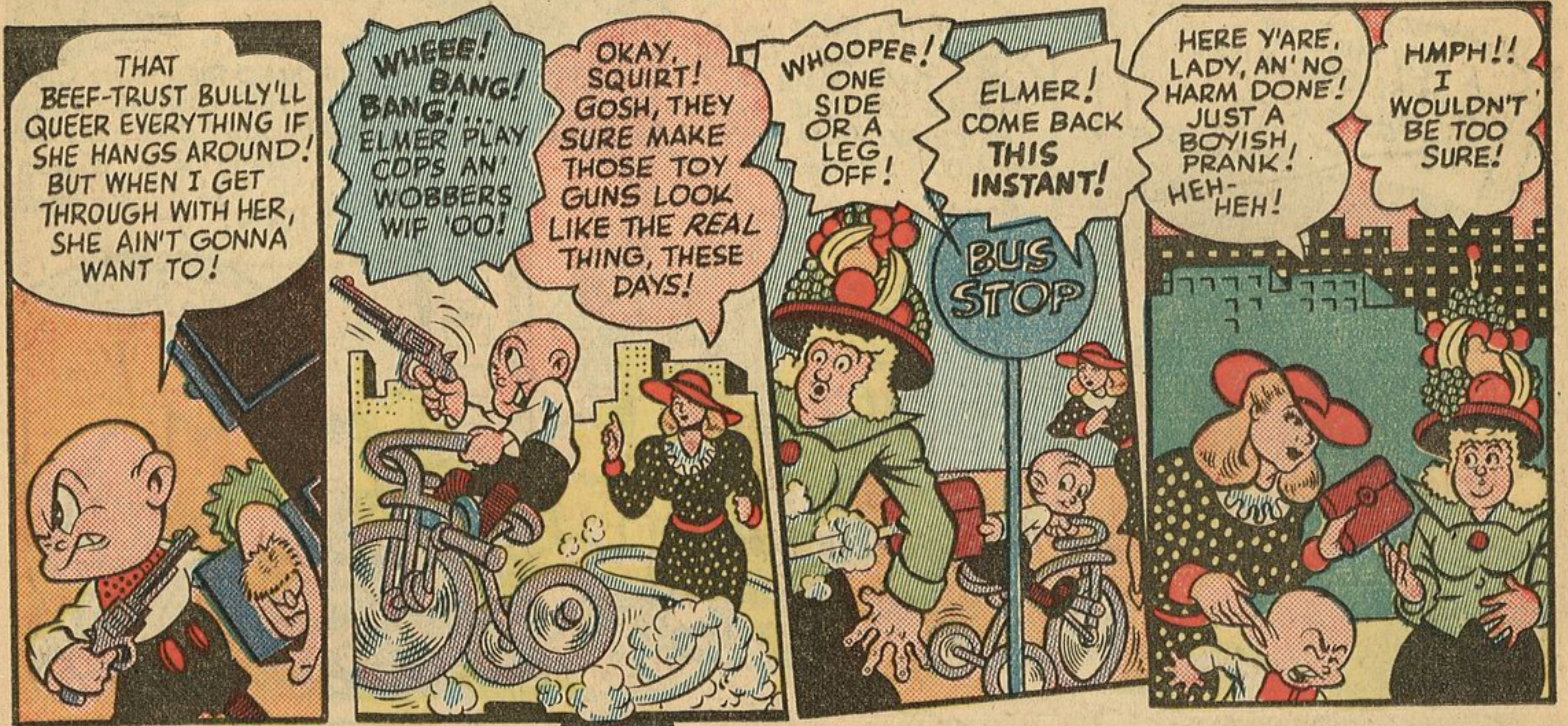
YOU MAY TAKE
ELMER FOR HIS
WALK IN THE
PARK!

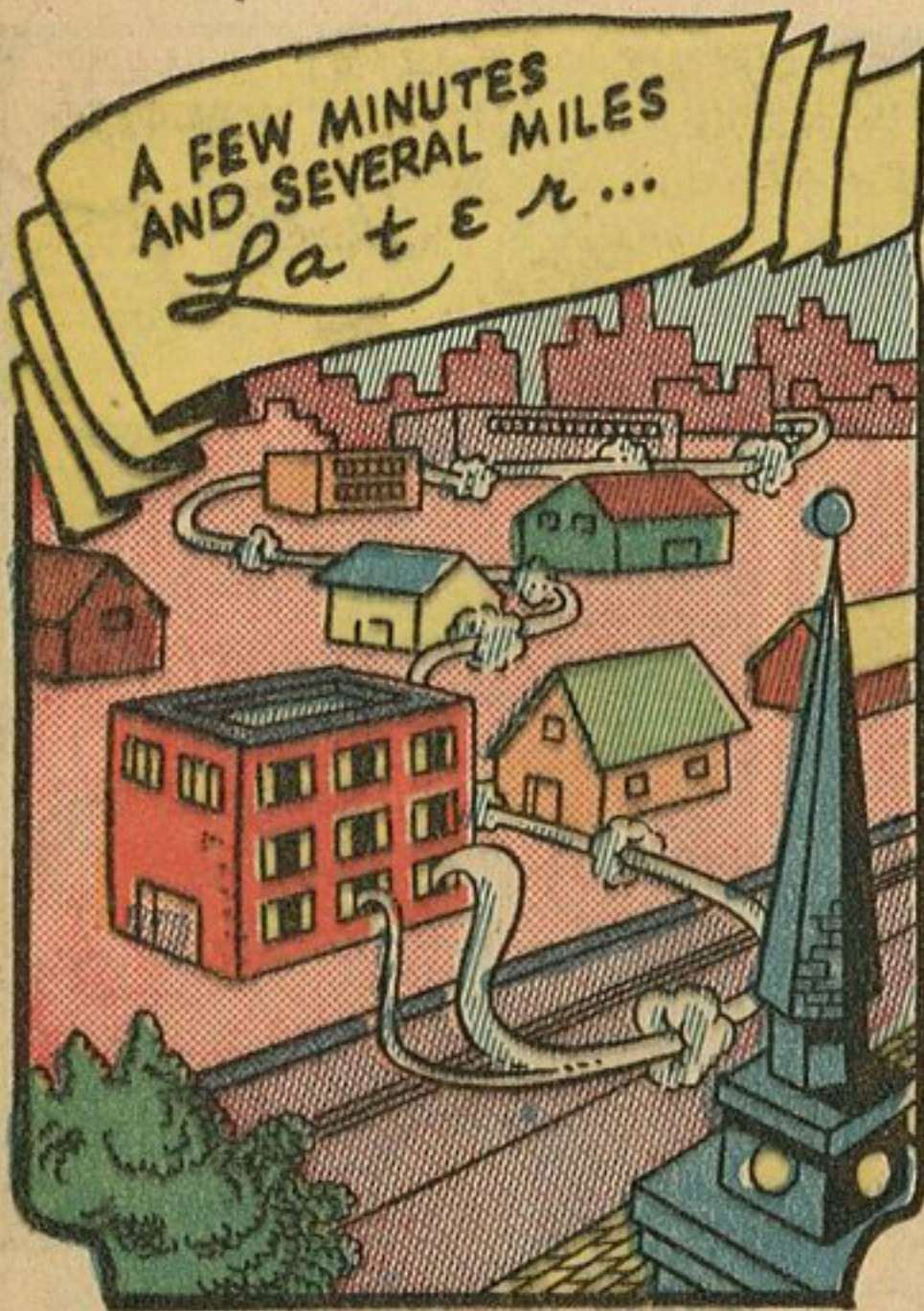
SWELL! ... I
JUST LOVE
PARKS! COME
ON, SHORT-
PANTS!



'OO WAIT WIGHT
HERE, DAFFY!
ELMER WILL DET
HIS 'ITTLE
TWICYCLE!

OTAY--I MEAN,
OKAY! DAWGONNIT!
YOU GOT ME
TALKING
BABY-TALK
NOW!





A FEW MINUTES
AND SEVERAL MILES
Later...

NOT A BAD
HAUL! BESIDES, I
GOT THAT DAME IN
SUCH A JAM, SHE WON'T
STICK AROUND HERE
MUCH LONGER!



WHAT A JOB!
THESE SPOILED RICH
KIDS THINK THEY CAN DO
ANYTHING! JUST ONE
MORE TRICK LIKE
THAT AND I'LL
RESIGN!



WHEW! I'LL
GET A LITTLE
RADIO MUSIC
TO SOOTHE
MY NERVES!



ATTENTION,
PLEASE!...
BE ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR A
MODERN FEMALE
FAGAN WHO
TRAINS CHILDREN
TO COMMIT
CRIMES!...

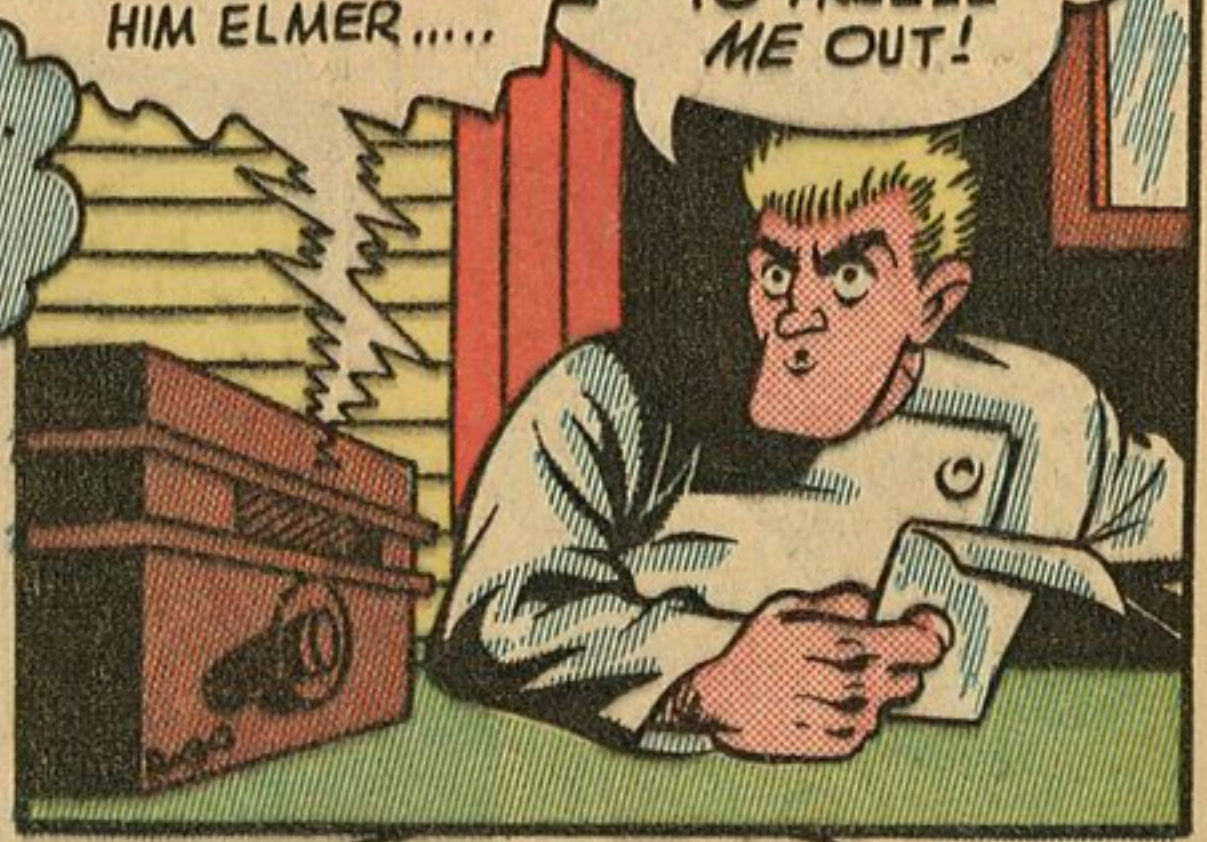
SUCH A
WOMAN, CALLED
"BUTCH" BY HER
PUPIL, WENT ON
A SPREE OF
PURSE-SNATCHING,
BANK ROBBERY
AND COP-SHOOTING
TODAY!...

A CROSS TOWN, THE SAME BROADCAST
IS HEARD AT THE ORPHANAGE!...

THE BOY, ABOUT
SIX, FLOURISHED A
.32 AUTOMATIC PISTOL
LIKE A VETERAN,
WHILE HIS COMPANION,
WHO CALLED
HIM ELMER.....

WHY, THAT DIRTY,
DOUBLE-CROSSING
HOUND! ... HE'S
HOOKED UP WITH
A NEW PARTNER
TO FREEZE
ME OUT!

AWRRK!...
THAT'S
ME!!



WAIT'LL IT GETS
DARK! I'LL FIND
THAT TWO-TIMING
TWERP AND HIS GIRL-
FRIEND AND FIX THEM
PLENTY! GRRHHH!

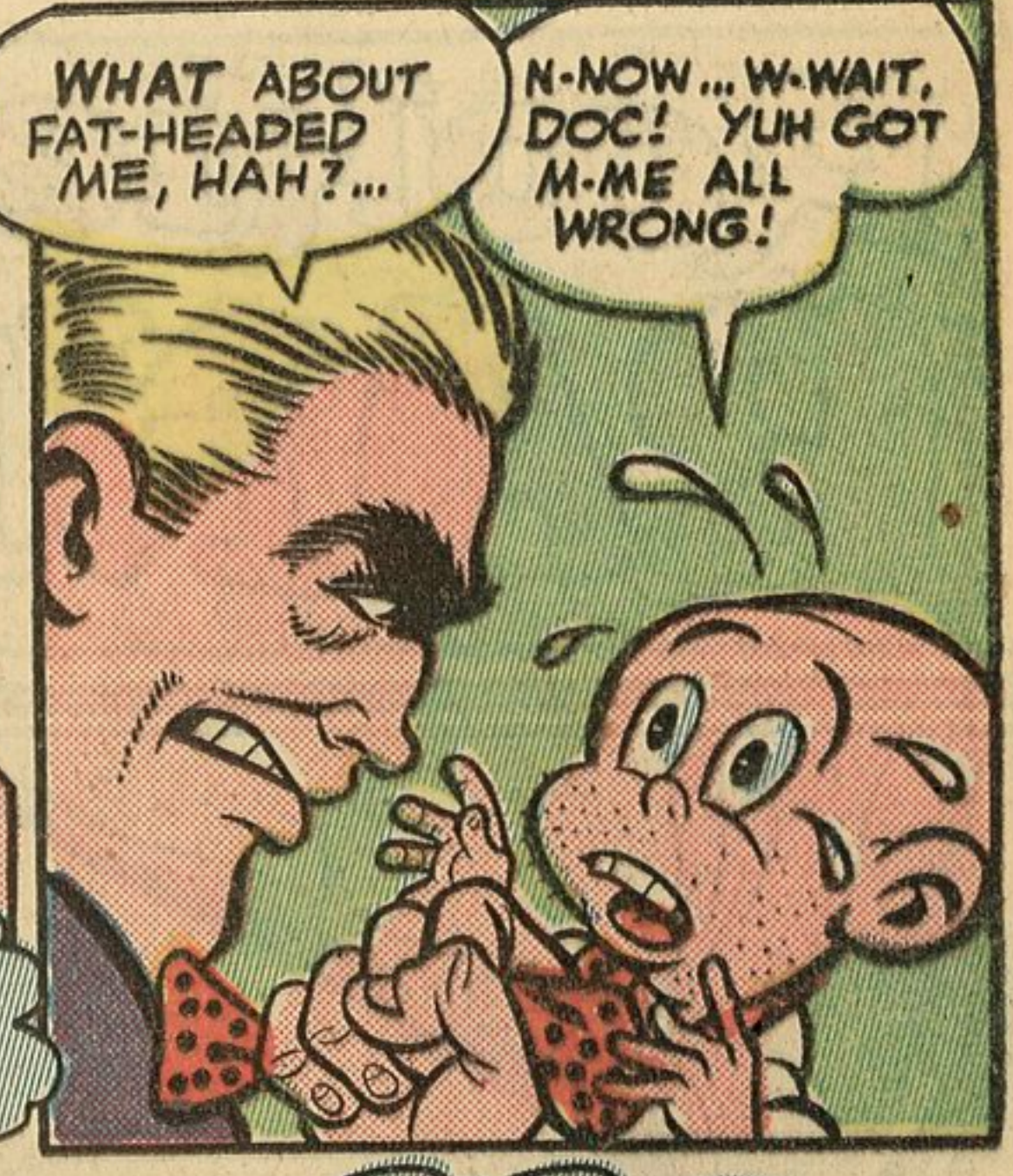
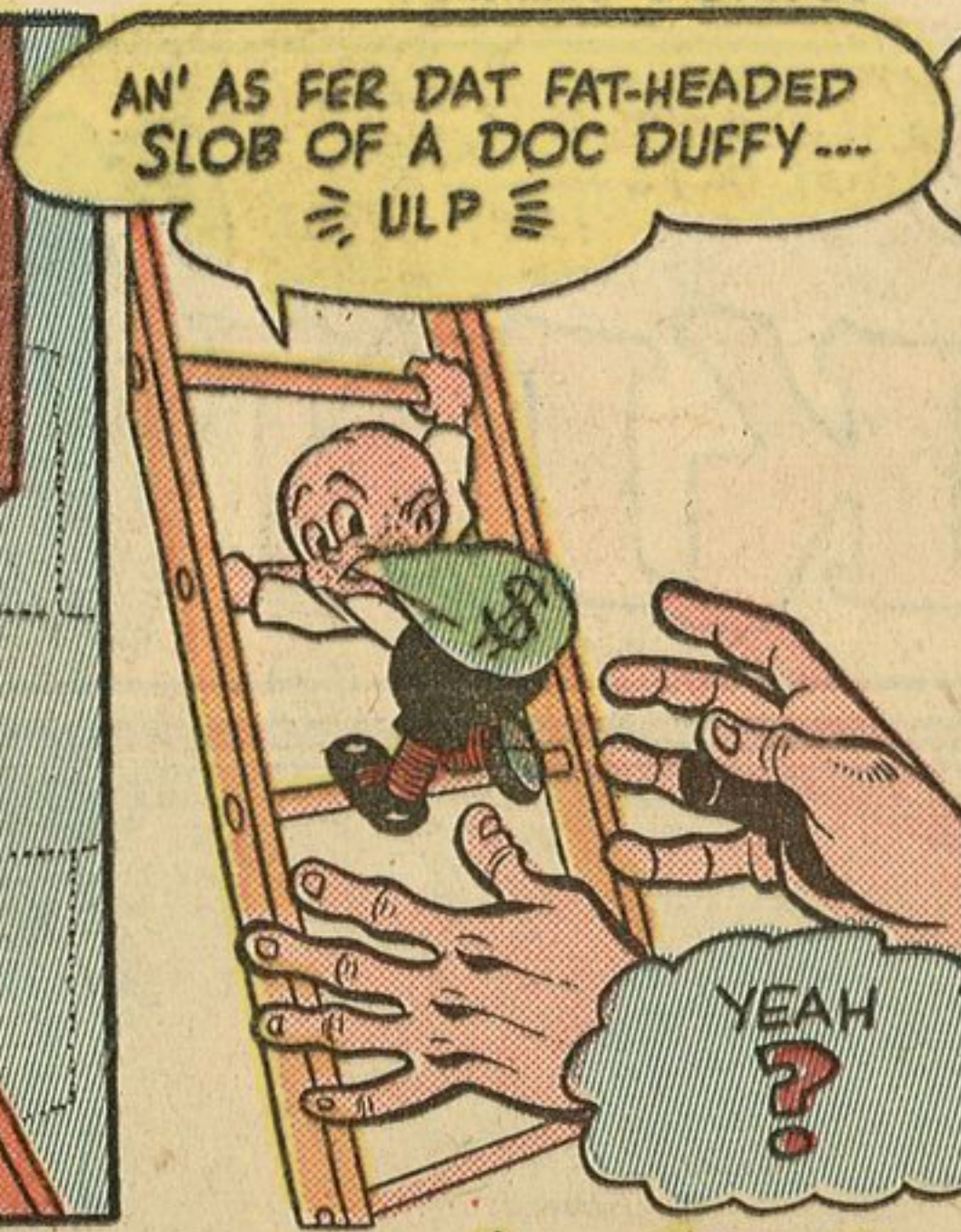


THIS IS AWFUL!
THE MINUTE IT GETS
DARK, I'M SCRAMMING
OUT OF HERE AS
FAST AS I
CAN!



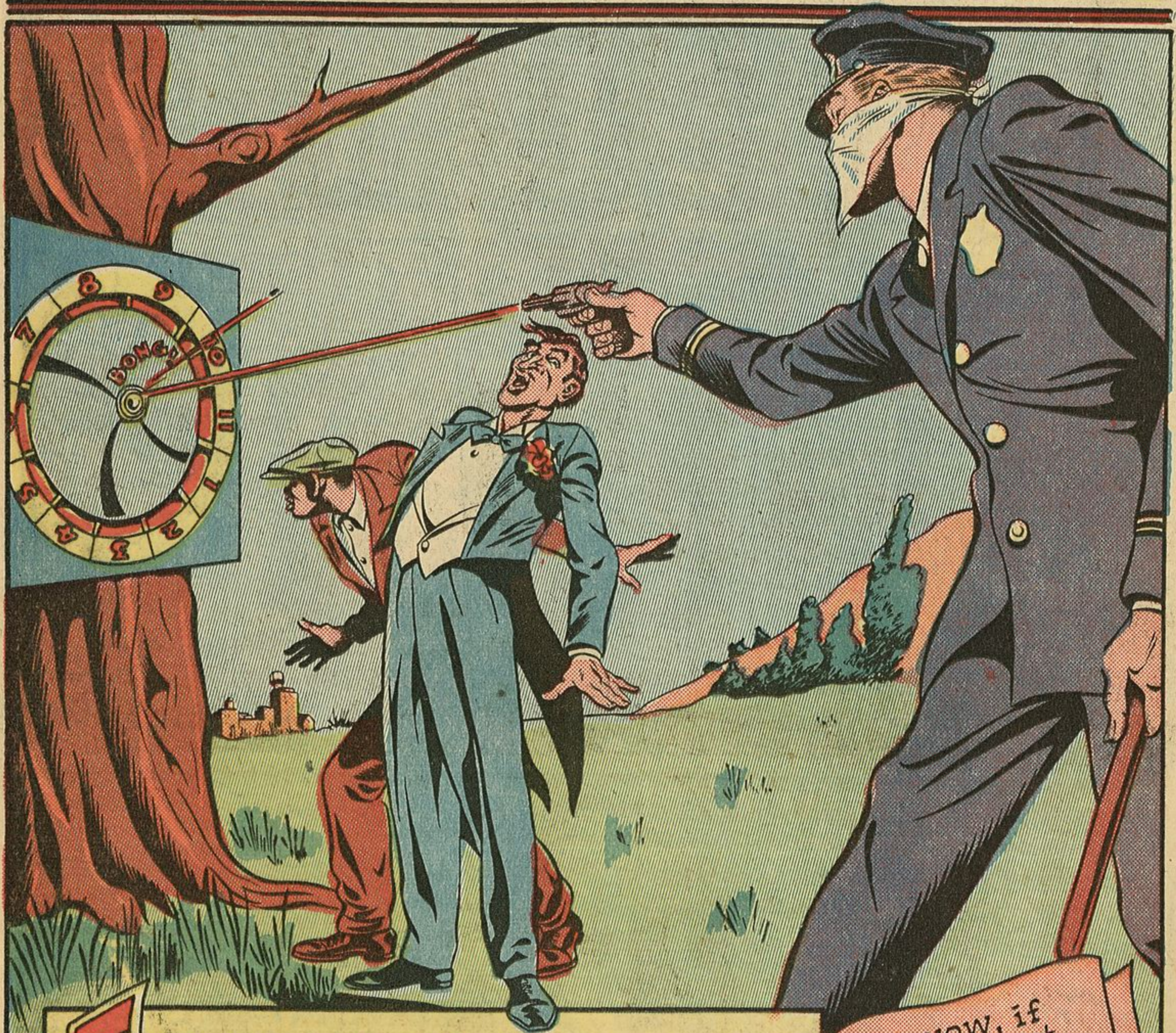
DIS JOINT IS
GONNA BE HOT BY
MORNING! AS SOON
AS IT'S DARK, I'M
SNATCHIN' ALL I CAN
GET AN' TAKIN' IT ON
THE LAM!





Rookie RANKIN

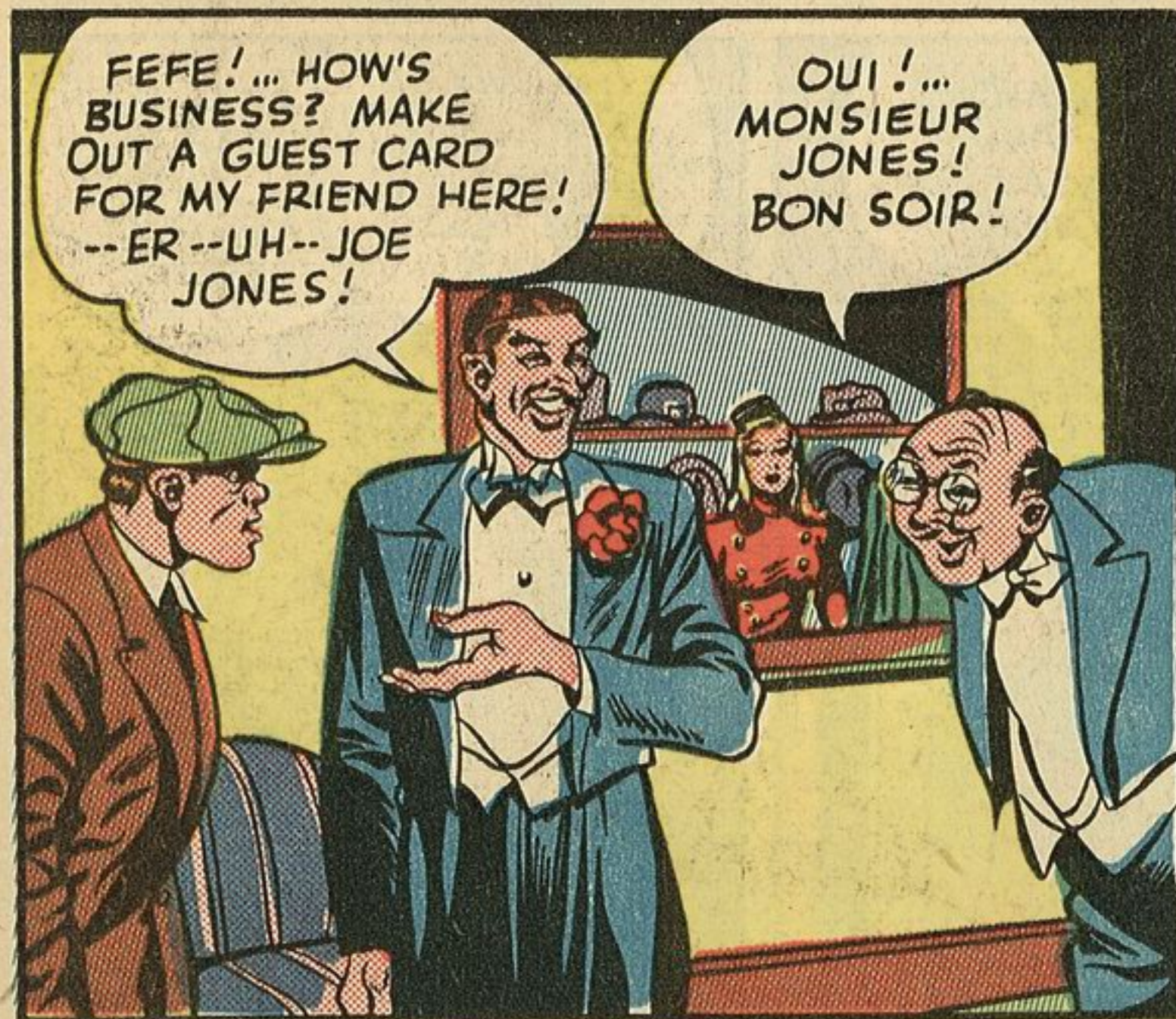
and The Vanguard for Vengeance

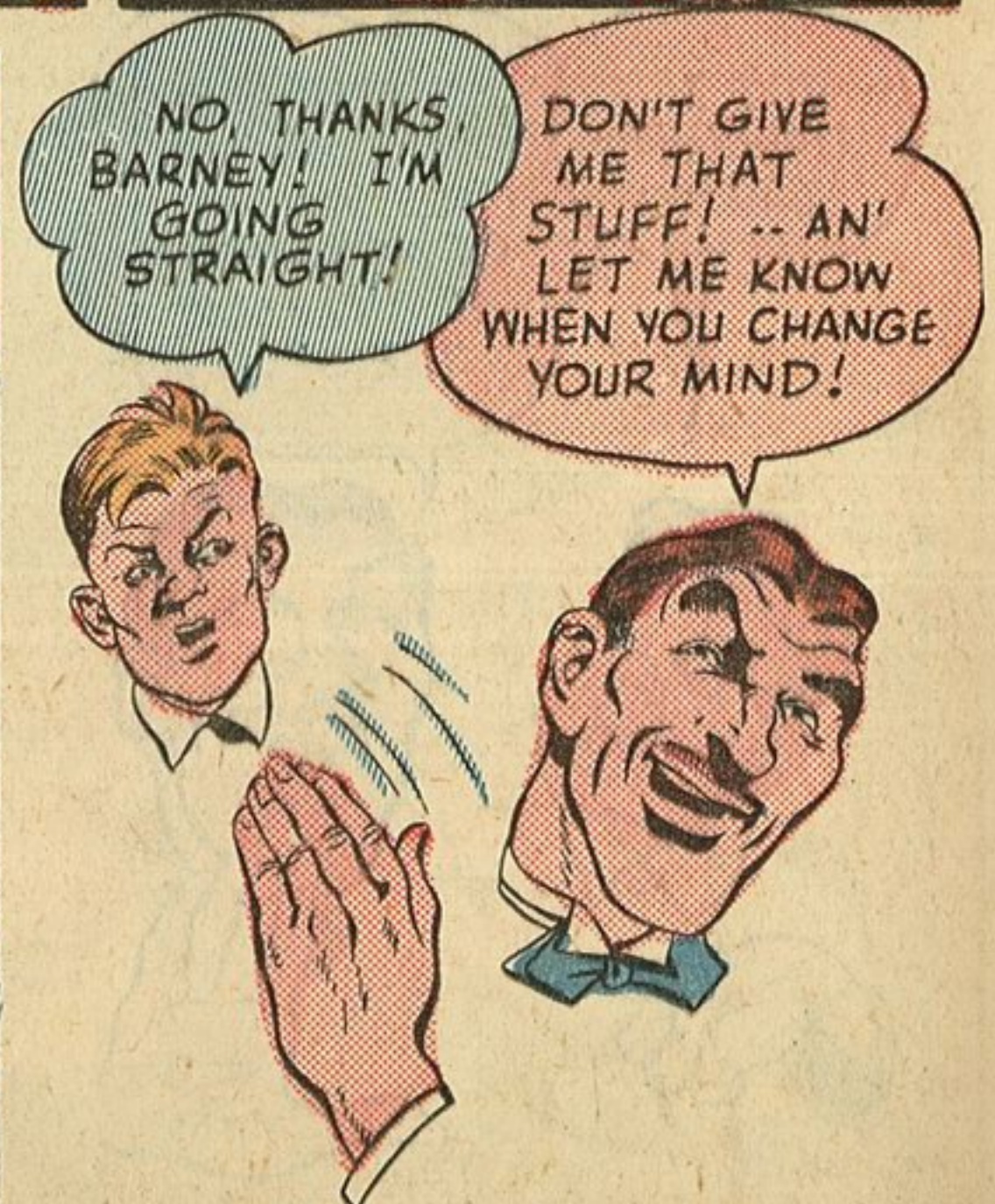
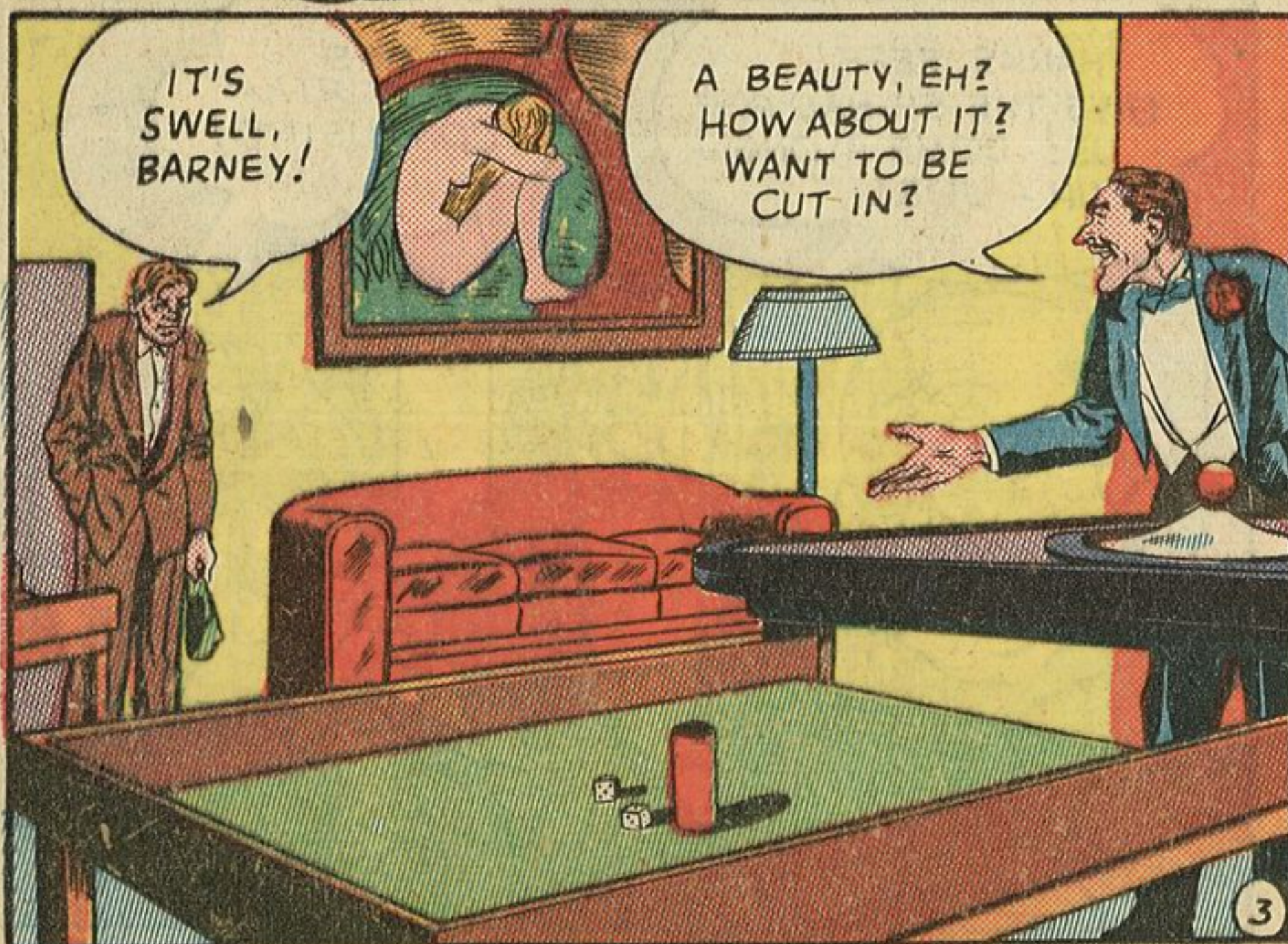
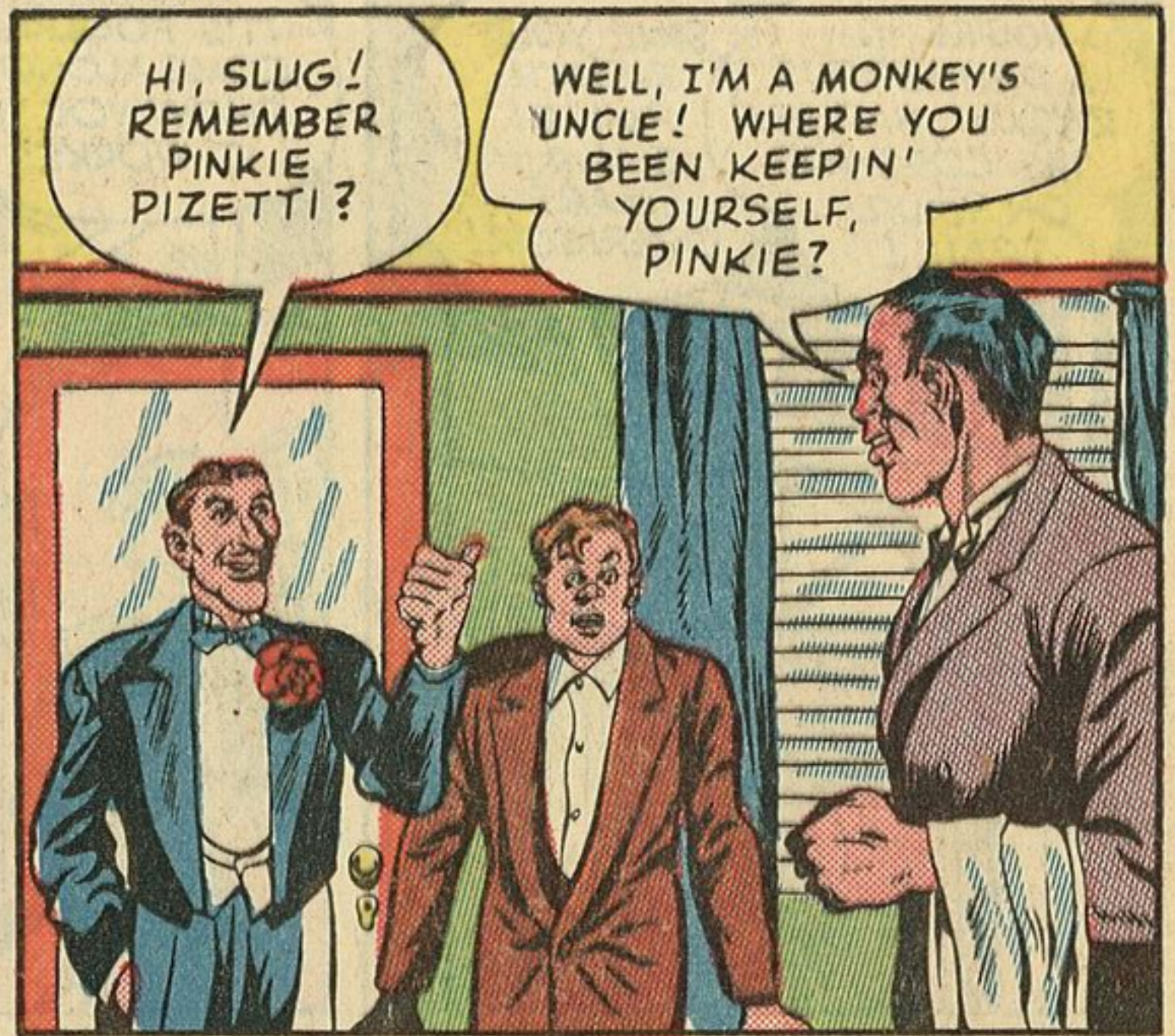


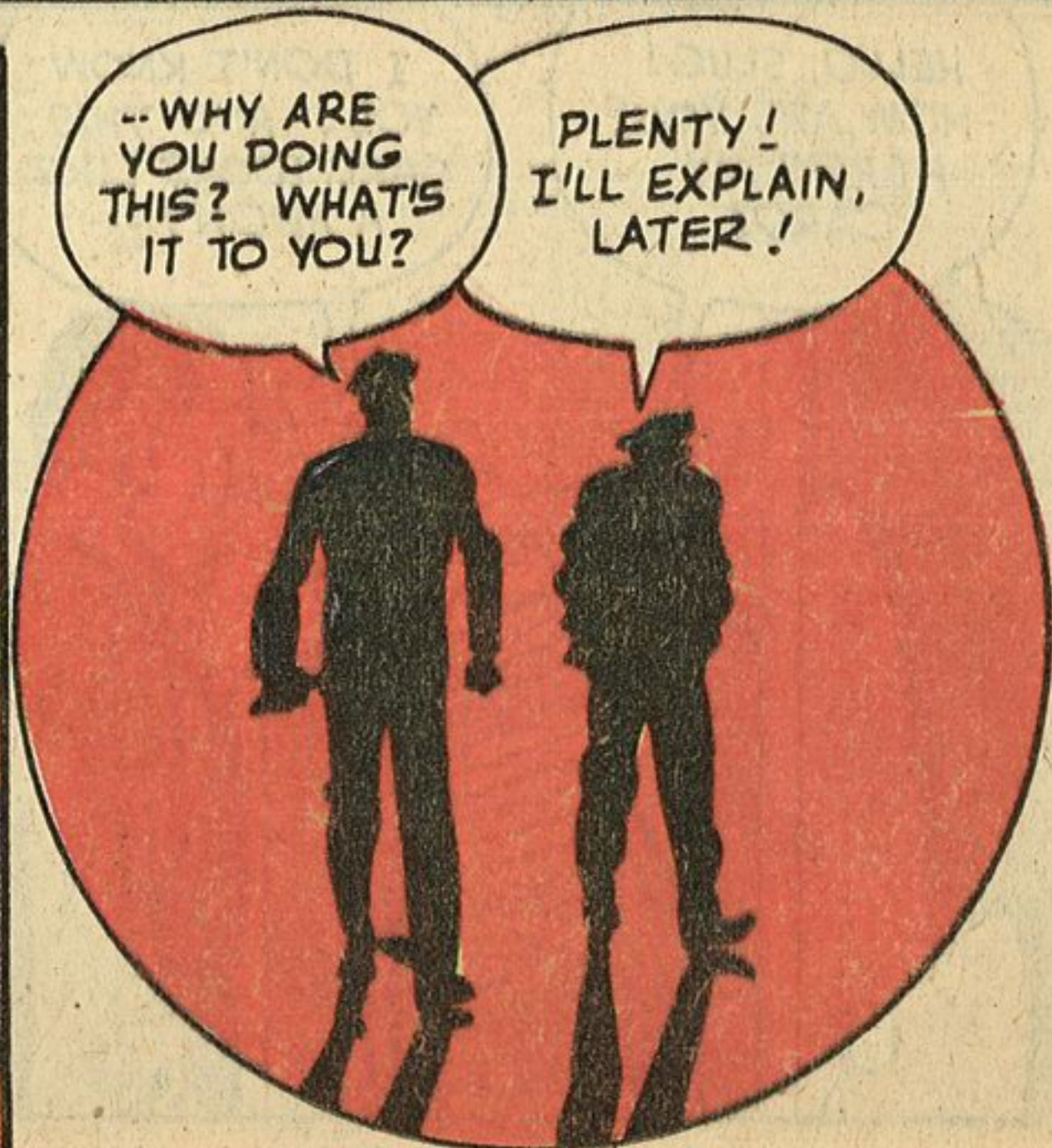
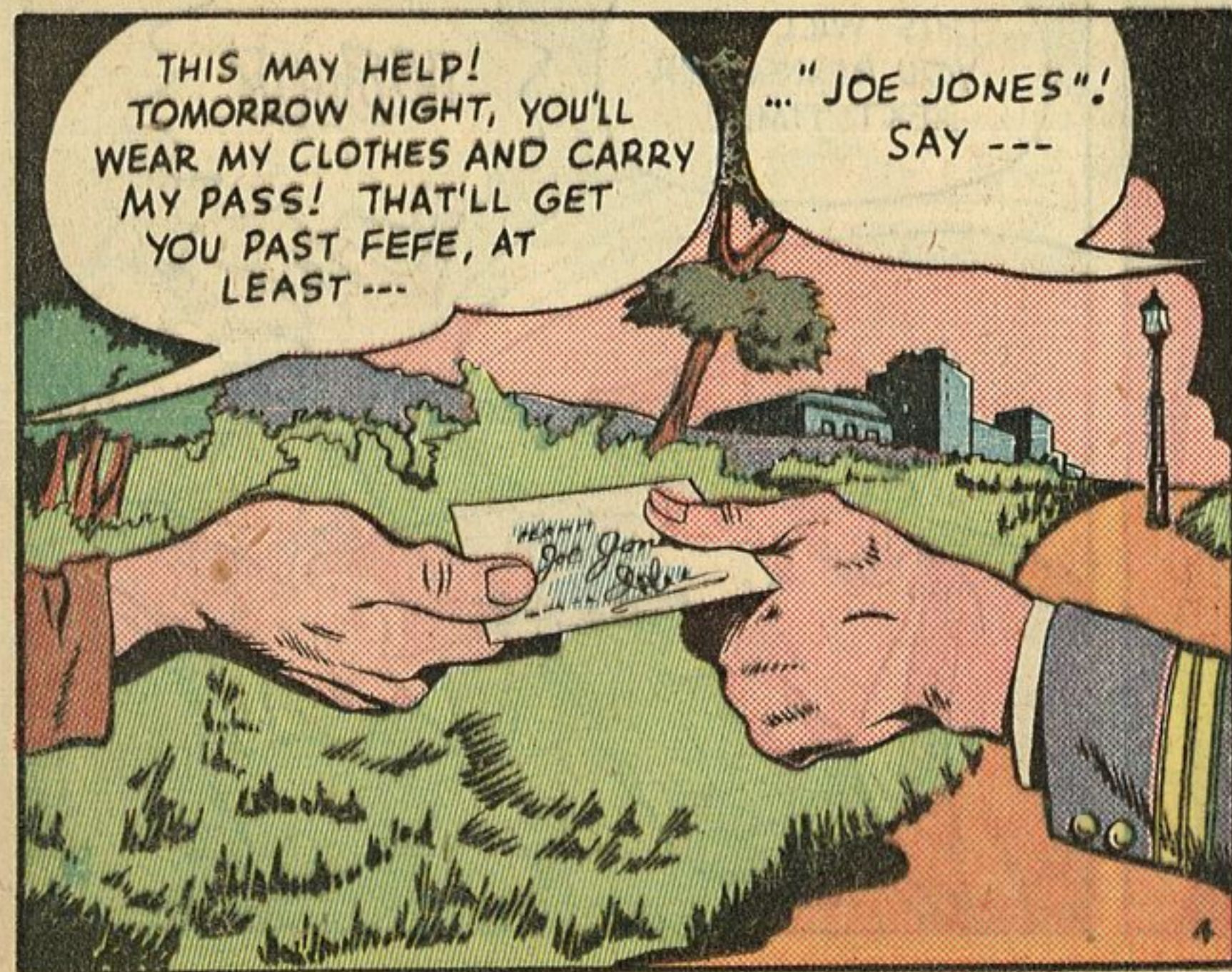
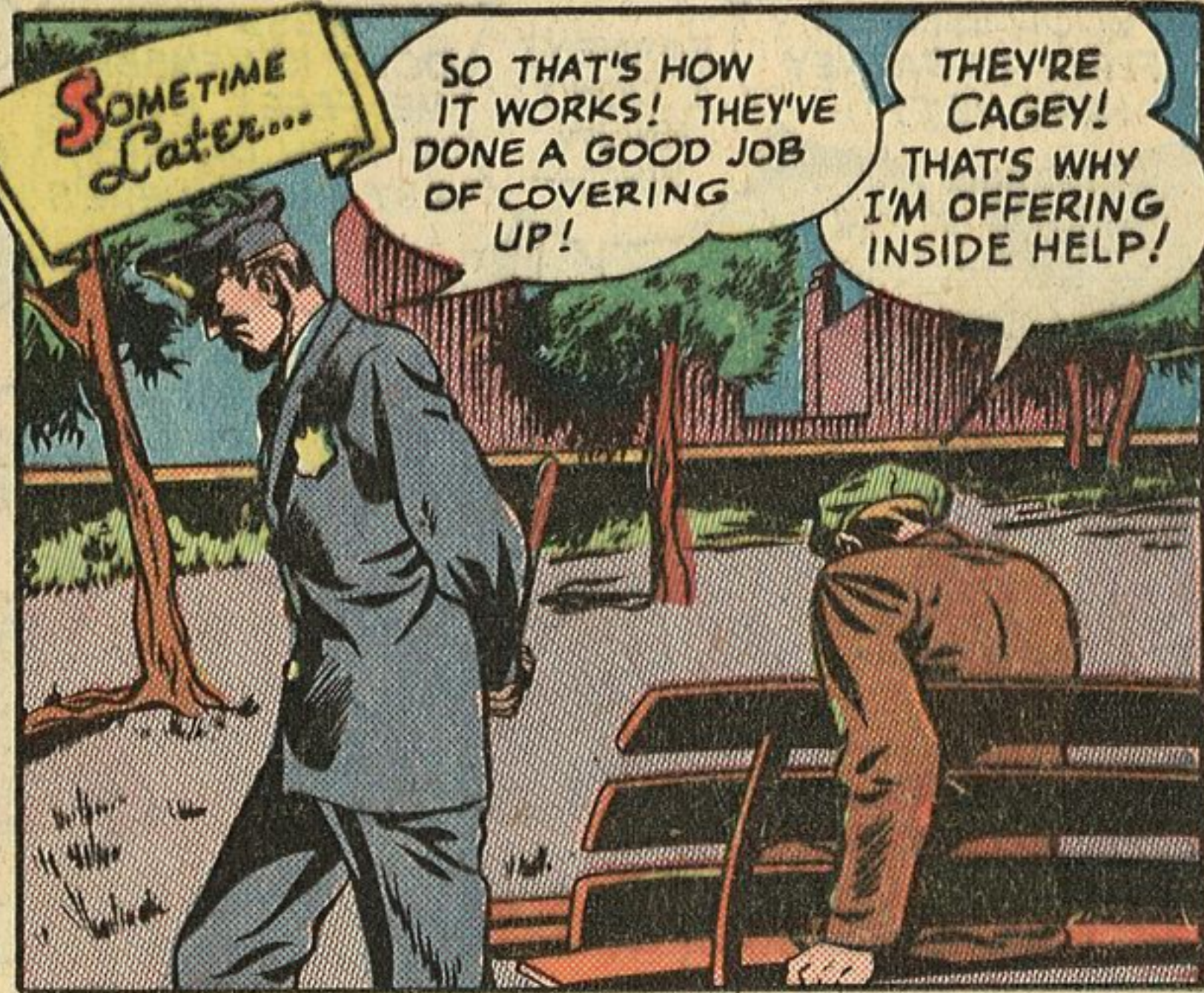
THE Ambitious Young Cop takes a tip from a stranger! ... turns bandit! ... and rounds up an elusive gang of Gamblers! And the identity of the stranger reveals a new kind of Criminal Code to **Rookie!**

and NOW, if you're all set for excitement, we'll start our story! ...

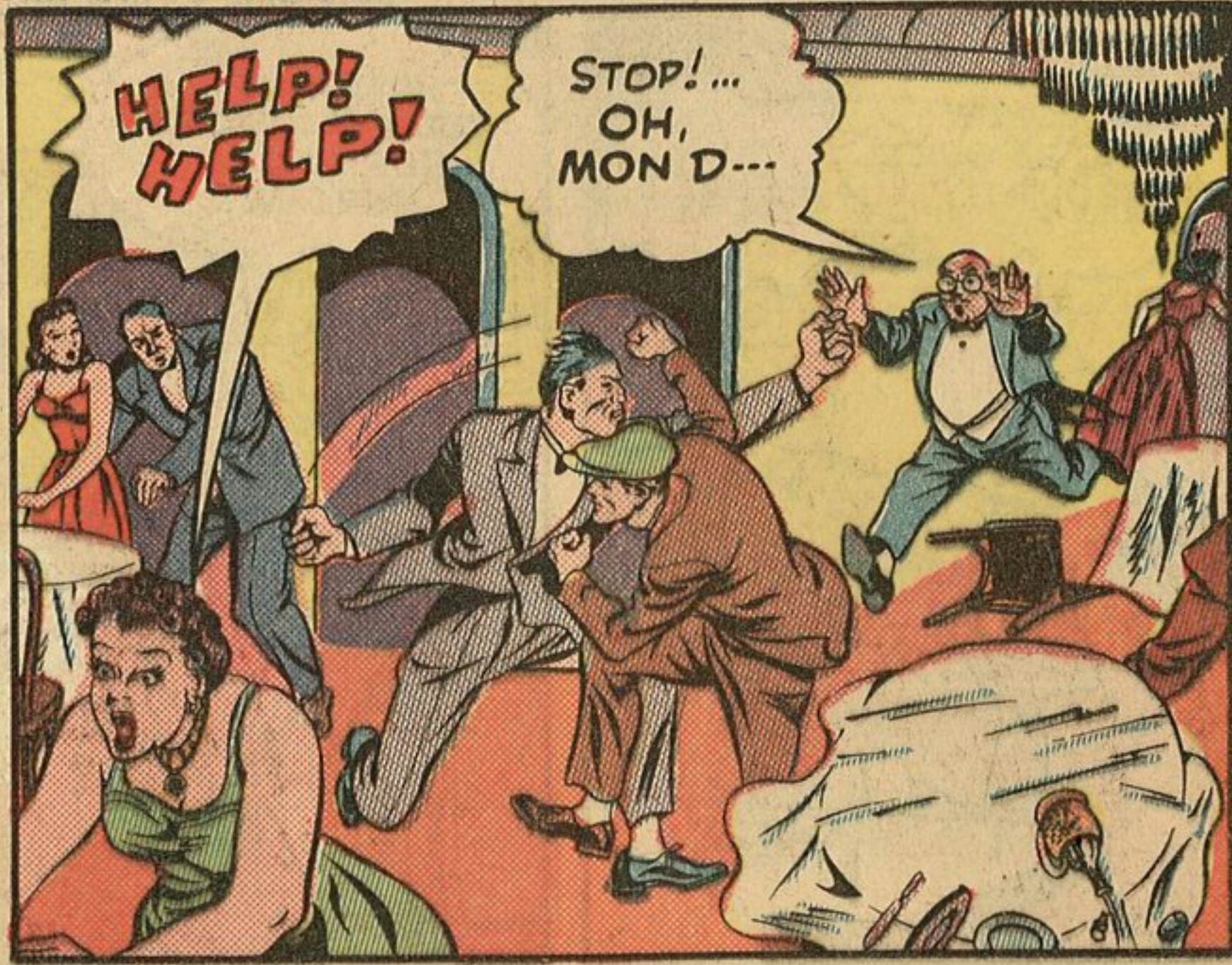
SMASH COMICS



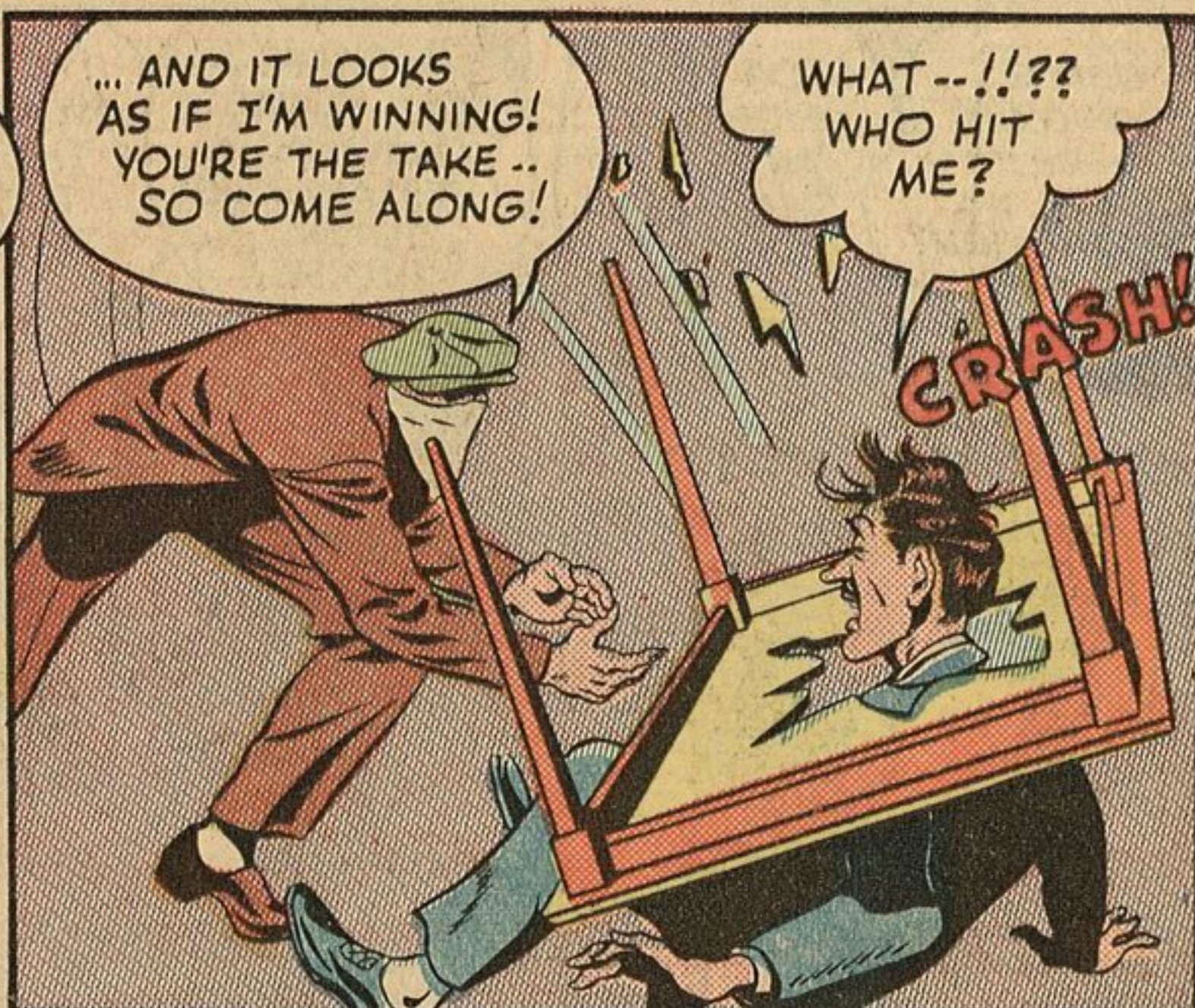
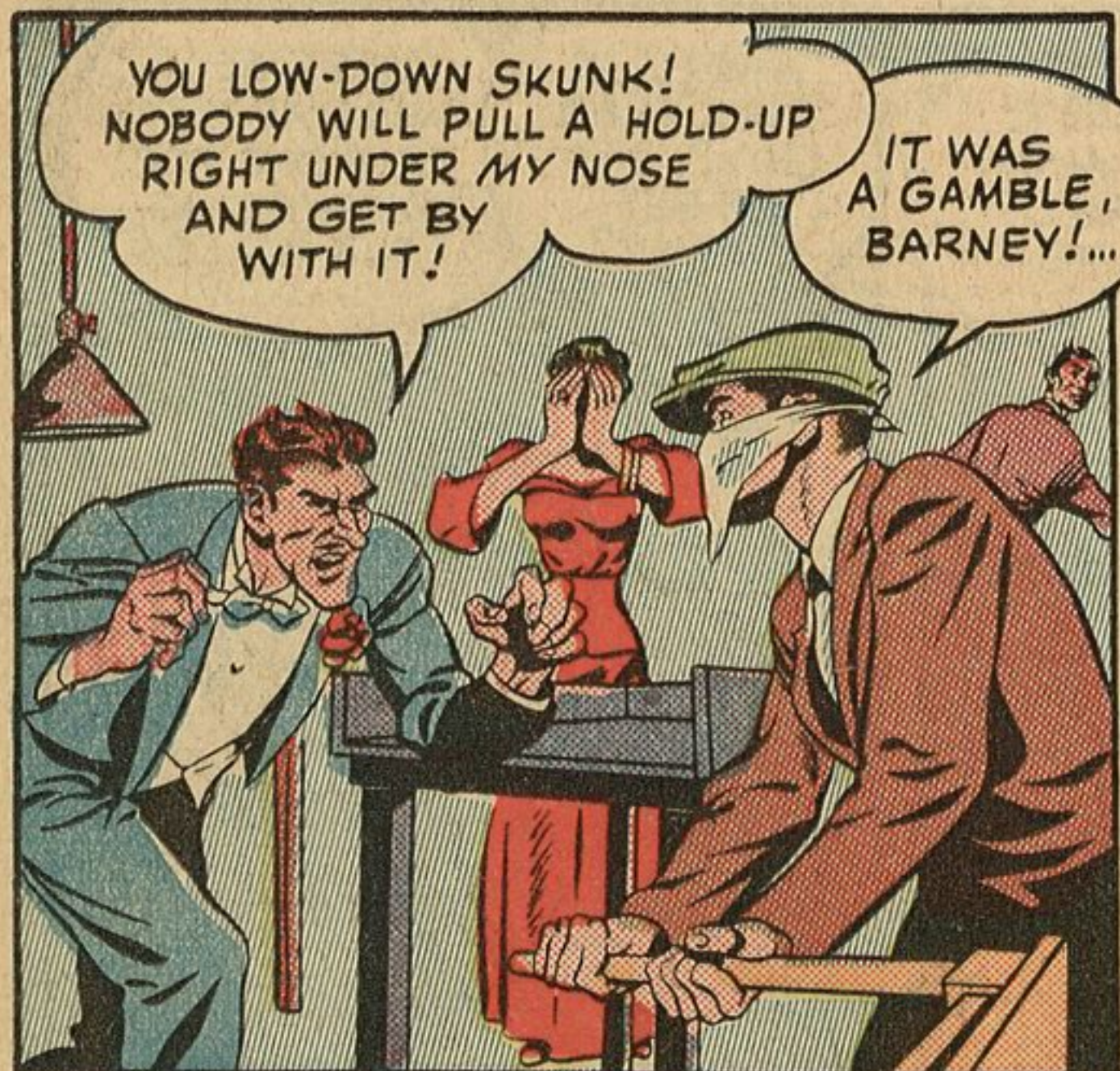


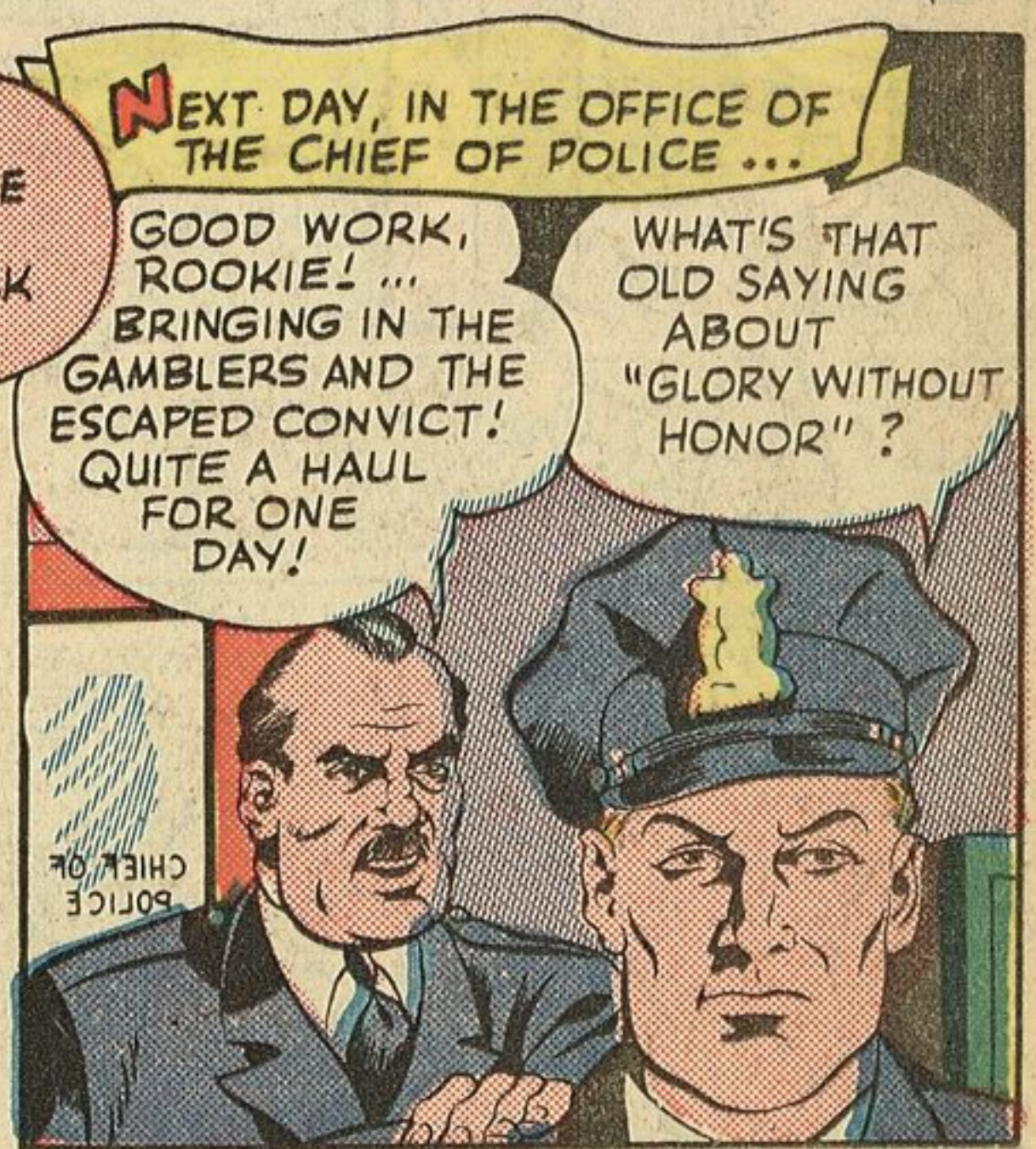


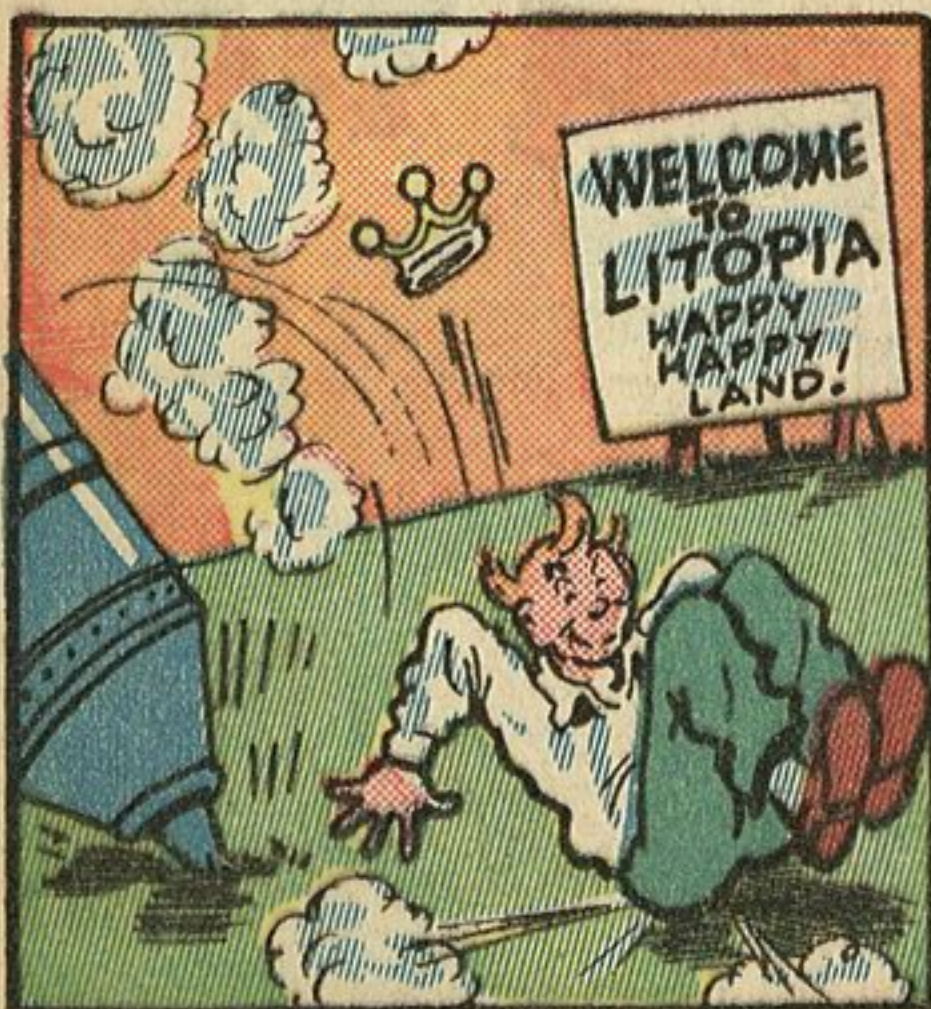
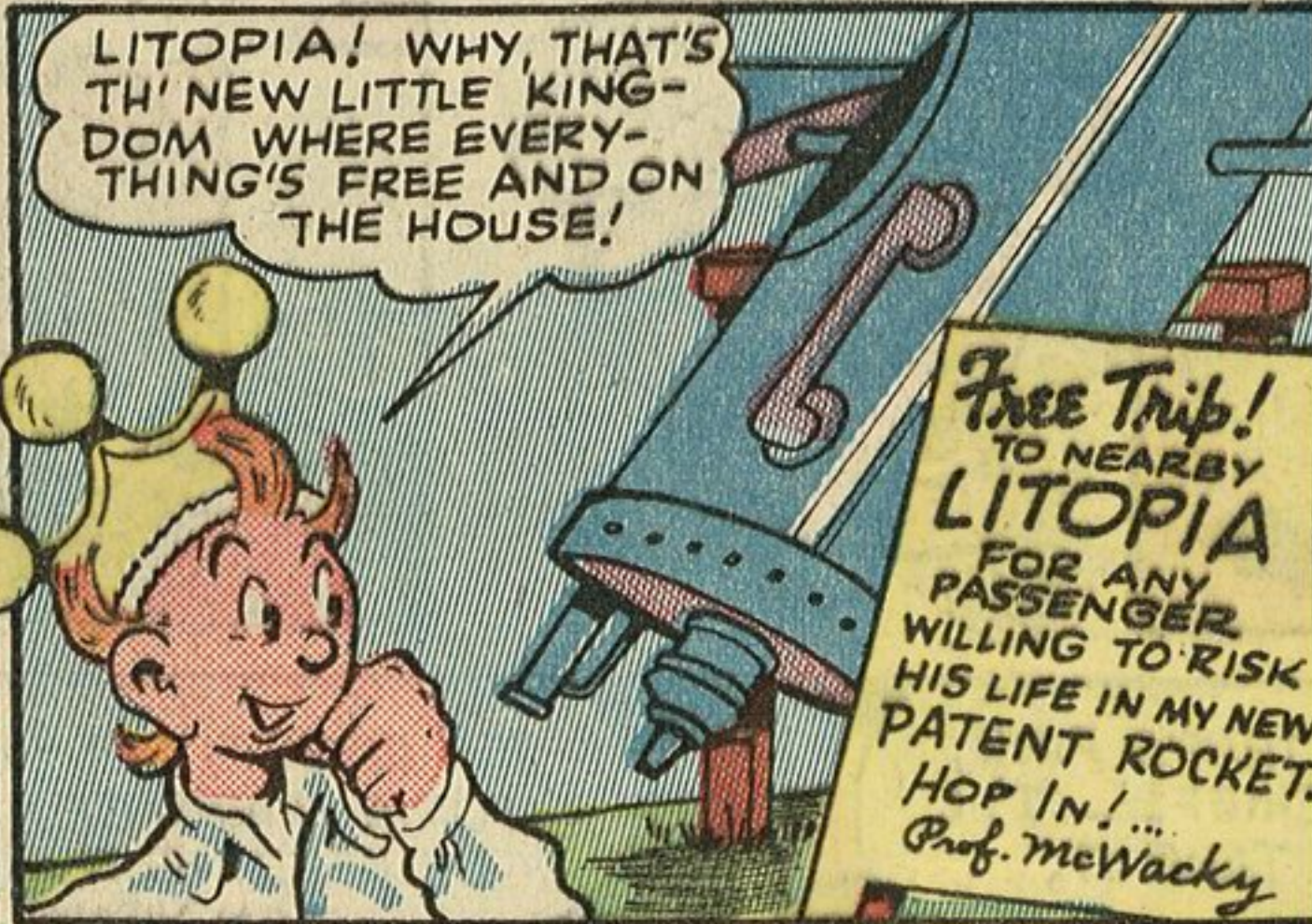
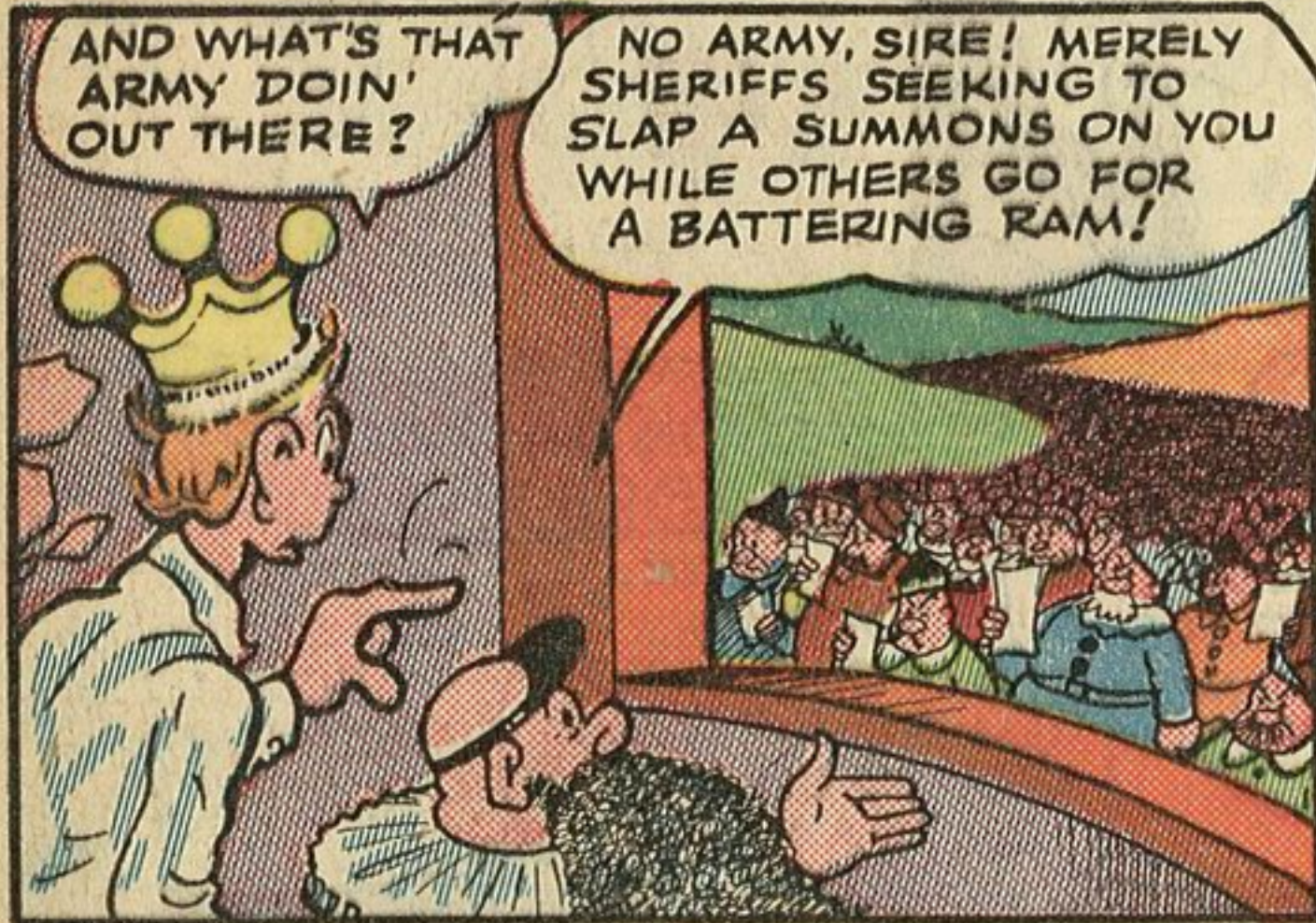
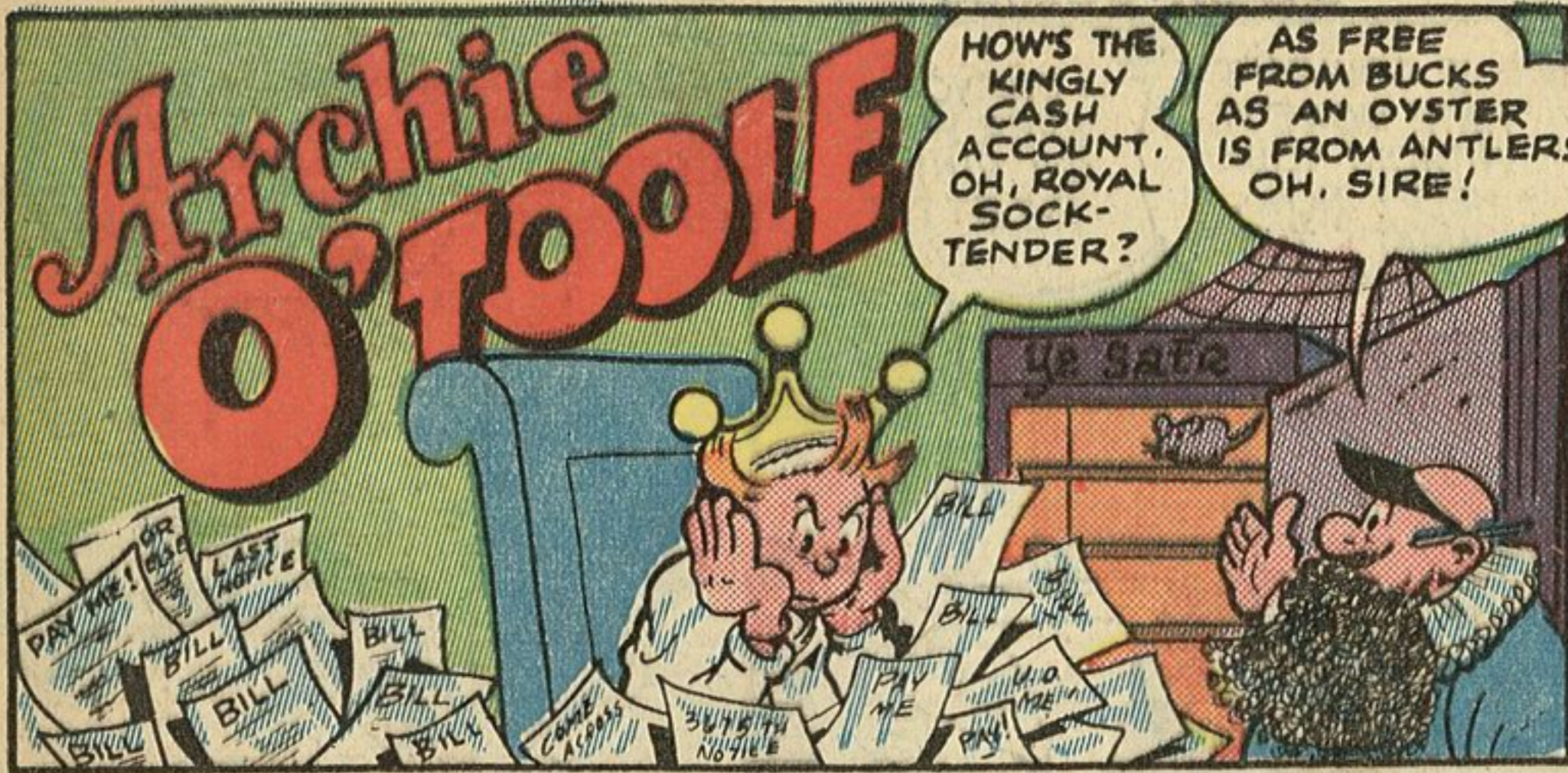




SMASH COMICS







A

DOZEN TIMES RADIO TOKYO
HAS CLAIMED AMERICA WAS
INVADED OR SAN FRANCISCO
BOMBED TO RUINS!!

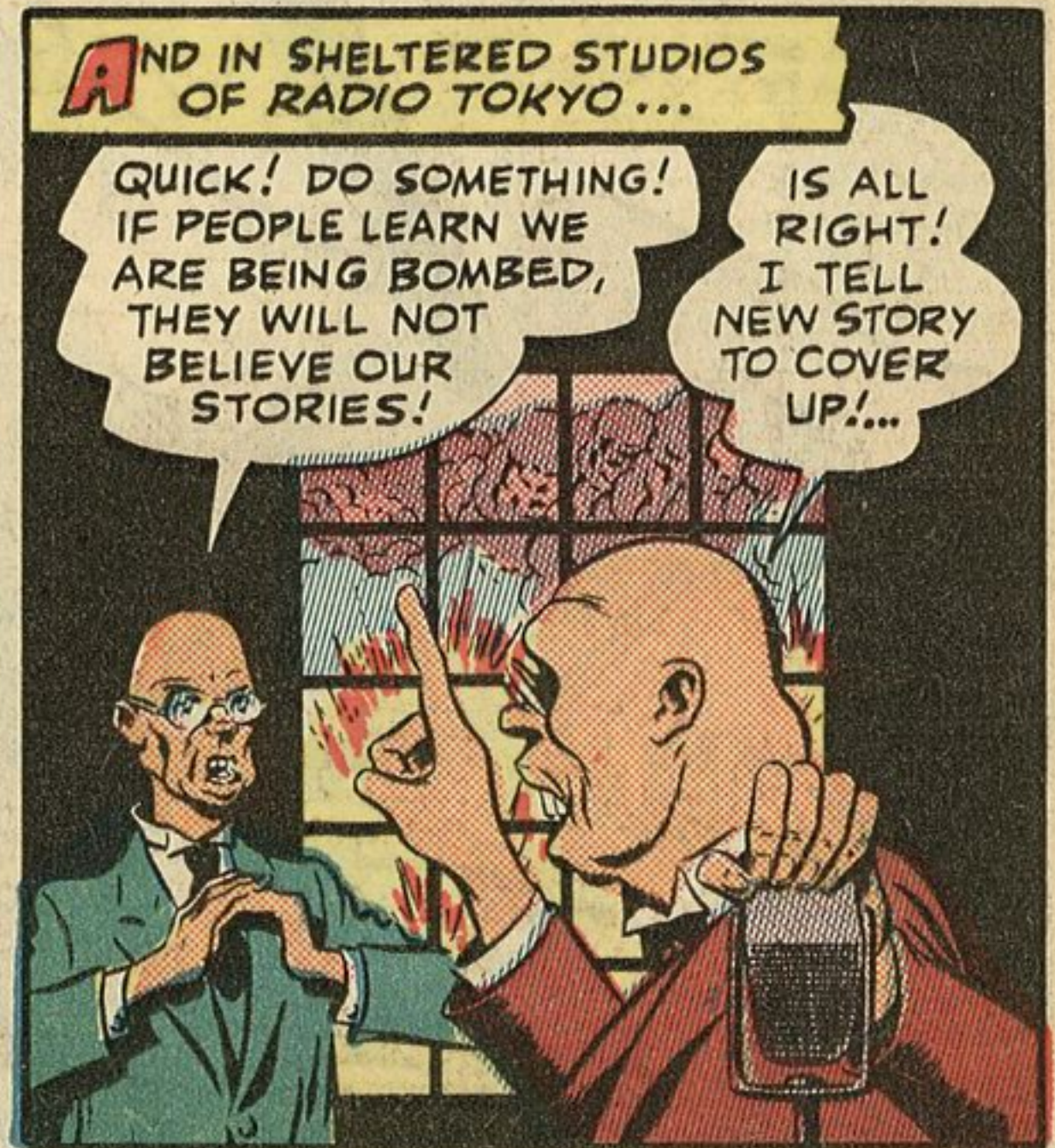
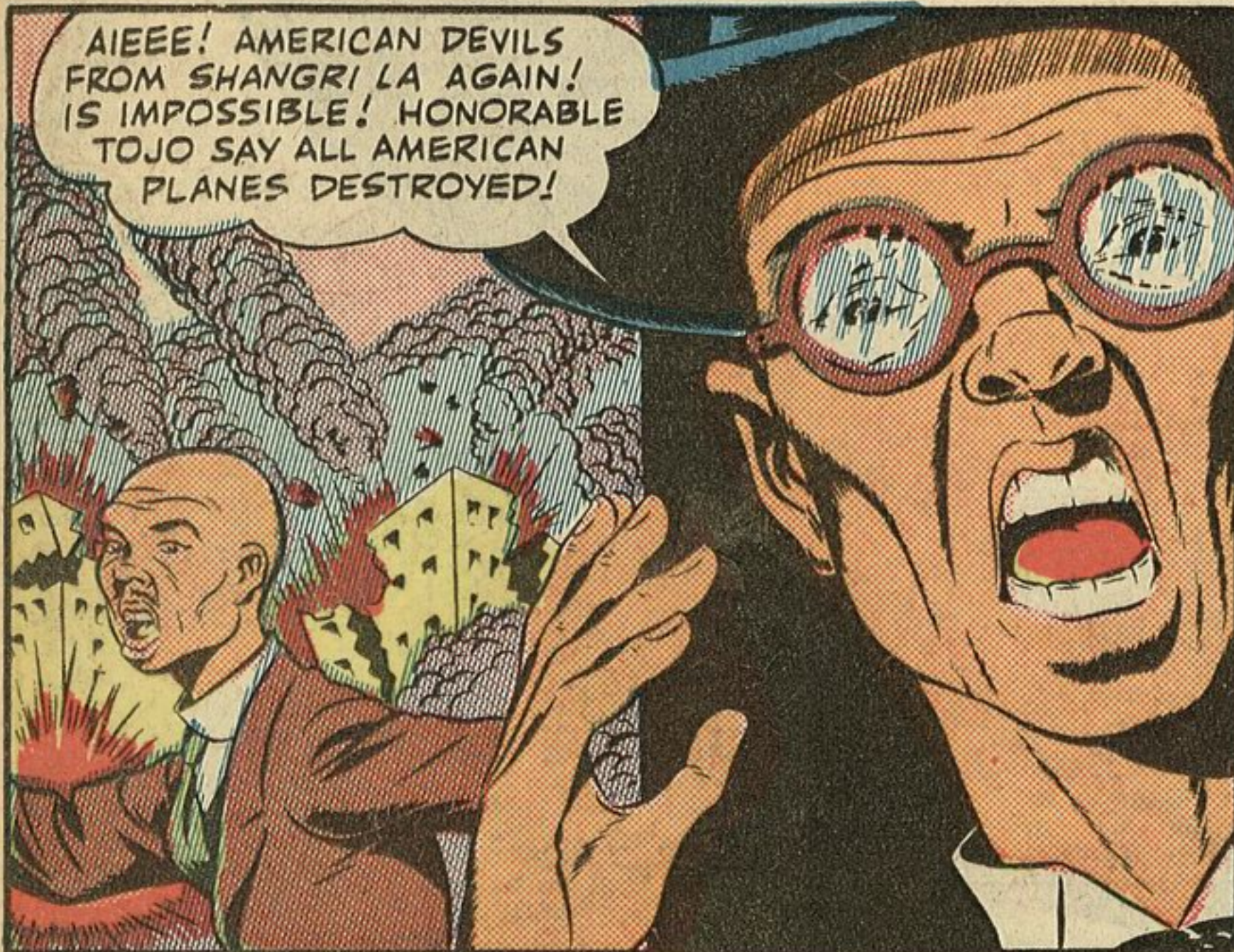
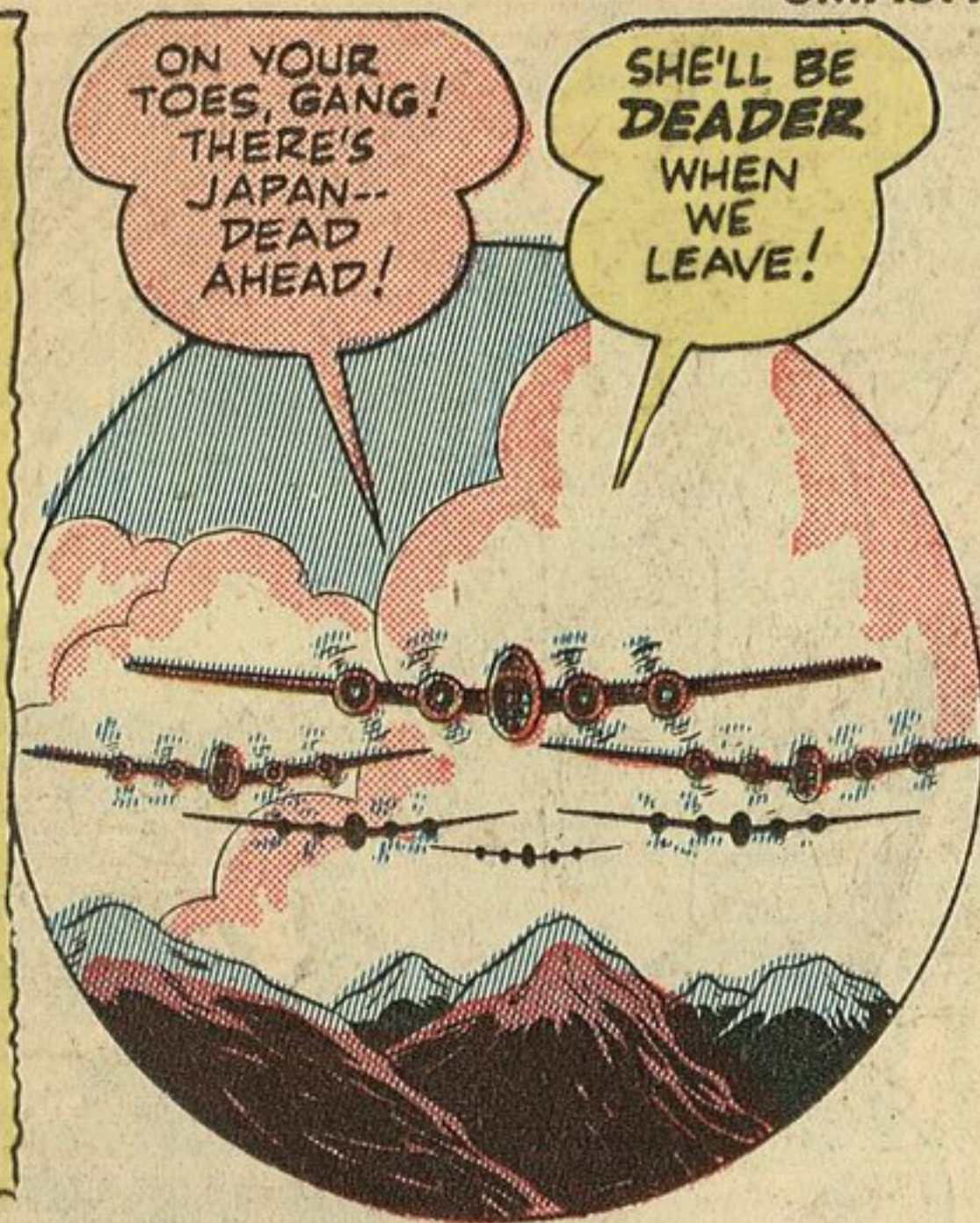
IT IS HARD TO IMAGINE ANYONE OUTSIDE
OF JAPAN BELIEVING SUCH SILLY LIES --
YET DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH
AMERICA **THE MARKSMAN** FOUND
A GROUP WHO NOT ONLY BELIEVED
BUT SET OUT TO SHARE THE LOOT!
IT TOOK ALL **THE MARKSMAN'S**
SKILL AND COLD DARING -- PLUS A
WHOLE BAG OF CLEVER TRICKS -- TO
DESTROY THE FANATICAL

***Invaders From
Within !!!***



THE MARKSMAN

OUR STORY BEGINS FAR OUT OVER THE PACIFIC OCEAN, WITH A FLIGHT OF AMERICAN HEAVY BOMBERS ...



BUT DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA, A GROUP OF JAPANESE "FARMERS" ARE LISTENING...

JAPANESE ARMIES STORMING WASHINGTON --NEW YORK SURRENDERING...

BANZAI! IT IS GREAT DAY OF VICTORY SON OF HEAVEN HAS PROMISED! IT IS TIME FOR US TO STRIKE OUR BLOW



NO LONGER MUST WE PRETEND TO BE DUMB FARMERS! WE MARCH AT ONCE TO JOIN OUR VICTORIOUS BROTHERS!

WE CAN LOOT AND PLUNDER ALONG WAY, GAINING GREAT WEALTH FOR OURSELVES!



A FEW DAYS LATER, AT AN AMERICAN-OPERATED TIN MINE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF BOLIVIA...

GOOD WORK, PEREZ! YOUR MEN HAVE A NICE LOAD OF TIN ORE READY FOR SHIPMENT!

THAT TIN MEANS A LOT TO THE ALLIES!...



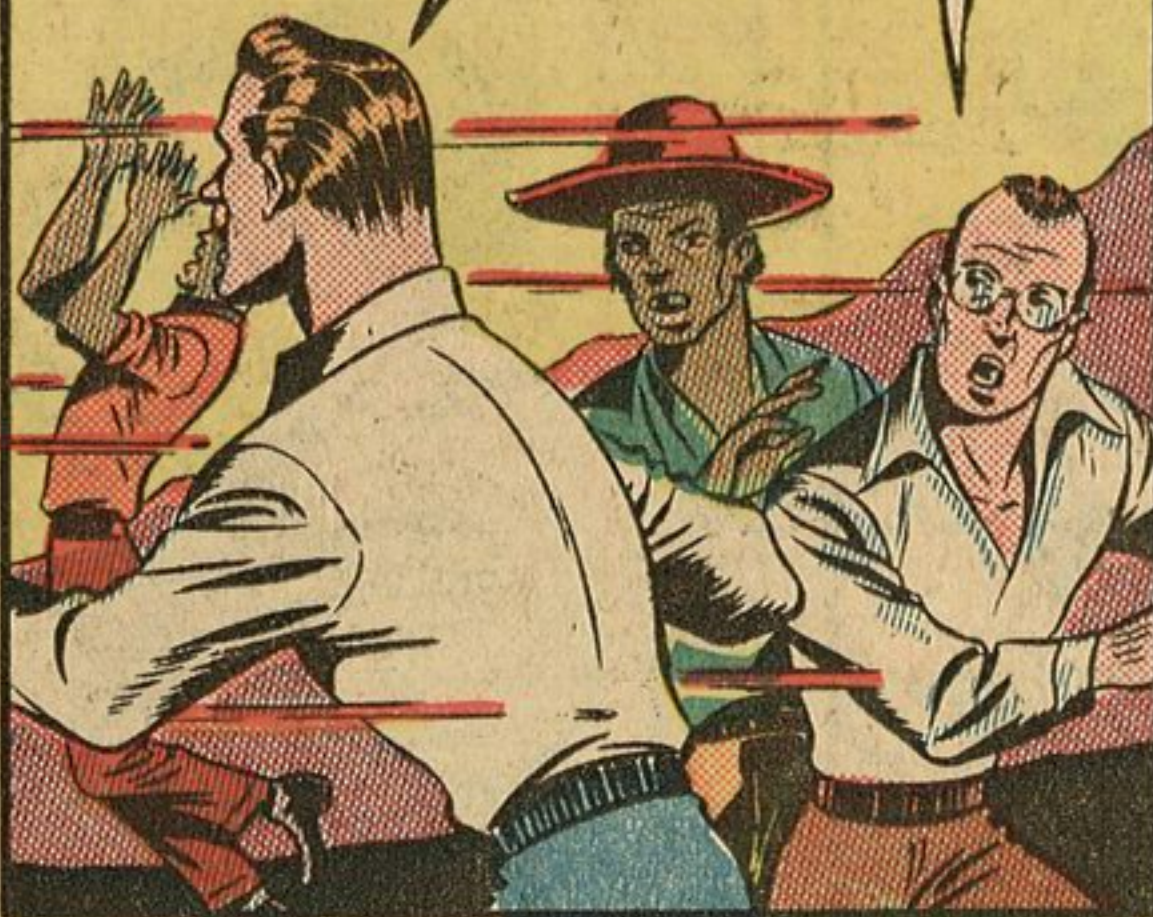
IT'S A VITAL WAR MATERIAL! THIS IS A BATTLE-FRONT --EVEN IF THERE AREN'T ANY BULLETS FLYING...



THEN WITHOUT WARNING...

WHAT THE...??? WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!

RUN FOR THE OFFICE! COME ON, PEREZ!...



JAPS! AND THEY GOT PEREZ!...

WE CAN'T STAY HERE! THESE WALLS ARE LIKE PAPER!



GO TO THE MINE ENTRANCE, CARR! WE CAN HOLD OFF AN ARMY THERE!

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO, BENSON! THERE MUST BE TWO HUNDRED OF THE YELLOW DEVILS!



AT THAT MOMENT, A FEW MILES TO THE WEST...

WHY DO YOU STAY AROUND HERE, MARKSMAN? DO YOU EXPECT TROUBLE?

PERHAPS! THE VITAL TIN MINES ARE HERE -- AND NOT FAR SOUTH ARE HUNDREDS OF JAP SETTLERS WHO MAY BE FIFTH COLUMNISTS... LISTEN!





GUNFIRE!
IT SOUNDS
LIKE A
REGULAR
BATTLE!

AND IT MAY
BE! COME
ON, ANNA!
THIS MAY
BE THE VERY
OUTBREAK
I'VE BEEN
EXPECTING!



MEANWHILE...

WELL, WE
DIDN'T MAKE IT,
"BENS"! LOOKS
LIKE WE'LL END
A SHORT BUT
EXCITING LIFE
--RIGHT HERE!

COULD BE!
TWO AGAINST
TWO HUNDRED
ISN'T
EXACTLY
FAVORABLE
ODDS!



MAKE IT
TWO AGAINST
ONE HUNDRED
AND NINETY-
NINE!

OH-OH!
THEY'RE
GATHERING
TO RUSH
US, FELLOW!
THIS IS
IT!



HERE
THEY
COME!

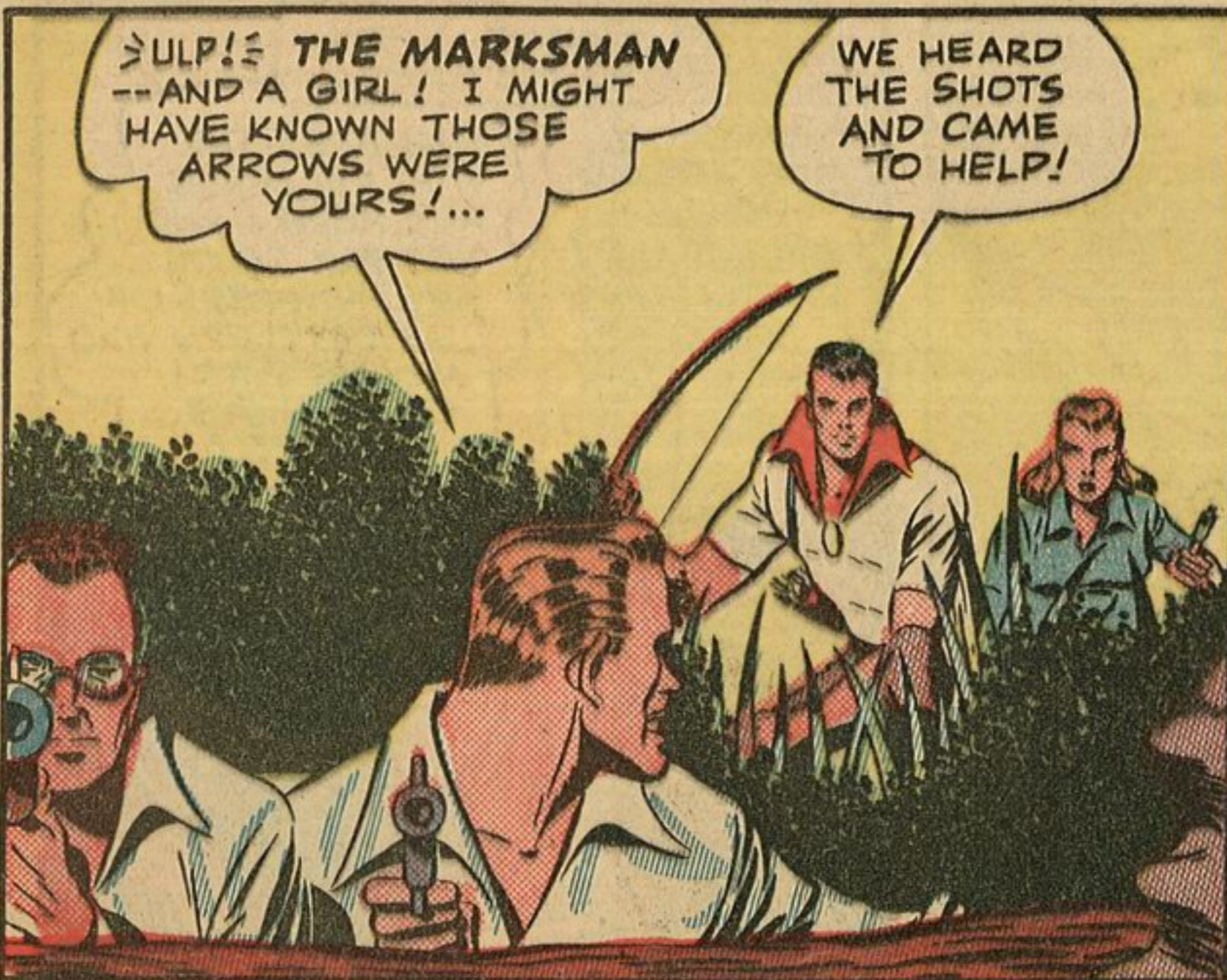
IT'S BEEN
SWELL
KNOWING
YOU, OLD
MAN!



SUDDENLY...

WHAT
TH...???
ARROWS!

AND THE YELLOW
RATS ARE BREAKING!
PICK OFF ALL
YOU CAN!



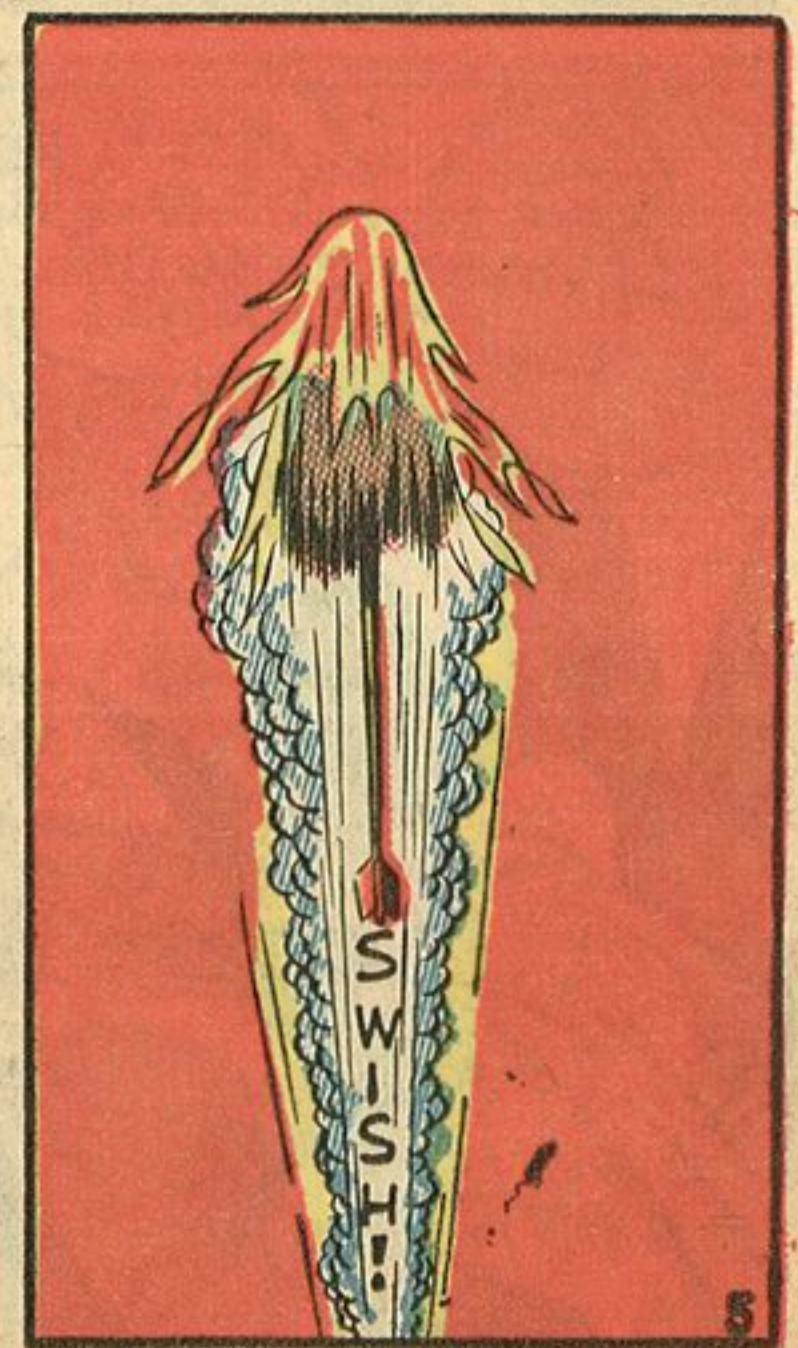
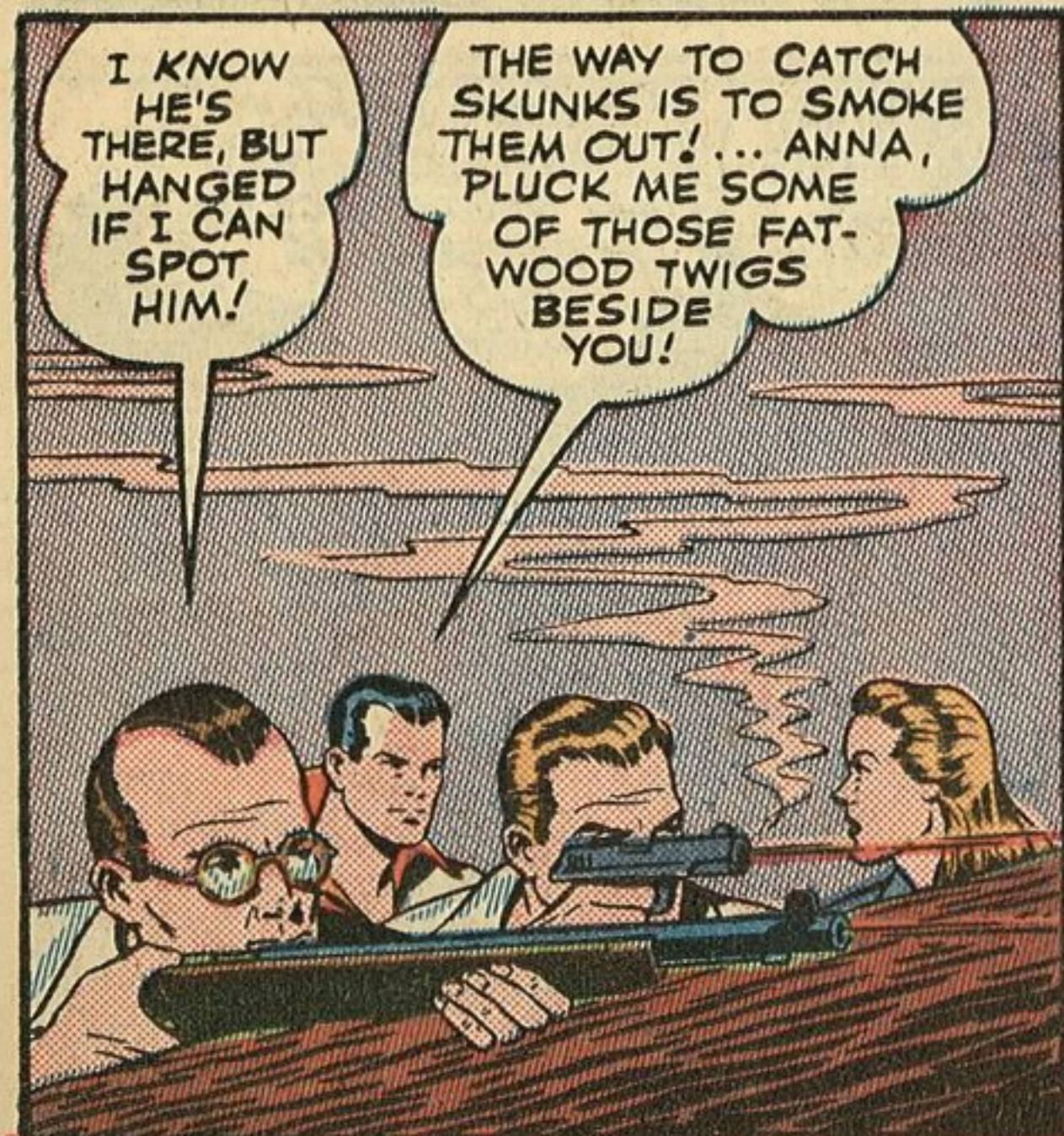
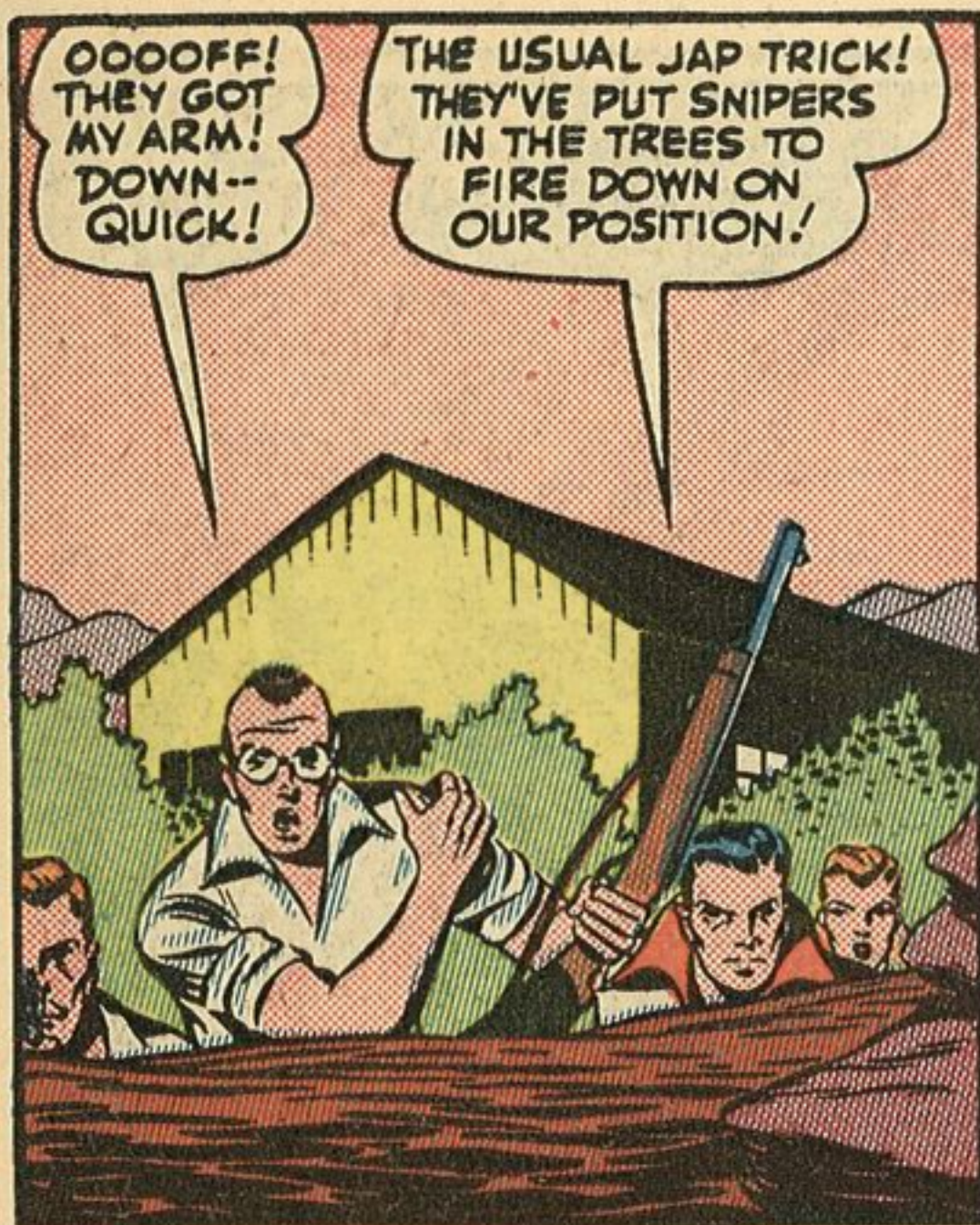
WULP! THE MARKSMAN
--AND A GIRL! I MIGHT
HAVE KNOWN THOSE
ARROWS WERE
YOURS!...

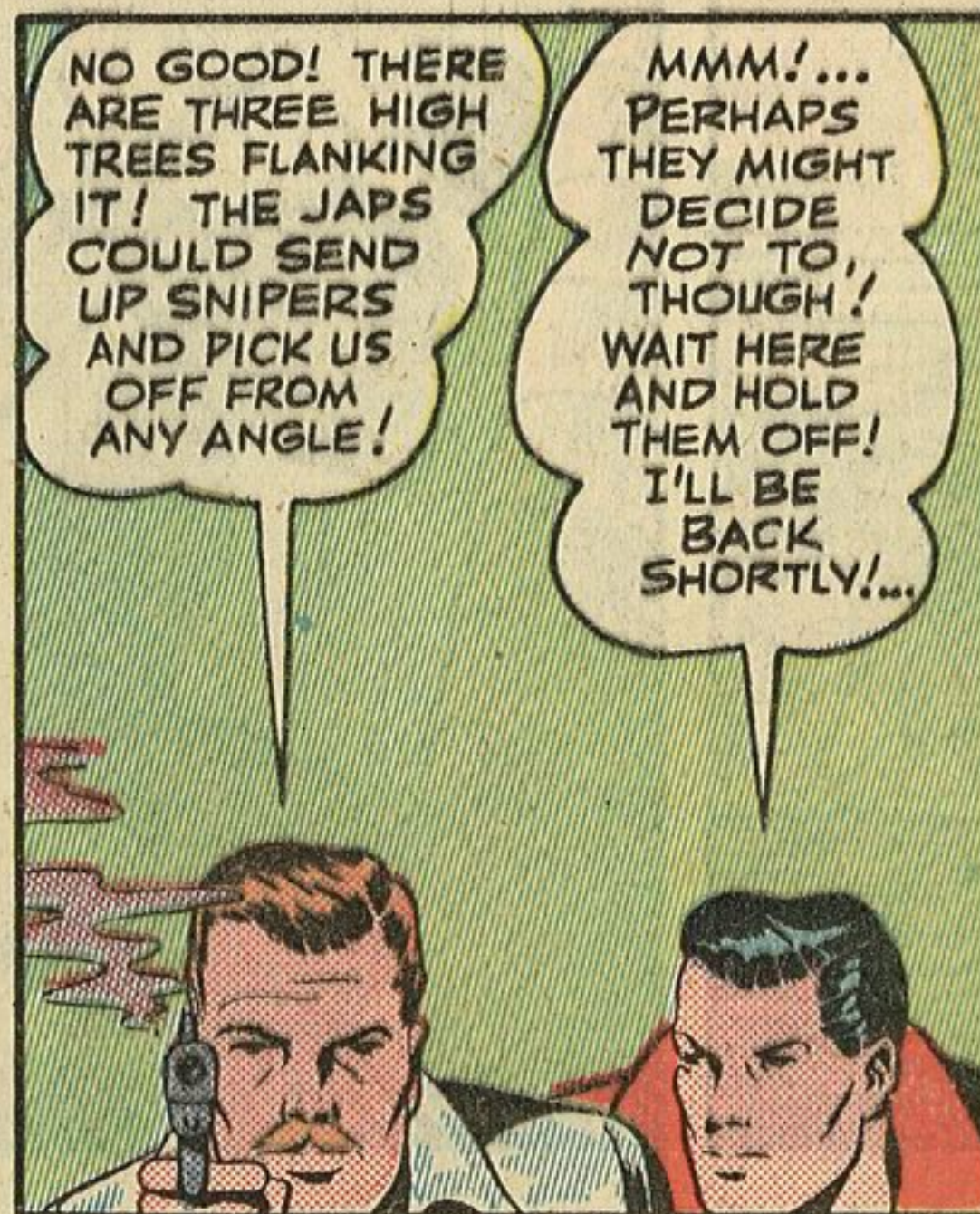
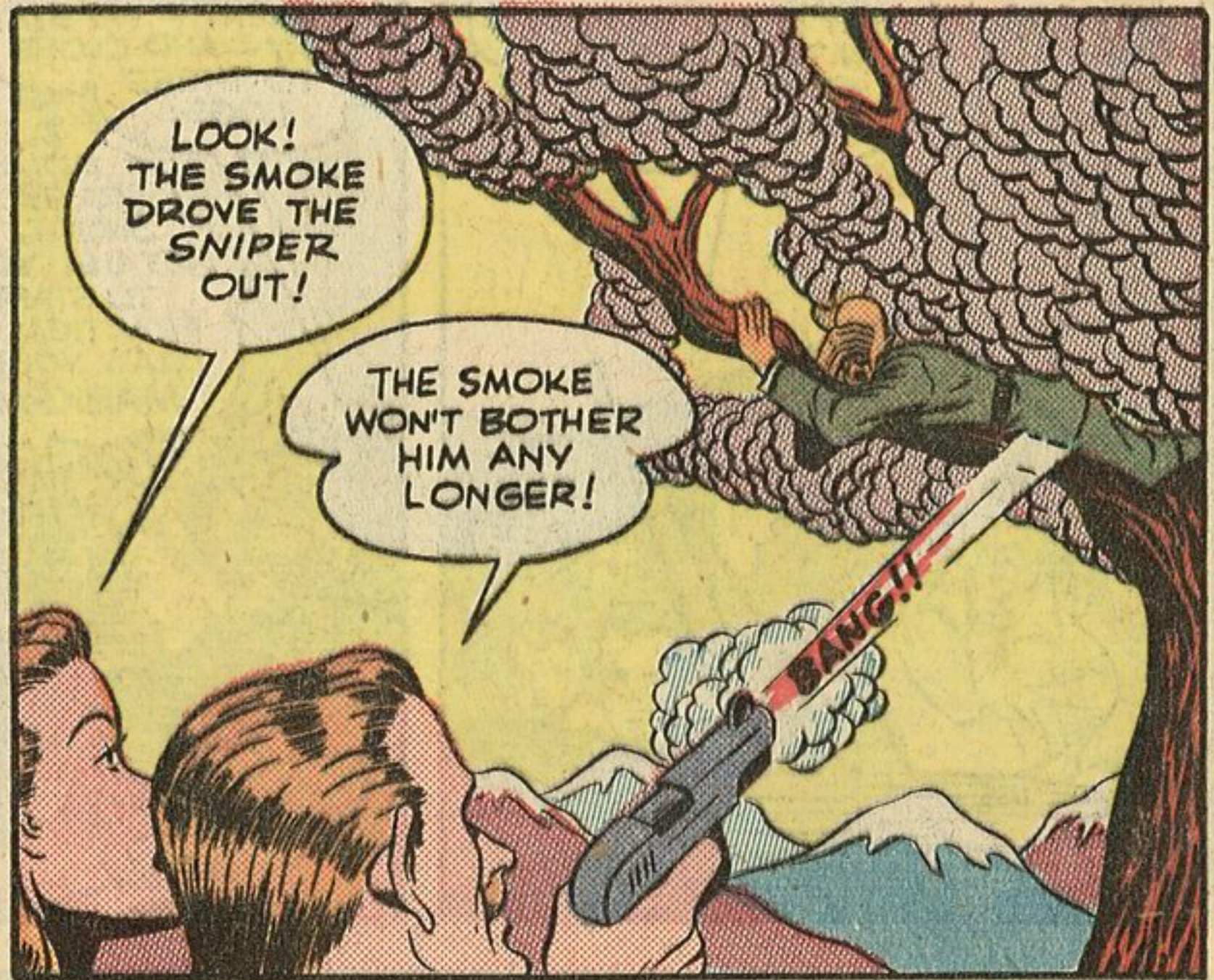
WE HEARD
THE SHOTS
AND CAME
TO HELP!



THANKS, FELLOW -- BUT
WHAT'S THE GOOD?
WE'RE STILL OUT-
NUMBERED ALMOST
FORTY TO ONE! WE
CAN'T FIGHT SUCH
ODDS!

MAYBE NOT--
BUT PERHAPS
WE CAN
OUT-TRICK
THEM!







ESPIONAGE

There are
no **NEUTRAL**
Countries
Today!!

In even the few lands
where open war has not
yet come, the secret
Spy-armies of the Axis
and the Allies are
locked in deadly struggle!

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF,
FOR **Black X**, ACE OF ALLIED
SECRET-SERVICE OPERATIVES, HAS
RECENTLY ARRIVED AT ONE OF THE
FEW FRONTIERS NOT TORN TO
SHREDS BY TRAMPING LEGIONS!...
AND HIS IS ONE OF THE
strangest of Assignments!



A MEETING WITH AN
ALLIED CHIEF IN A
SECRET ROOM...

MY JOB IS
TO ENTERTAIN
THIS **CHARMING**
LADY?...

EXACTLY!
SHE HAS ESCAPED
FROM AXIS-HELD
TERRITORY WITH
IMPORTANT INFORMATION!
YOU WILL INTERVIEW HER
AND MAKE A REPORT
TO HEADQUARTERS!

IT WAS
ALL SO NERVE-
WRACKING --- I
HAVE DIFFICULTY
IN SPEAKING!...

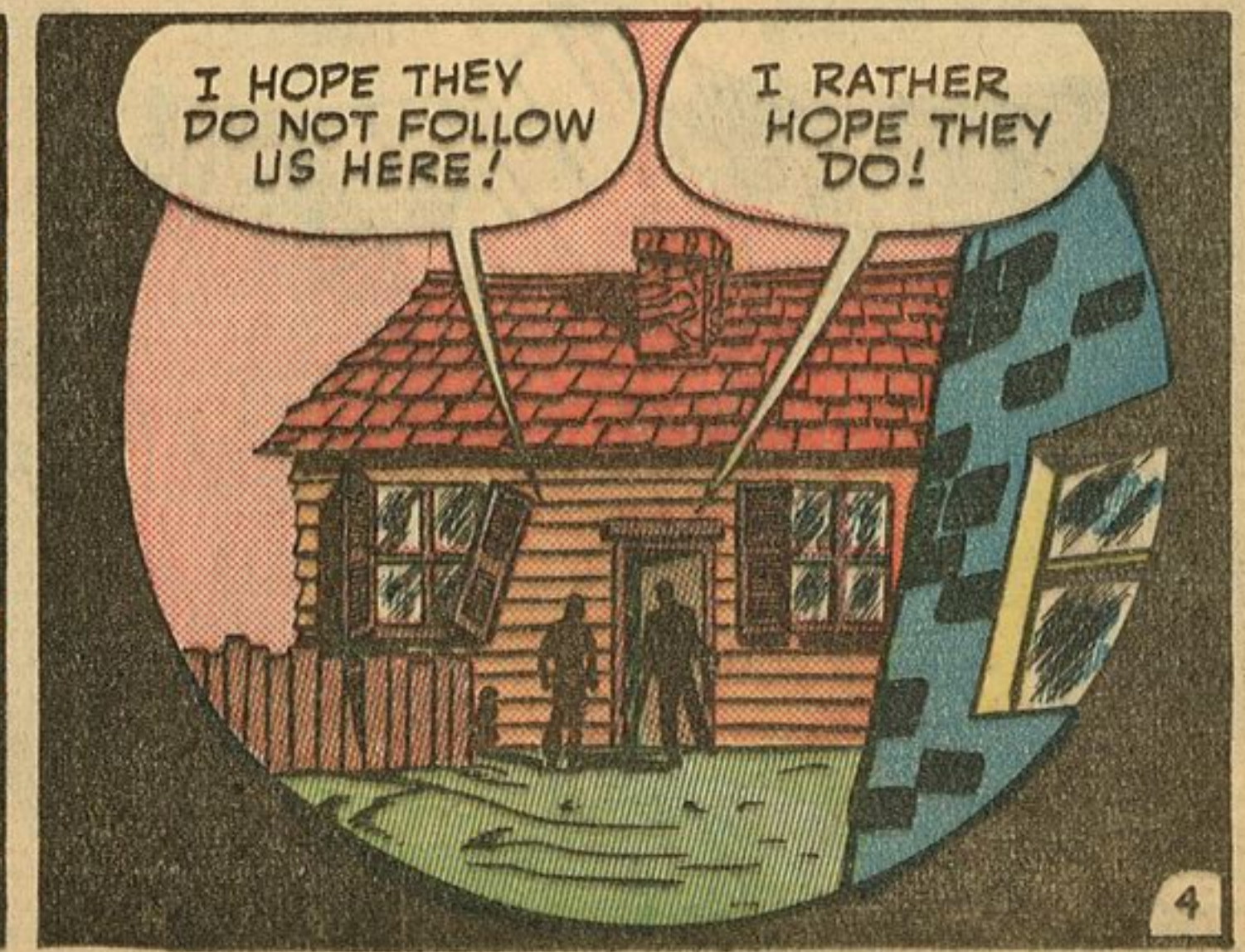
WE'LL
FIND A
QUIET
CONFERENCE
SPOT, MISS
NILOA!

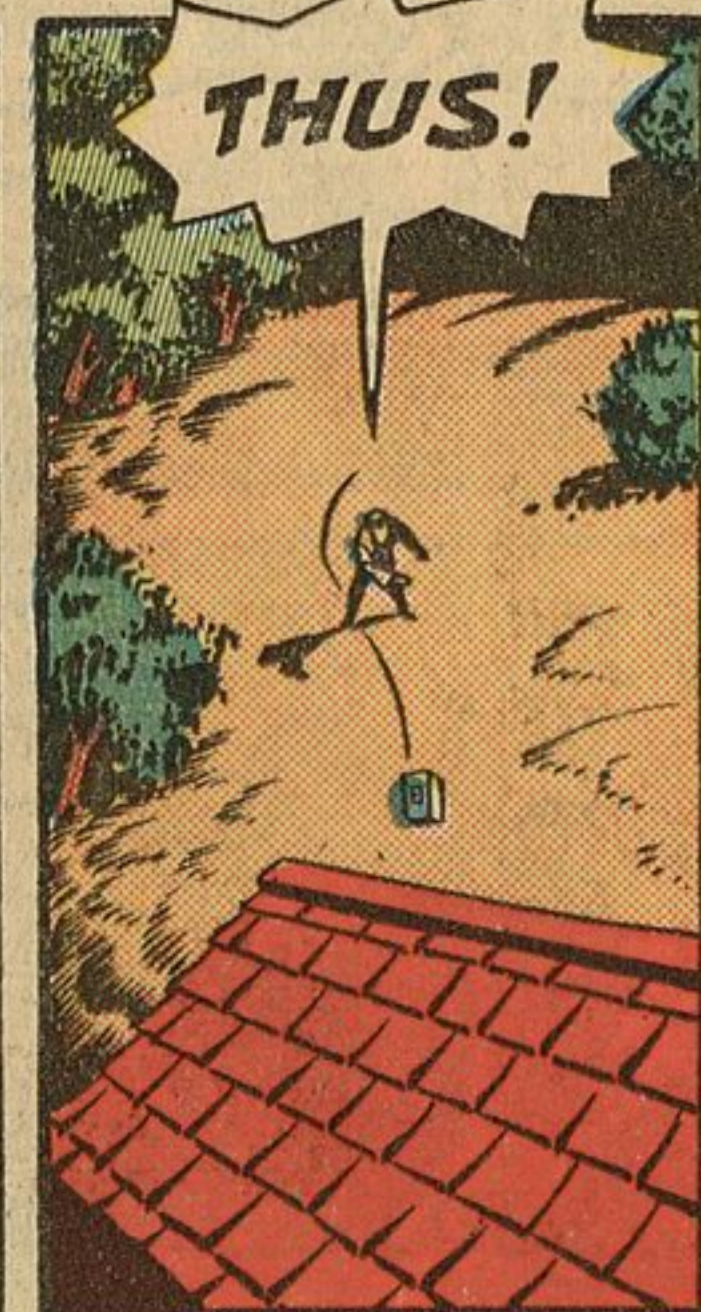
OHHHHH!...
THERE --
THAT MAN!
-- MY
ENEMY!!















SMASH COMICS



A SKUNK NEVER FORGETS

PERHAPS I should forget this story. It is not a nice one by any means because it's cluttered up with gore and death—and mountains of bitter hate. It's not a nice story because of Drag Marlin.

Ever hear of Drag Marlin? Probably not, unless you've lived "Down Under" — meaning, of course, Australia. Pretty wild country out there on the rim of the world. The 'jumping off place' some folk call it. But 'bumping off' place fits it better.

I lived in Western Australia two years prior to the time I met up with Drag Marlin. I'd heard all about him—wild, bloody tales that would make the average person shudder with apprehension and want to avoid meeting such an all-out scoundrel.

Contrary to my nature, I *wanted* to meet Drag. Why, I don't know.

I met the legendary man in a rather odd manner. It happened in a waterfront dive where I'd gone to get a story on a retired schooner captain. This old skipper had been a whaler in the Antarctic years before and had a lot of thrilling tales to spin. I had about concluded my interview when a big, burly chap swaggered into the room and bellowed, "Howdy, gents! Belly up to the bar and have one on me!"

There was a rush for the long bar. The big guy slapped a bag of gold dust down and lifted his glass.

"Down th' hatch!"

The skipper whispered to me,

"That's Drag Marlin. And a mean 'un, I'm tellin' ye."

So that was the legendary Drag. A bad looker, or I never saw one.

It was about then that Drag spotted the skipper and me sitting at the corner table. He blinked, then roared, "Ain't my money good enough to buy you lubbers a drink?"

"Thanks," I said. "Don't care to drink."

Drag's bleary glance swept over my companion. "How 'bout you, skipper?"

Capt. Dreyfus shook his head.

The big man's face purpled. "So you refuse to drink with me, eh?" he boomed. "Mebbe I ain't good enough. Barkeep," he shouted, "give them two jaspers a drink!"

I stood up. Here came trouble, I knew. The bartender was bringing the drinks. I shook my head.

"My regrets to Mr. Marlin," I said. "We're not drinking today."

Marlin came charging across the room, his huge fists balled.

"We'll see who insults Drag Marlin to his face!" he roared. "I'll tear ya to pieces!"

I kicked my chair out of the way. Not because I had any intention of mixing it with Drag Marlin; he could crush me. I merely wanted room.

Drag was five feet away when I drew my automatic.

"I'd think better of it, Marlin," I warned. "I asked for no trouble. But if you want it—"

"Why, ya blankety-blank—!"

yelled the defeated lug. "I'll remember this an' I'll get ya yet!"

The skipper and I left, hurriedly. Outside, Capt. Dreyfus said, "You've made a dangerous enemy, Jimmy. Drag is a snake an' he'll try to get you even if it's a knife in the back."

I nodded. "Yeah. That's quite evident. There wasn't much else to do, however."

I got my copy cabled and went to the hotel. The clerk handed me a cablegram.

"JOIN LOVEJOY EXPLORATION TO INTERIOR LEAVING TUESDAY STOP SEARCHING FOR LOST CITY GET STORY REGARDS TRACEY."

Tracey was my editor, back in the States.

"Hmmm!" I said. "Beautiful assignment. Yeah!"

"Sir?" the clerk piped up.

"Oh, nothing," I replied. "Just something." It was a nutty remark, but then everything seemed kind of nutty here then.

It was Monday. That meant that tomorrow I must contact the Lovejoy outfit and invite myself on their little trek. I liked adventure. But not in such large doses as I had been getting the last six months. I'd covered four big stories—in Timor, just before the Japs arrived; in New Zealand, in New Georgia, and one in Melbourne. Now here was another one coming up, in Australia's little known interior. Oh, well—

SMASH COMICS

Homer Lovejoy was a typical explorer of the old school—pith helmet, whites, knee-length, elephant gun. He was a great old guy. I knew it at once. We shook hands.

"Glad to have you, young feller," chuckled Lovejoy. "Mighty glad. We'll need some publicity, I dare say. Come on in and have a spot of tea."

We took off the next morning at dawn—35 of us, headed for the silent, mysterious interior of Australia. I confess I had a few forebodings as we left the city and plunged into the wilderness that crept close to civilization. Only a thin barrier separated the grim dangers of the unknown from the peaceful town.

Three weeks later the motorized caravan neared its objective, a mass of littered ruins lying in the unexplored Stanley Desert, a thousand miles from the West Coast. I'd never seen such desolate country, and I've seen some bare wastelands on three continents. There wasn't a sign of life anywhere.

I didn't know exactly what Lovejoy was looking for; I assumed that he was merely interested in the ruins of some ancient city—unrecorded desert dwellers of a long-dead era.

The sun blazed unmercifully and heat waves leaped up from the sand, nearly stifling us.

"There she is," said Lovejoy. "A sight for tired eyes, eh?"

I said, "A lot of ruins, Sir John. But what are you going to do with 'em?"

Lovejoy pondered. "I think I can trust you, Christian," he said. "Somewhere in those ruins is the key to a great mystery—a mystery so ancient, so controversial,

that it almost stuns the imagination."

I pricked up my ears. "Yes? And the mystery—"

"Origin of the human race!" said Sir John profoundly. "The very cradle of humanity."

This knocked me off balance. "But I thought the Garden of Eden was supposed to be somewhere in Asia—say, the valley of the Euphrates, or—"

"Supposed to be," Sir John interposed. "Pure supposition. I have reason to believe that it is there—in that massive jumble of rock and mortar."

I was all eagerness now. "When do we start digging?"

"Immediately."

We got started inside of two hours, after we had thrown up a permanent camp just beyond the confines of the ancient city. We didn't anticipate trouble of any kind, so neglected to take precautions.

The ruins was a jig-saw puzzle, the city having been laid out in a strange unknown pattern. There was a central temple which still boasted a complete first story and the front of which was a forest of square columns.

When we had cleared some of the debris away, the old archeologist ordered six men to enter the temple and begin clearing away the worst of the rubble.

These men went through the mammoth portal and disappeared in the darkness. They had hardly stepped from sight, however, when there was a terrific roar, and half of the building fell apart. Lovejoy gave a cry.

"My God! What was that?"

"Sounded like an explosion," I said. "But how—"

Several men started through another doorway in the east side

of the temple—which was still standing. As the last one vanished from sight, another explosion collapsed the remaining portion of the stone building.

Lovejoy groaned, ran a hand over his pale brow. "In heaven's name," he cried, "what have we run into?"

I couldn't understand it. Explosives were modern inventions. This city was countless centuries old and had never been visited by men before. Or so science had said. Then how—

"Someone's been here before us," I told Sir John. "Someone who doesn't want us to do any searching, or who has it in for you. He must've planted dynamite."

"My men," half sobbed old Sir John. "Ten good chaps—murdered!"

What to do next we hardly knew. That there was more explosive planted we felt certain. It was hazardous to move anywhere about the ruined city. But it was also costly business taking a party 600 miles into the desert and getting nothing out of it.

Things broke fast that night. A plane went overhead and dropped a half dozen bombs. One of them landed 100 yards from where we were camped, exploding harmlessly. The others fell squarely amid the ruins of the ancient city, demolishing it.

It was not till the following morning that we learned the reason for the bombings—and the explosions. A small parachute had landed near the camp. A piece of iron was attached to it and about the iron was wrapped a bit of paper. I opened the paper. On it was written these words:

"Drag Marlin never forgets!"

SMASH COMICS



By
Klaus
Nordling



AAH, THIS "NUMBERS" RACKET IS FOR PIKERS! THERE AIN'T NO PERCENTAGE IN IT... NOT ENOUGH CUSTOMERS NO MORE!

WOT WOULD YOU BE PROPOSIN', SOUPBONE?



WE GOTTA DEAL IN PERCENTAGES, SEE? NOW, LOOK.. WHAT WOULD 36,000,000 FEMALES GIVE THEIR FRONT TEETH FOR?

CLARK--

NAAH.. SILK STOCKINGS!



AWRIGHT.. THE U.S. MANUFACTURES 122,066,000 LBS. O' SILK ANNUALLY.

50?



SO.. IF WE WAS TO "DIVERT" $\frac{1}{10}$ OF 1% OF THAT INTO OUR HANDS, THAT WOULD BE 122,066 LBS... ONLY A MERE PITTANCE, YA SEE? **BUT..** A STOCKING WEIGHS, LET'S SAY, 2 OUNCES... THAT'S 976,528 HOSES FOR 72,000,000 LEGS! THE DEMAND WILL BE TERRIFIC !!



NOW, **GERALDINE** HERE, IN HER BEAUTY SALON, CONTACTS THE SOCIETY DOLLS... EVEN AT **TEN BUCKS** PER PAIR, WE'D REALIZE **4 MILLION**!

HEE-HEE!

4 MILLION!



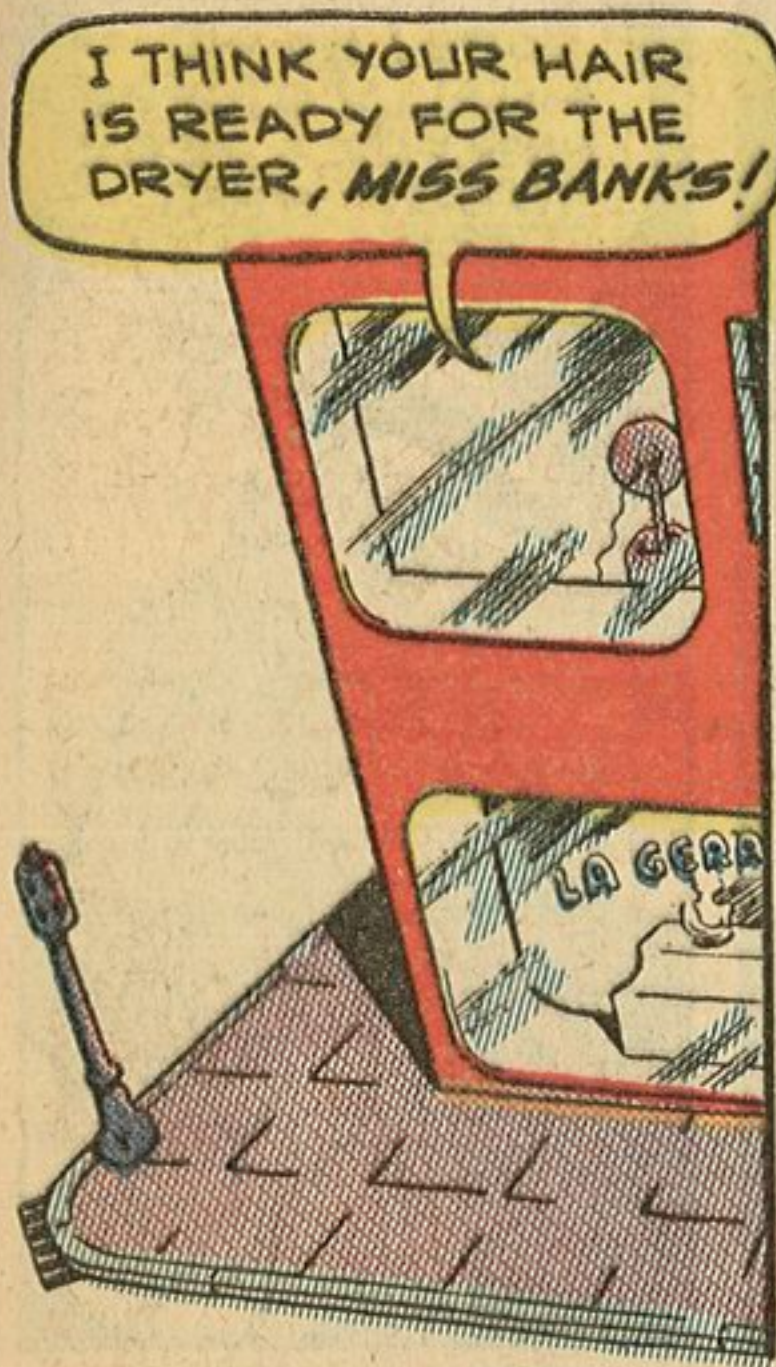
IN BACK O' THE BEAUTY SHOP, WE SET UP THE STOCKIN' MACHINERY... AN' MANUFACTURE ON THE PREMISES...

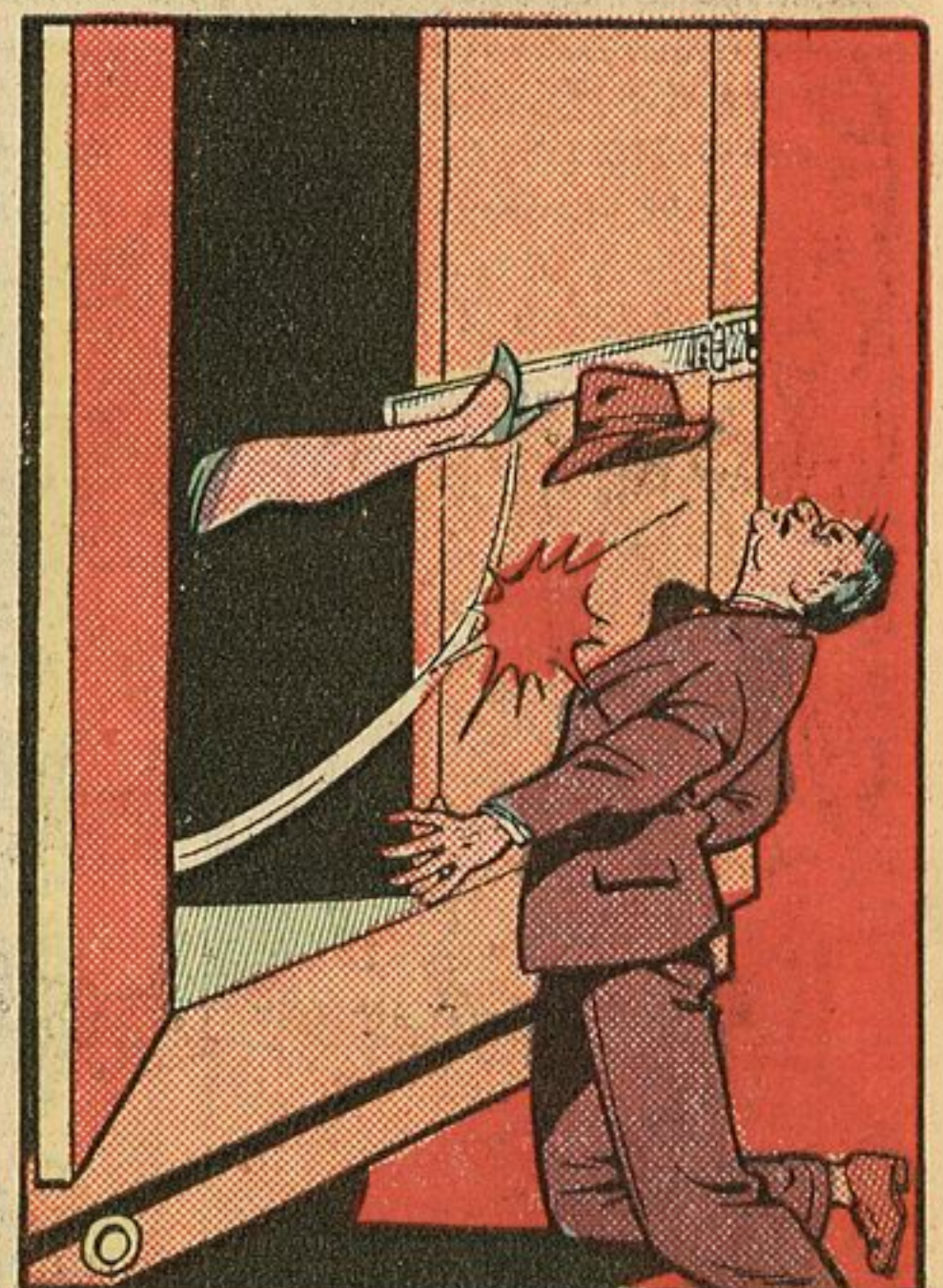
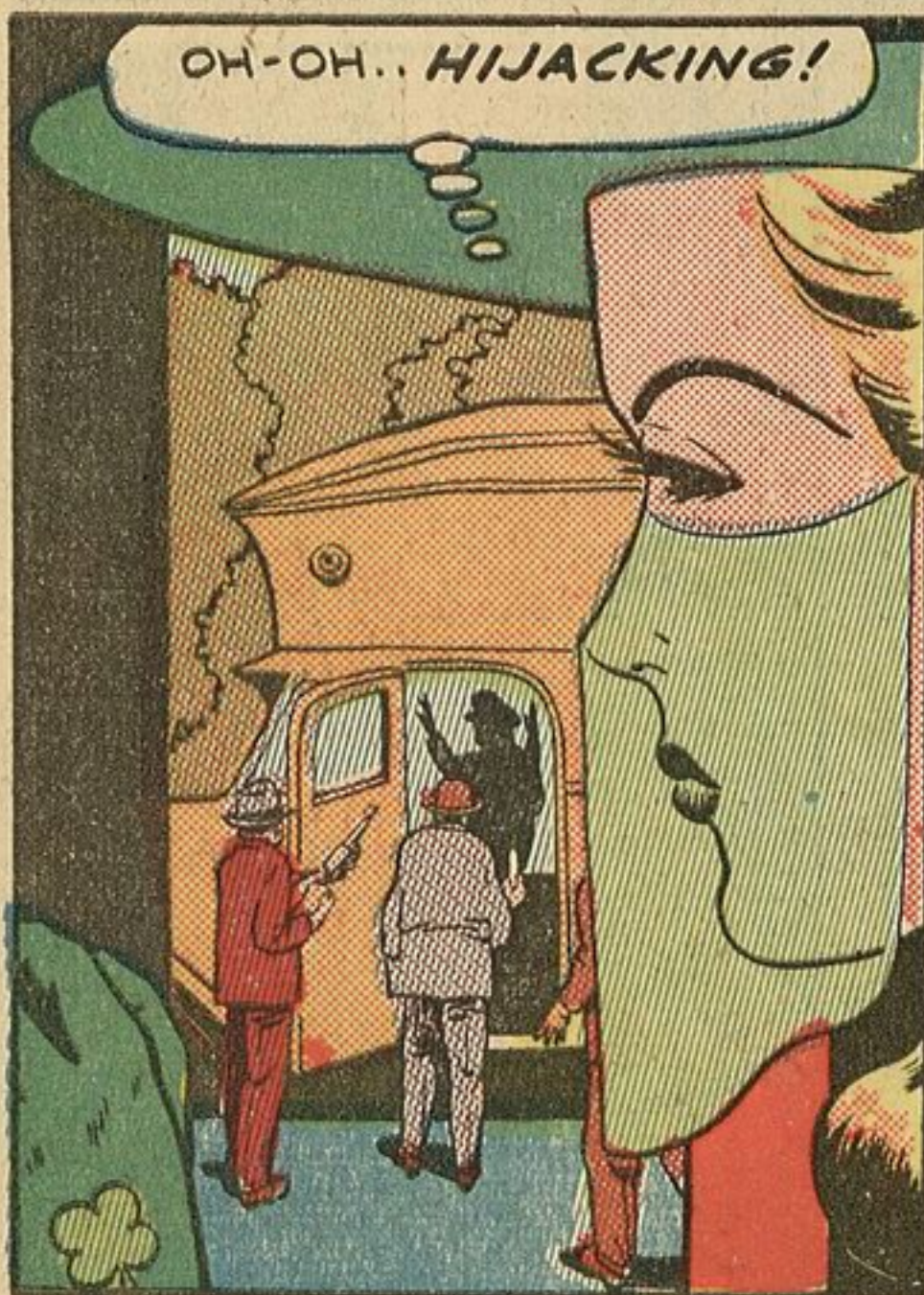
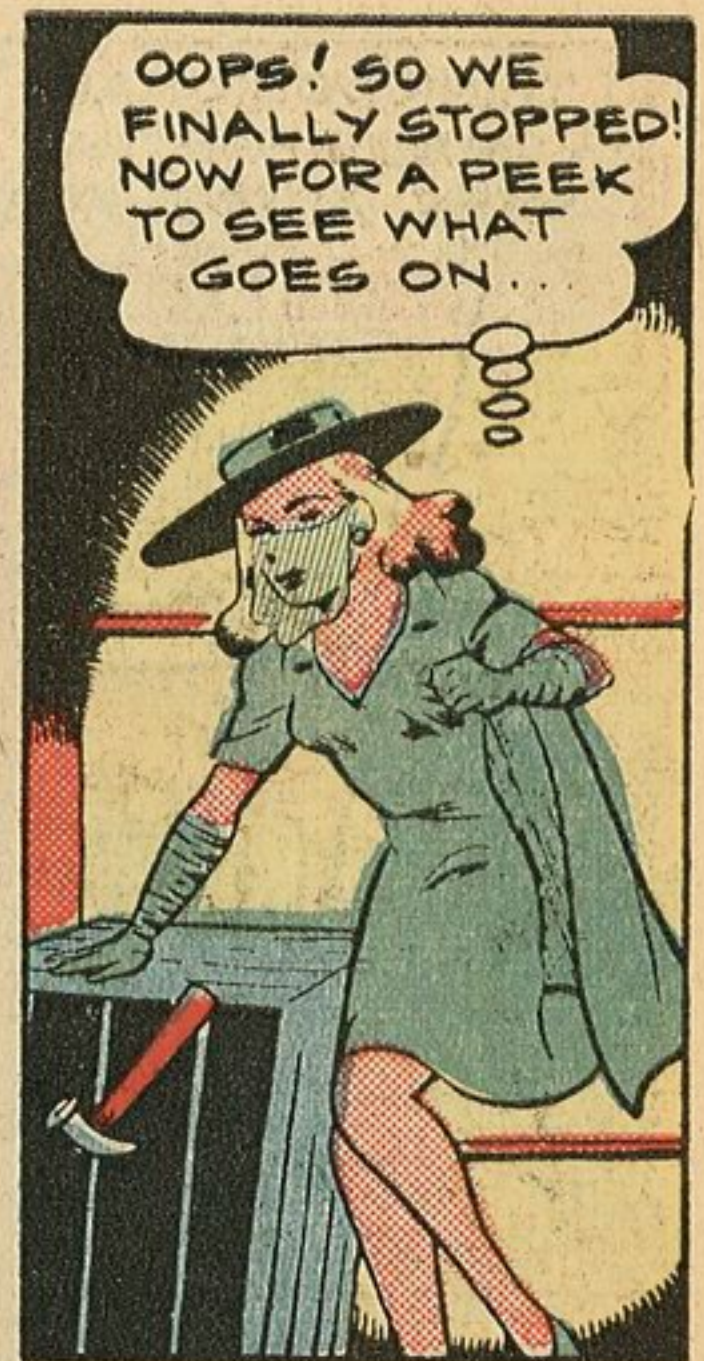
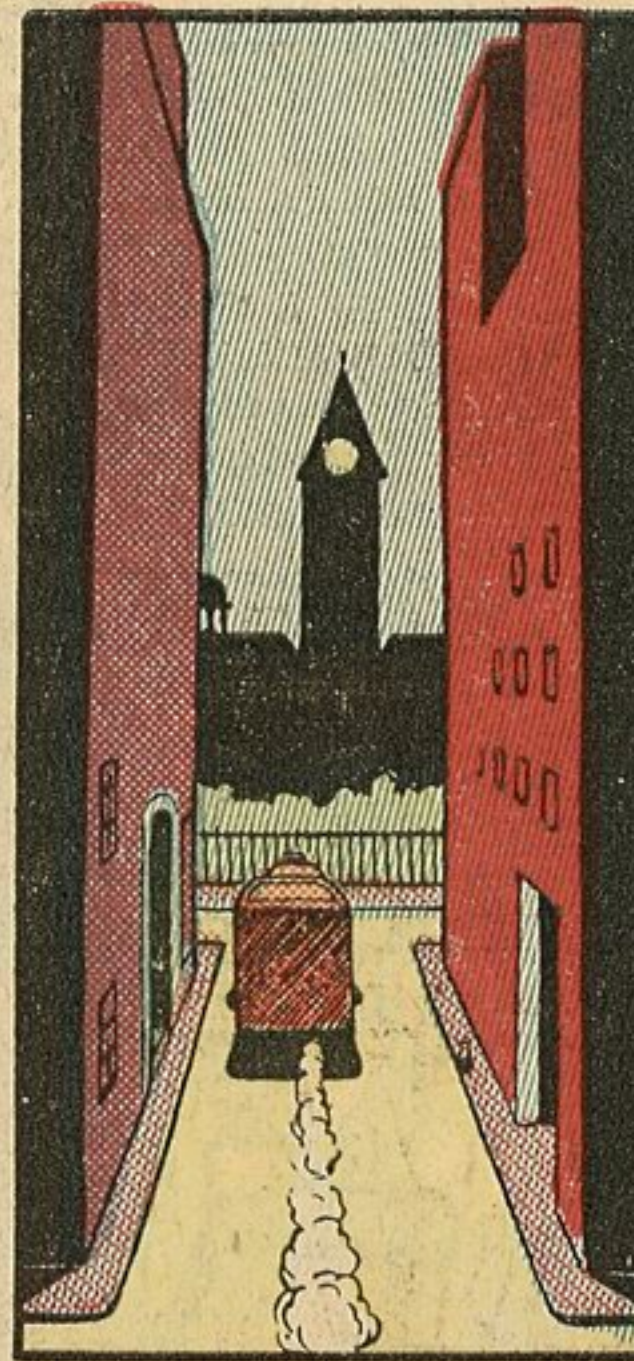
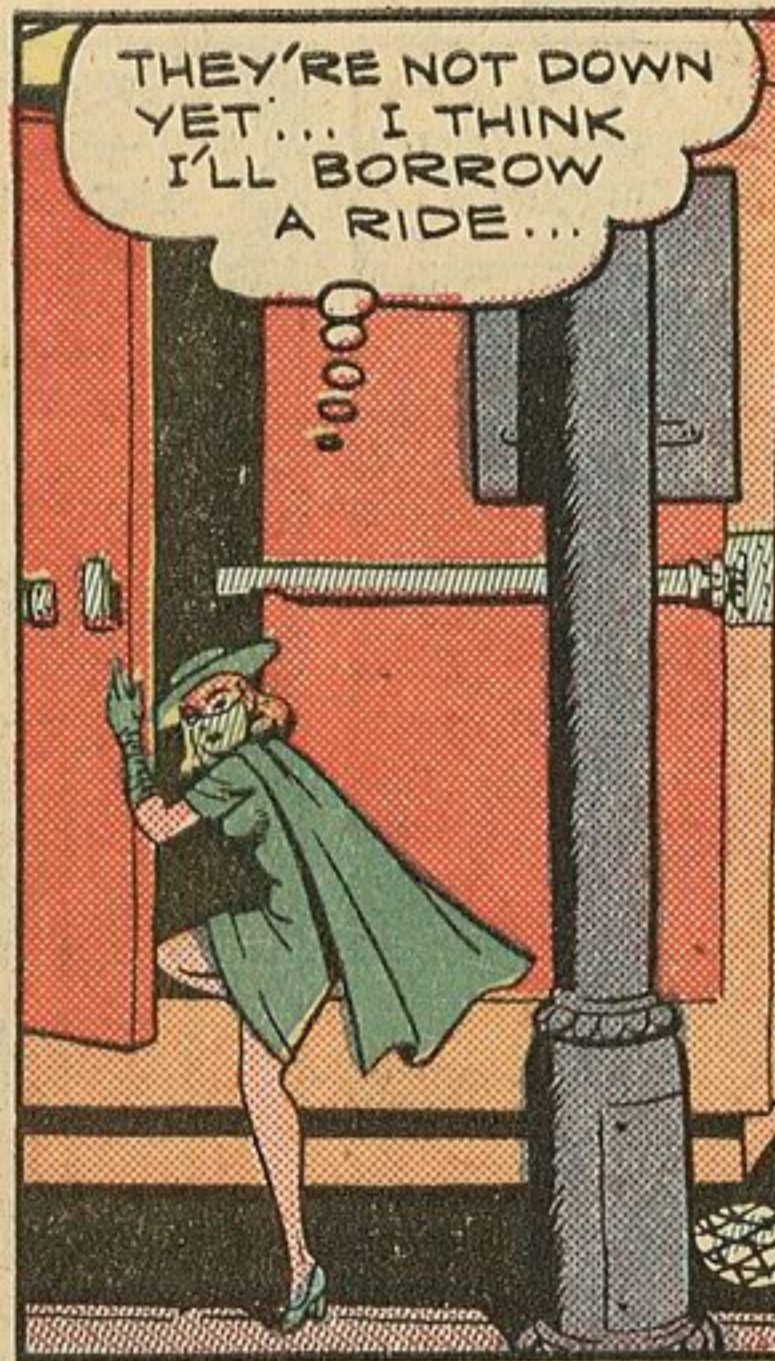


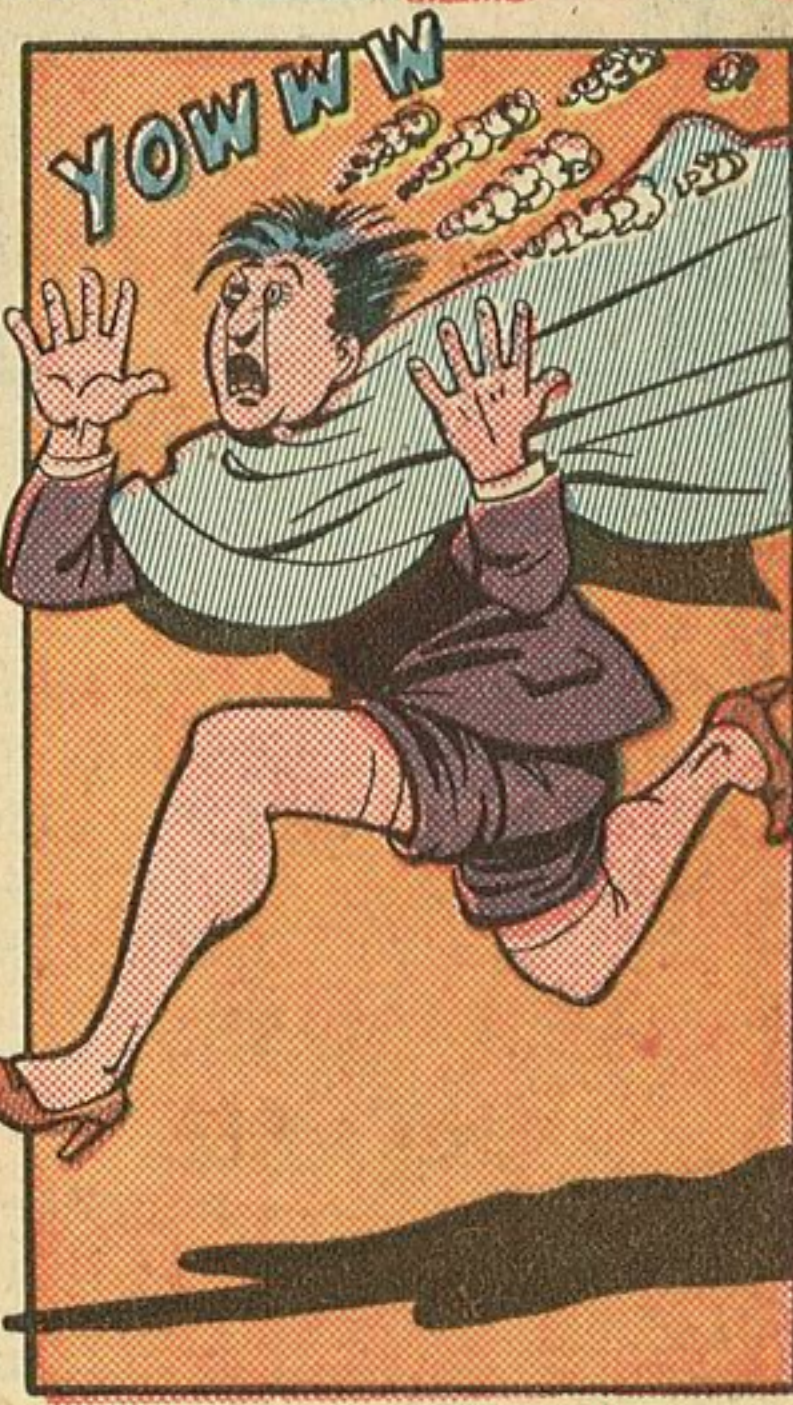
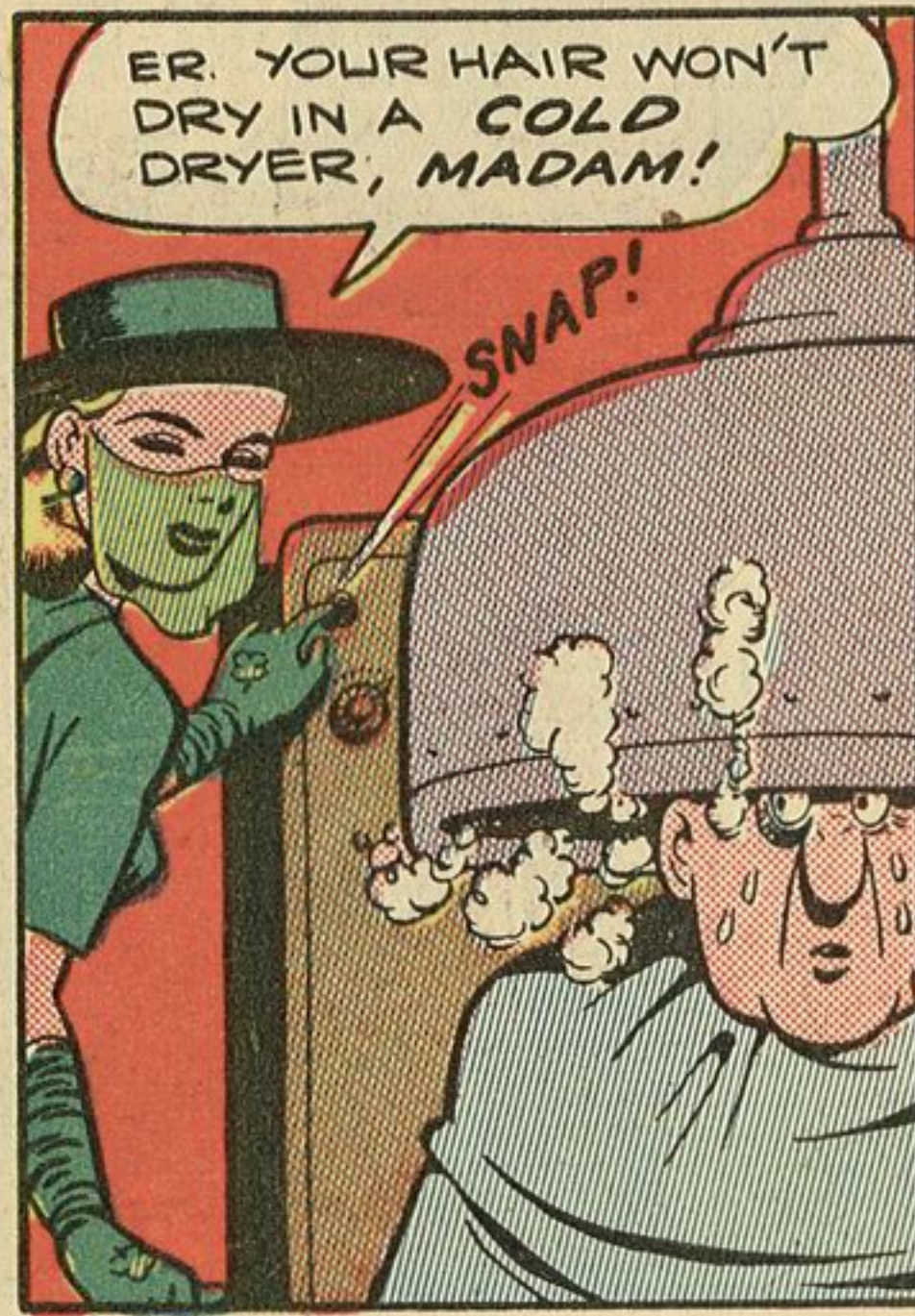
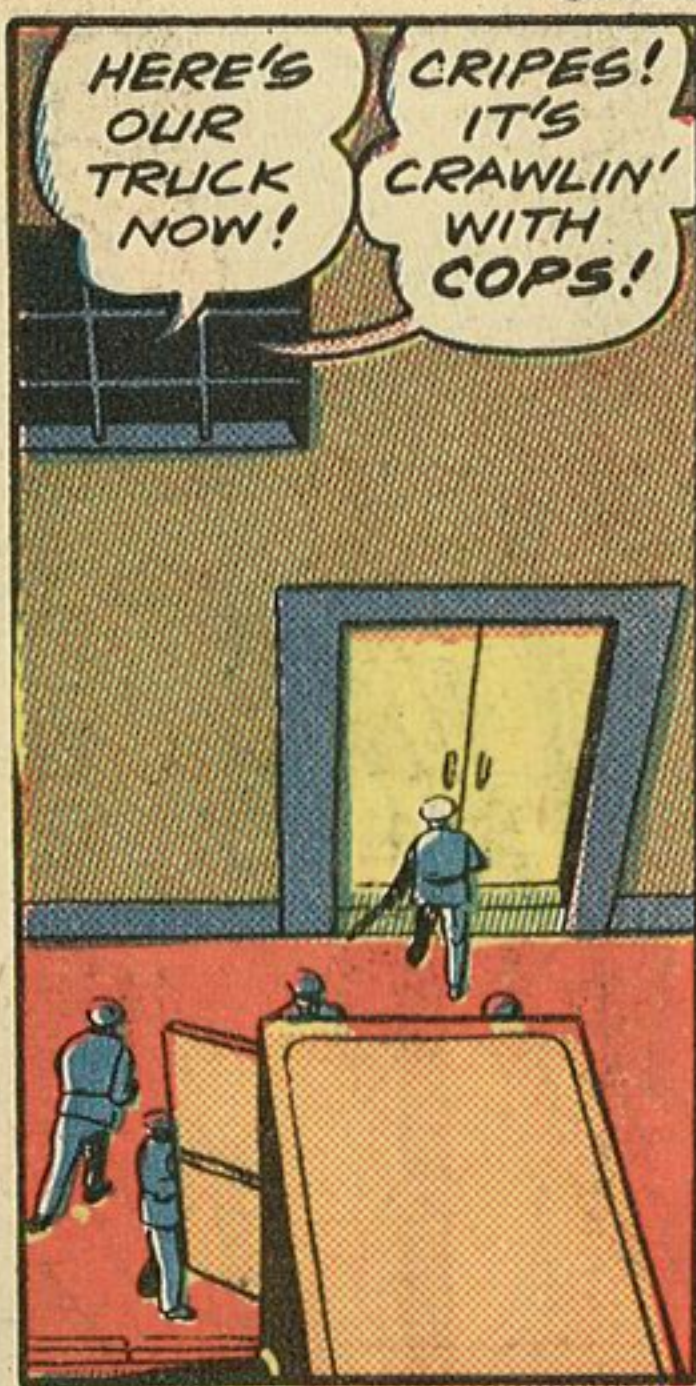
IF YOUSE WILL PARDON THE OBTRUSION, **SOUPBONE**, FROM **WHENCE** ARE WE TO **DIVUIT** THIS HERE SILK T'READ?

THAT, **GUMBO**, IS WHERE THE PERCENTAGE O' RISK IS INVOLVED!

SMASH COMICS







The JESTER

QUICK WITH A QUIP AND
SUDDEN WITH A SOCK --
THAT'S THE JESTER!

ASK ANY OF THE
CRIME CHIEFS WHO
TRIED TO LAUGH HIM OFF
OR BRUSH HIM OFF -- BUT
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO UP
TO THE STATE PRISON
ON **Visitor's
Day!**

REMEMBER,
QUINOPOLIS --
KNOWLEDGE IS POWER!
SO ARE STEAM AND
ELECTRICITY -- BUT
**KNOWLEDGE
IS HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPION!**



AT THE CLIMAX OF A
SENSATIONAL TRIAL...

I MUST SUSTAIN THE MOTION
OF THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY ---
THE CHARGES OF CRIME
CONSPIRACY AGAINST THIS
DEFENDANT ARE DISMISSED
FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE!



BUT,
COMMISSIONER--

NO BUTS, DETECTIVE
MCGINTY! ANY DUMB
FLATFOOT CAN ARREST
PEOPLE! BUT NONE OF YOU
CAN PROVE THE TRUTH--
THAT **SMUG STROMBOLI**
IS THE HEAD OF THIS
TOWN'S RACKET
TRUST!



HERE'S TO YUH,
LOOGEY! SMARTEST
SHYSTER IN
TOWN!

YOU'RE
SMART, YOURSELF,
SMUG! ... MOST
RACKETEERS GET
A LAWYER ONLY
AFTER THEY'RE
IN TROUBLE --
YOU GET ME
BEFORE!



SMASH COMICS



WHY SO WORRIED, McGINTY?

THE SMUG STROMBOLI CASE, CHUCK!



I THOUGHT IT WAS THROWN OUT OF COURT!--

HIS CASES ARE ALWAYS THROWN OUT! HE ALWAYS BEATS THE RAP ON SOME FUNNY ANGLE!



HE MUST HAVE A WONDERFUL LEGAL MIND TO PLAN-- HEY! WHERE YOU GOING?

OH, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!



YES -- SMUG HAS A LEGAL MIND -- BUT IT MUST BE SOMEBODY ELSE'S!



PATROLMAN CHUCK LANE CHANGES CLOTHES AND BECOMES ---

WE'VE BEEN WATCHING THE WRONG GUY!



--- The Jester!

AN OUNCE OF CRIME PREVENTION IS WORTH A TON OF CHECKUPS!



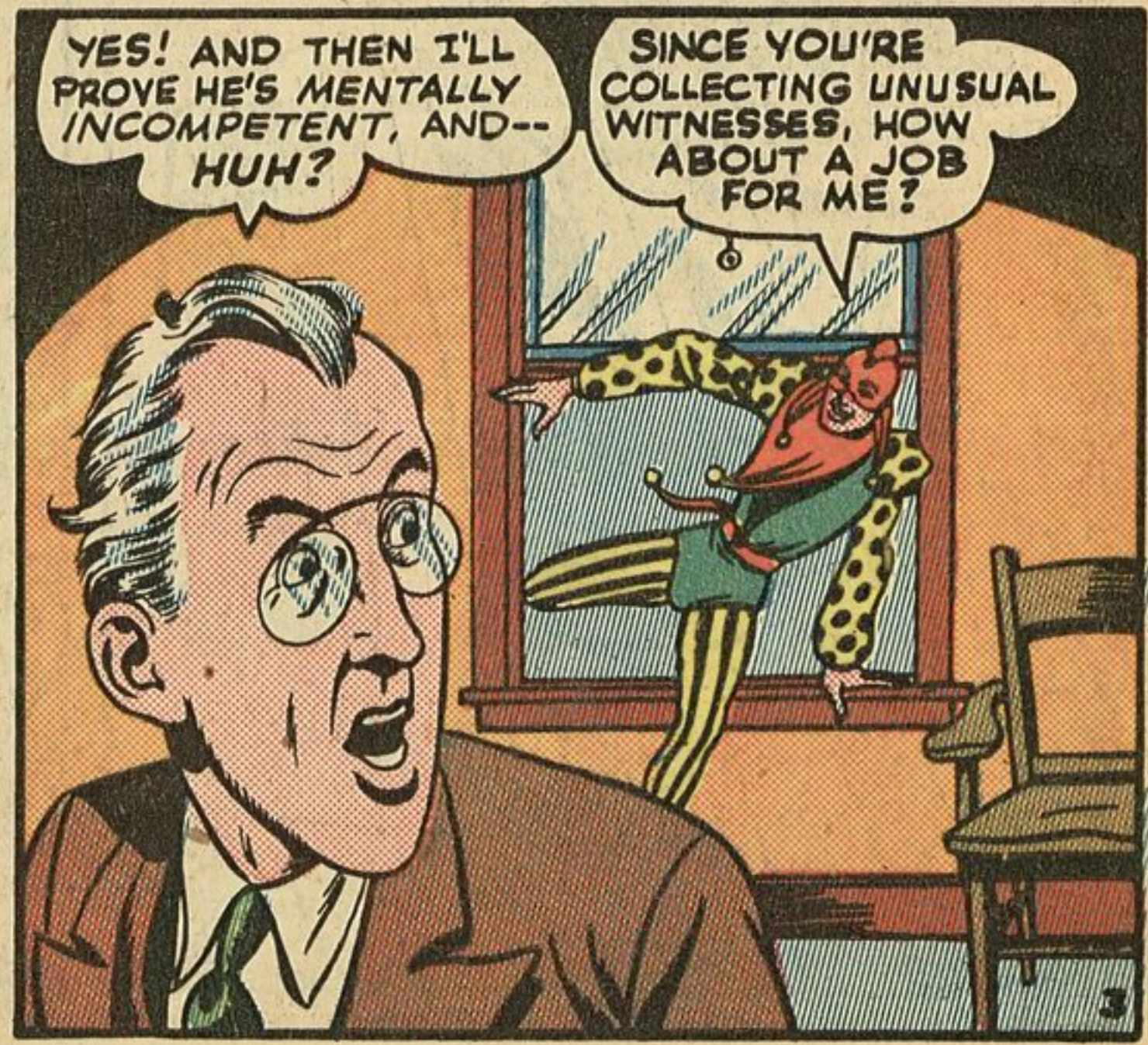
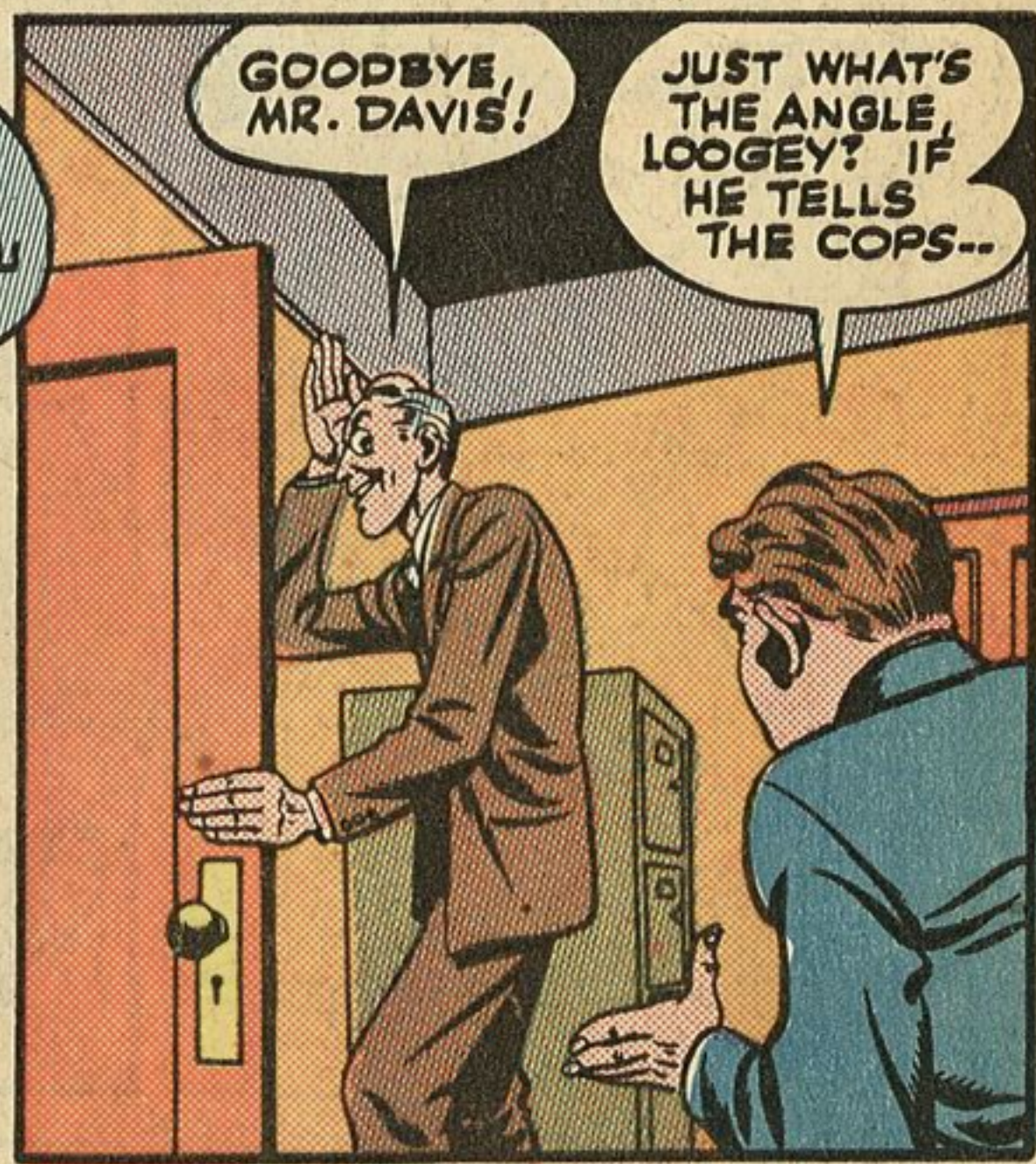
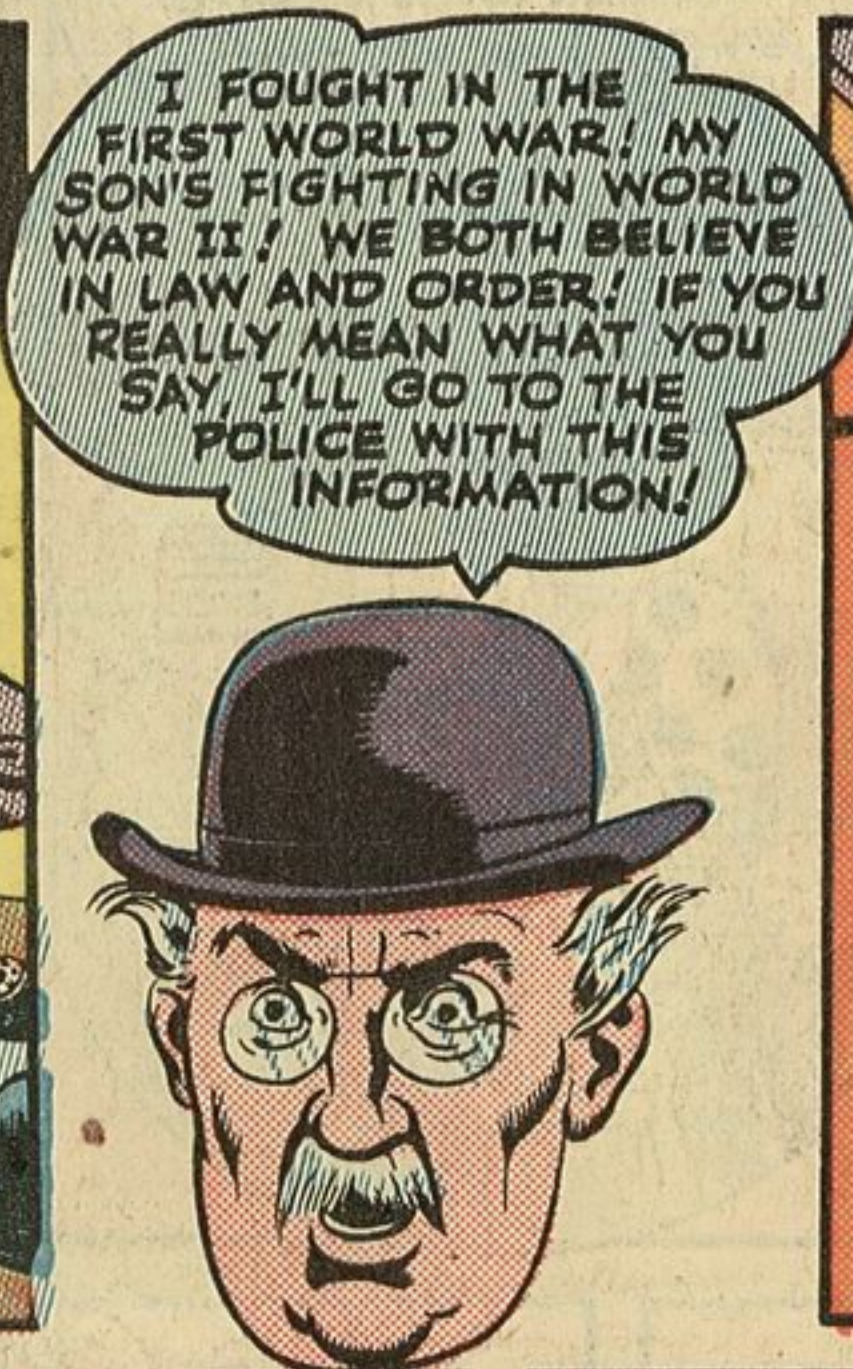
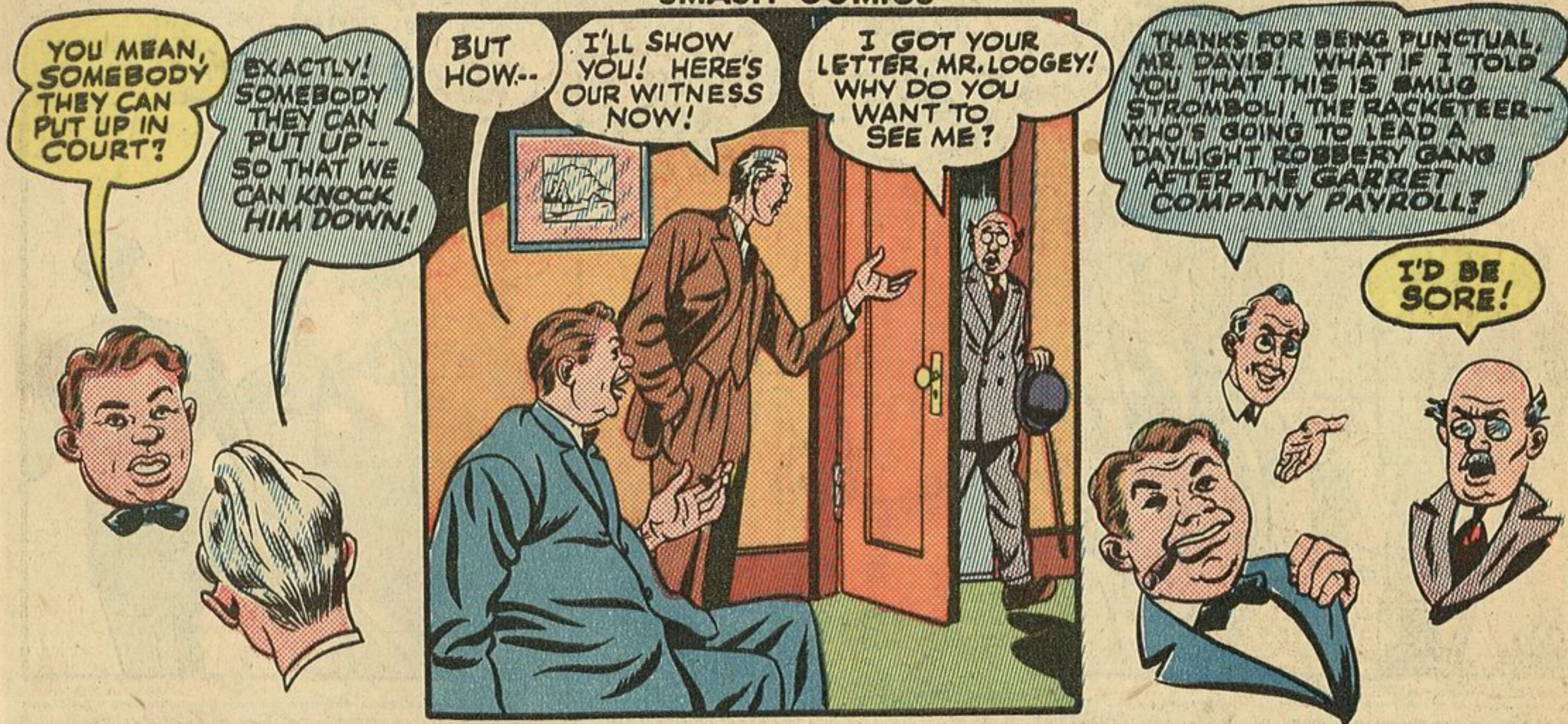
HERE'S WHERE TO LISTEN IN-- INSTEAD OF ON SMUG'S HOODLUMS!

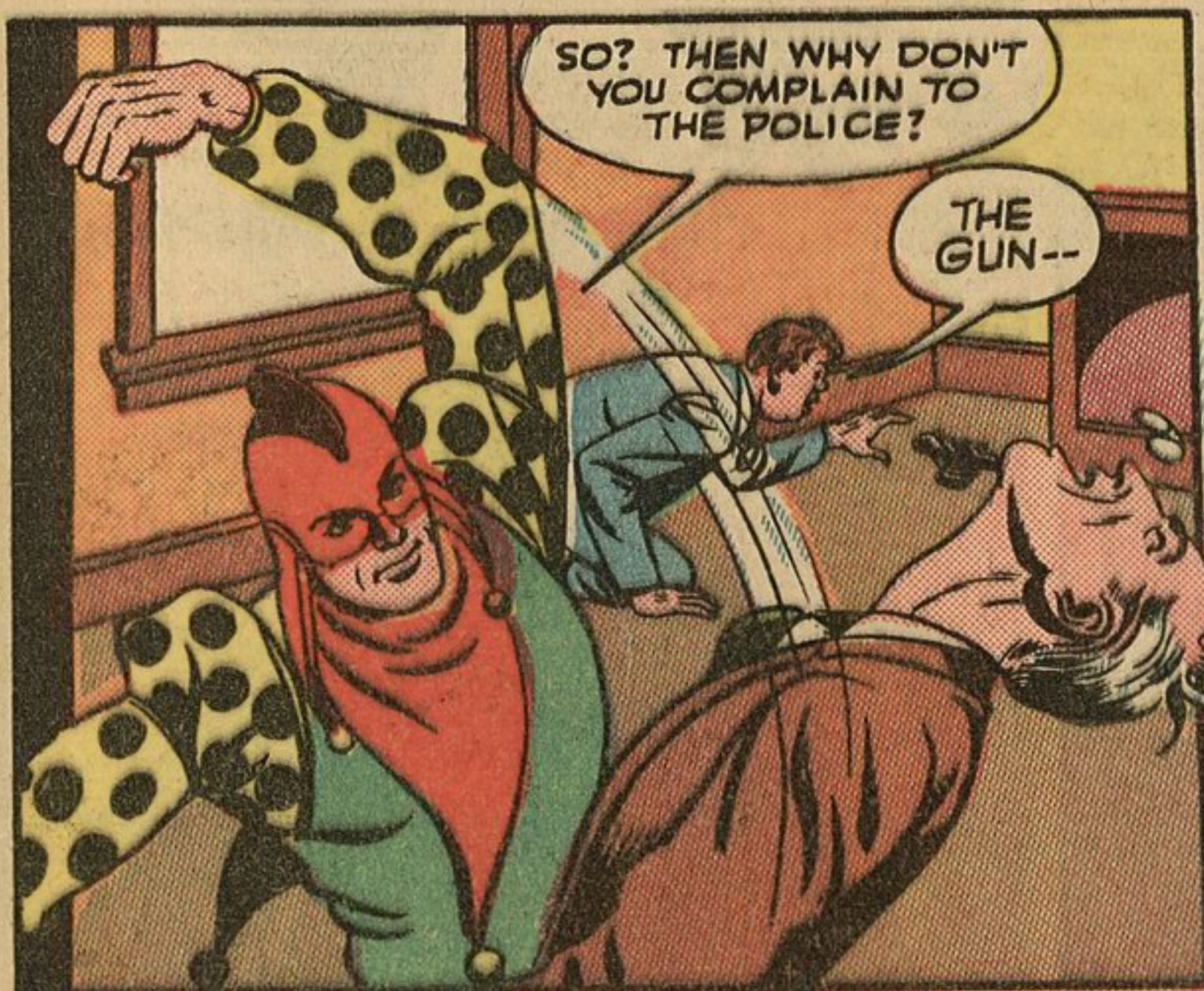
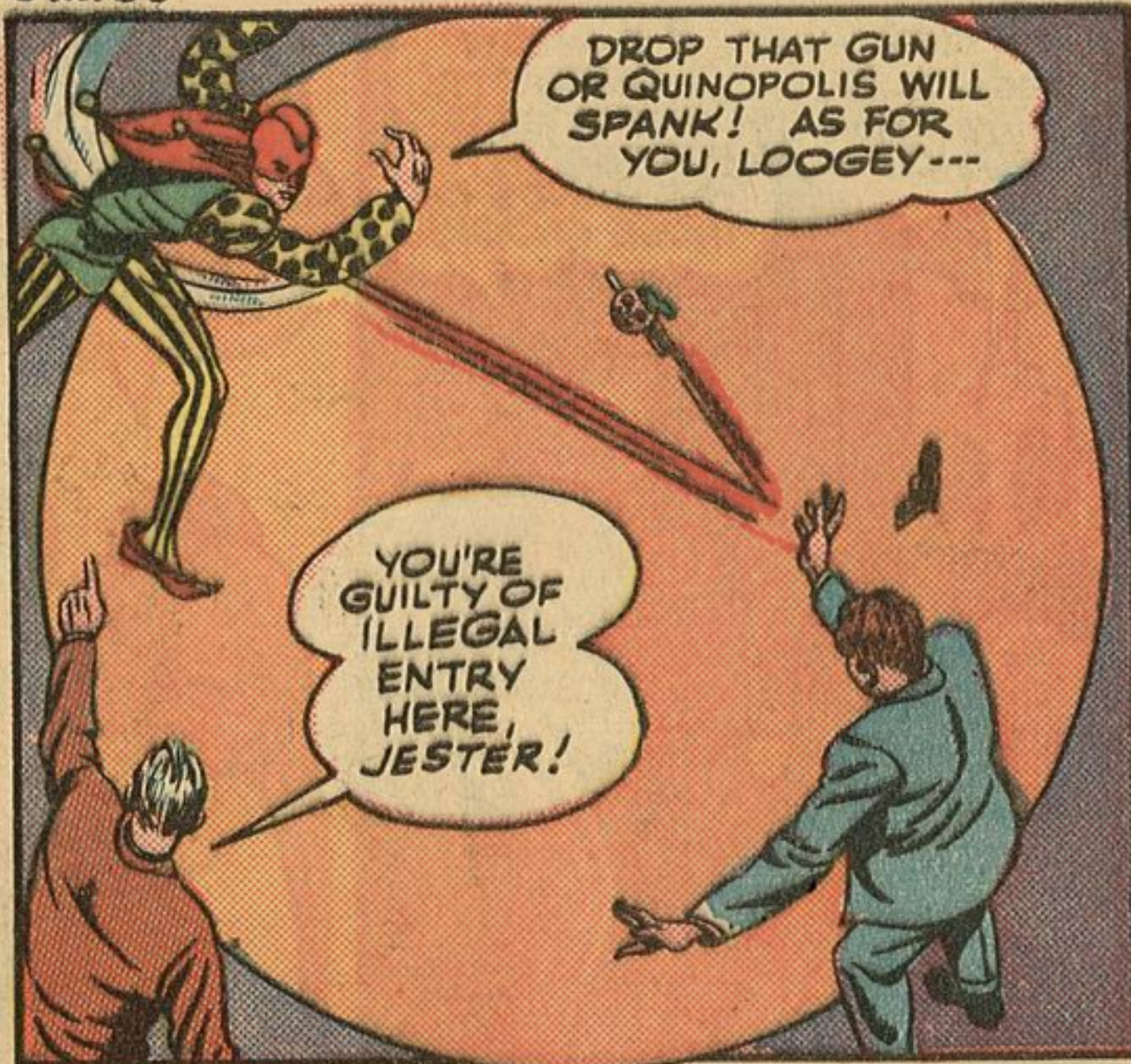


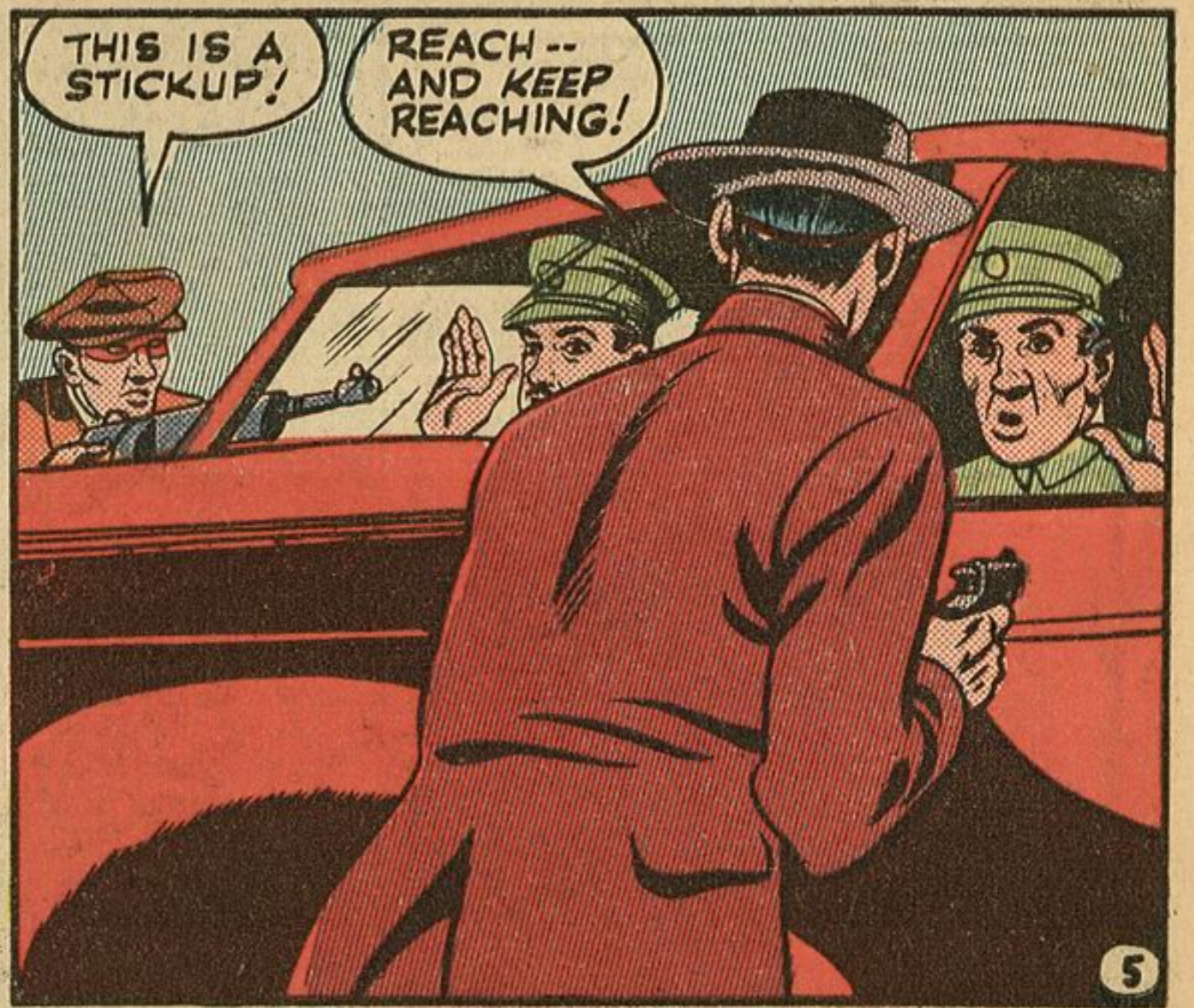
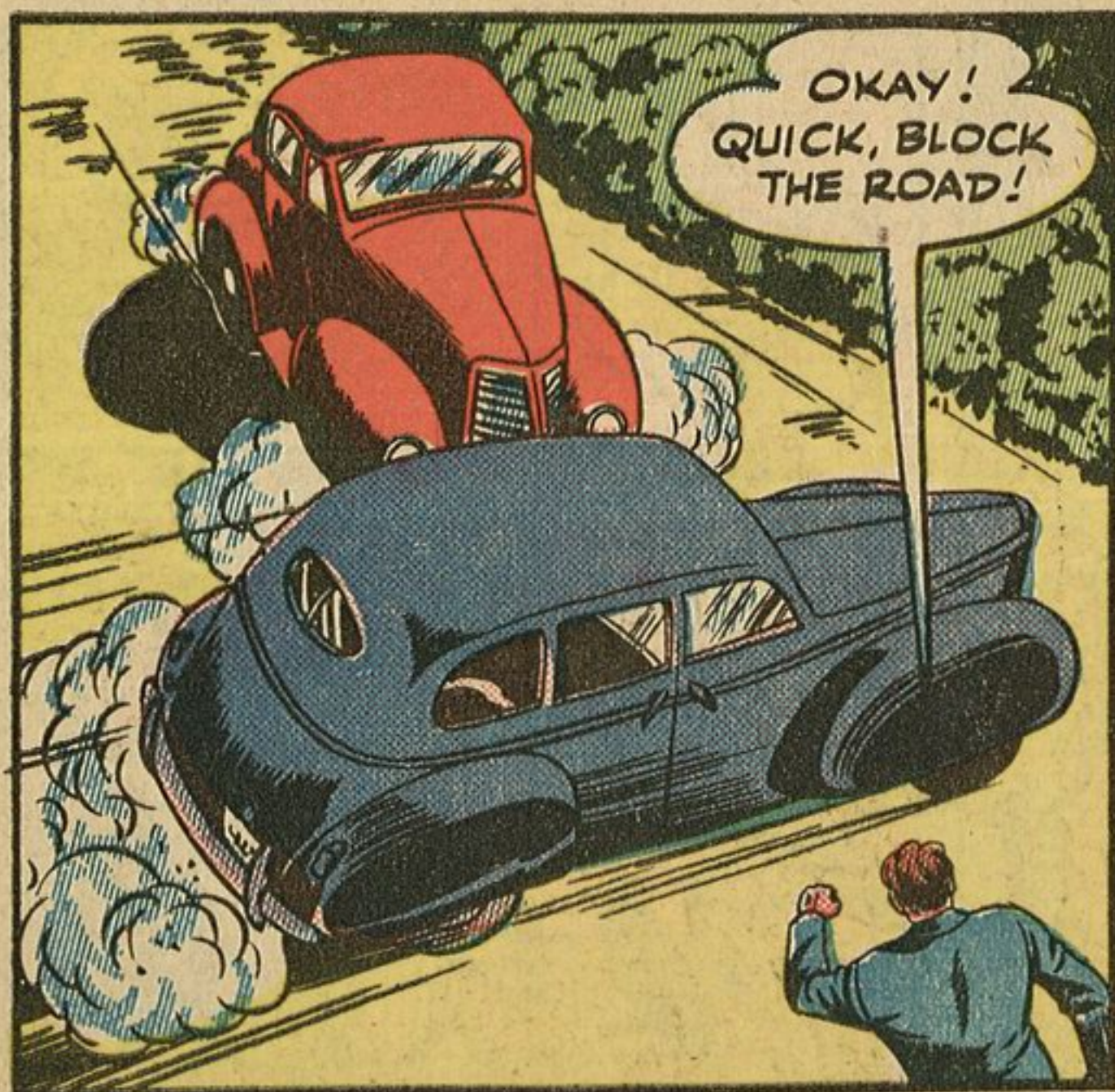
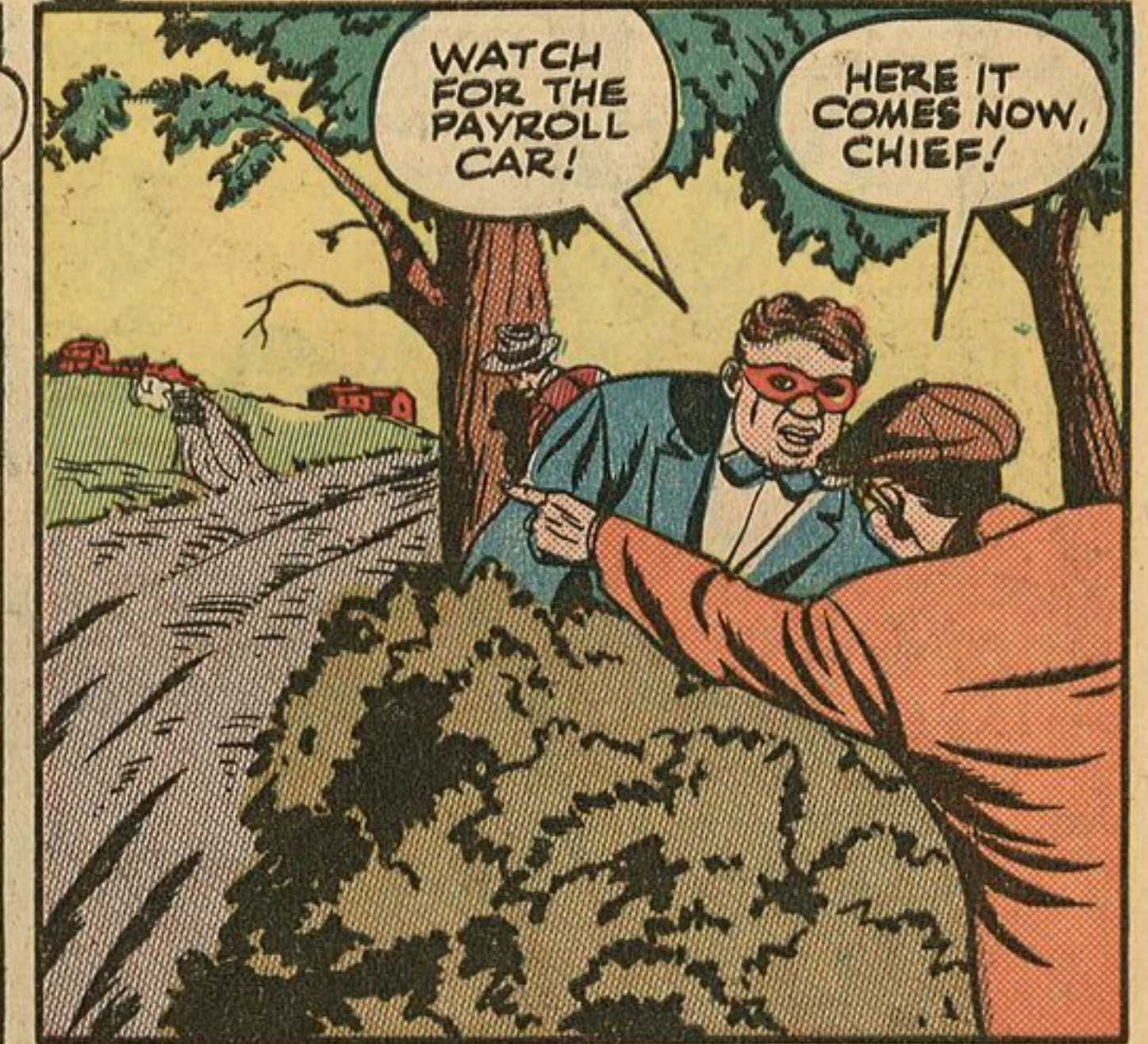
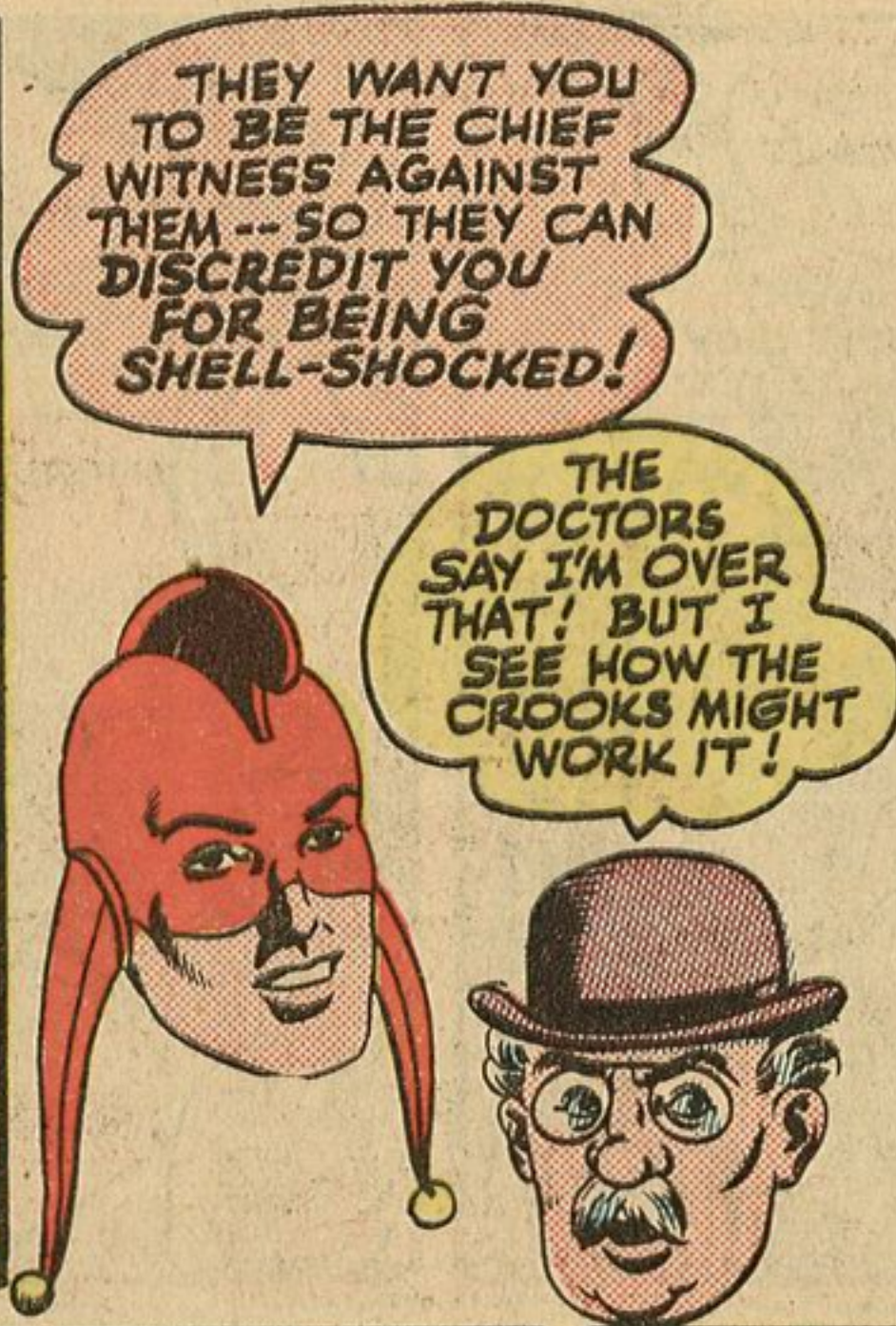
BUT IF WE PULL THE STICKUP WITHOUT WITNESSES!

THAT'S JUST IT! THE COPS WILL WANT A WITNESS! WE'LL GIVE THEM ONE!

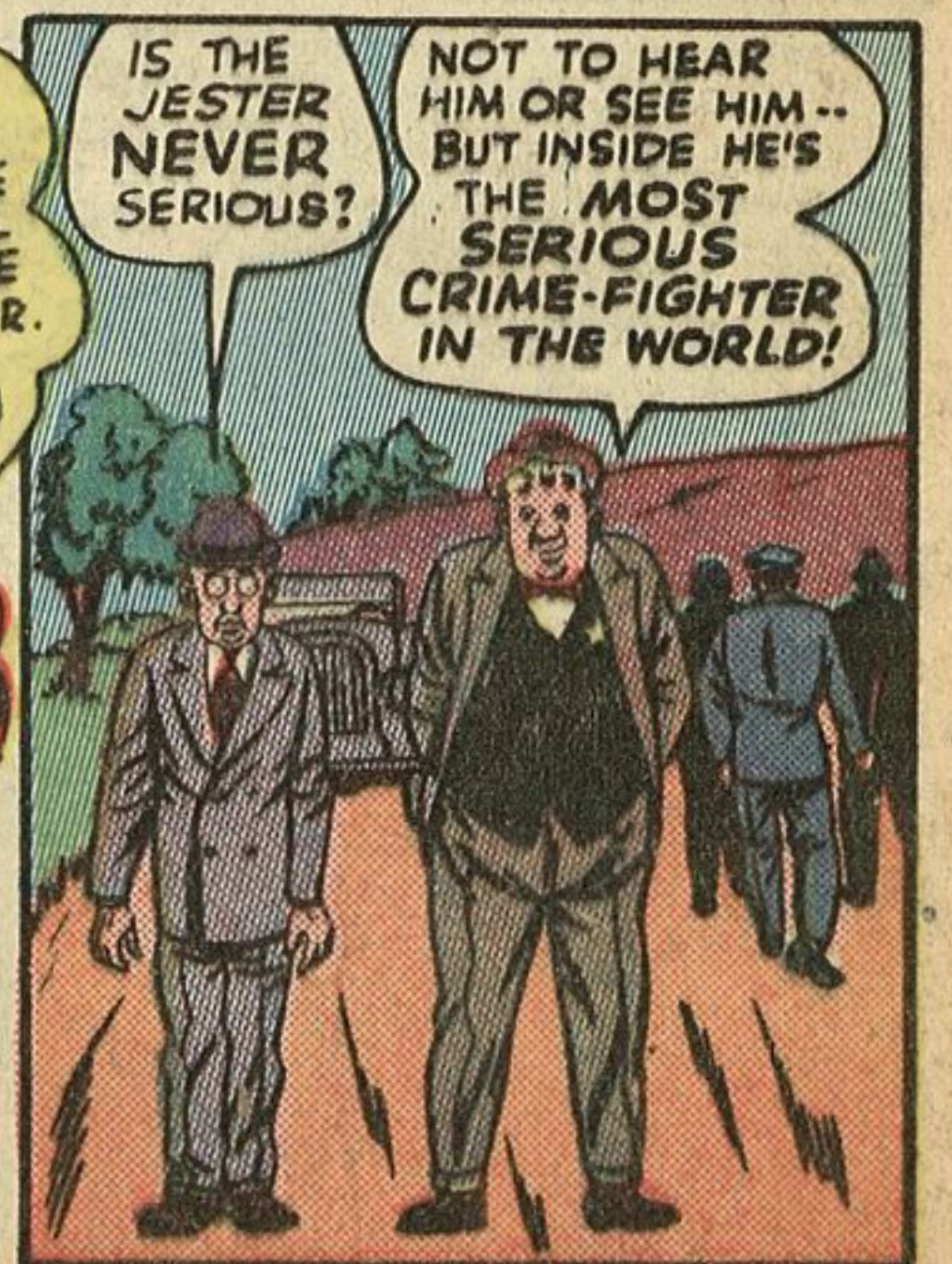
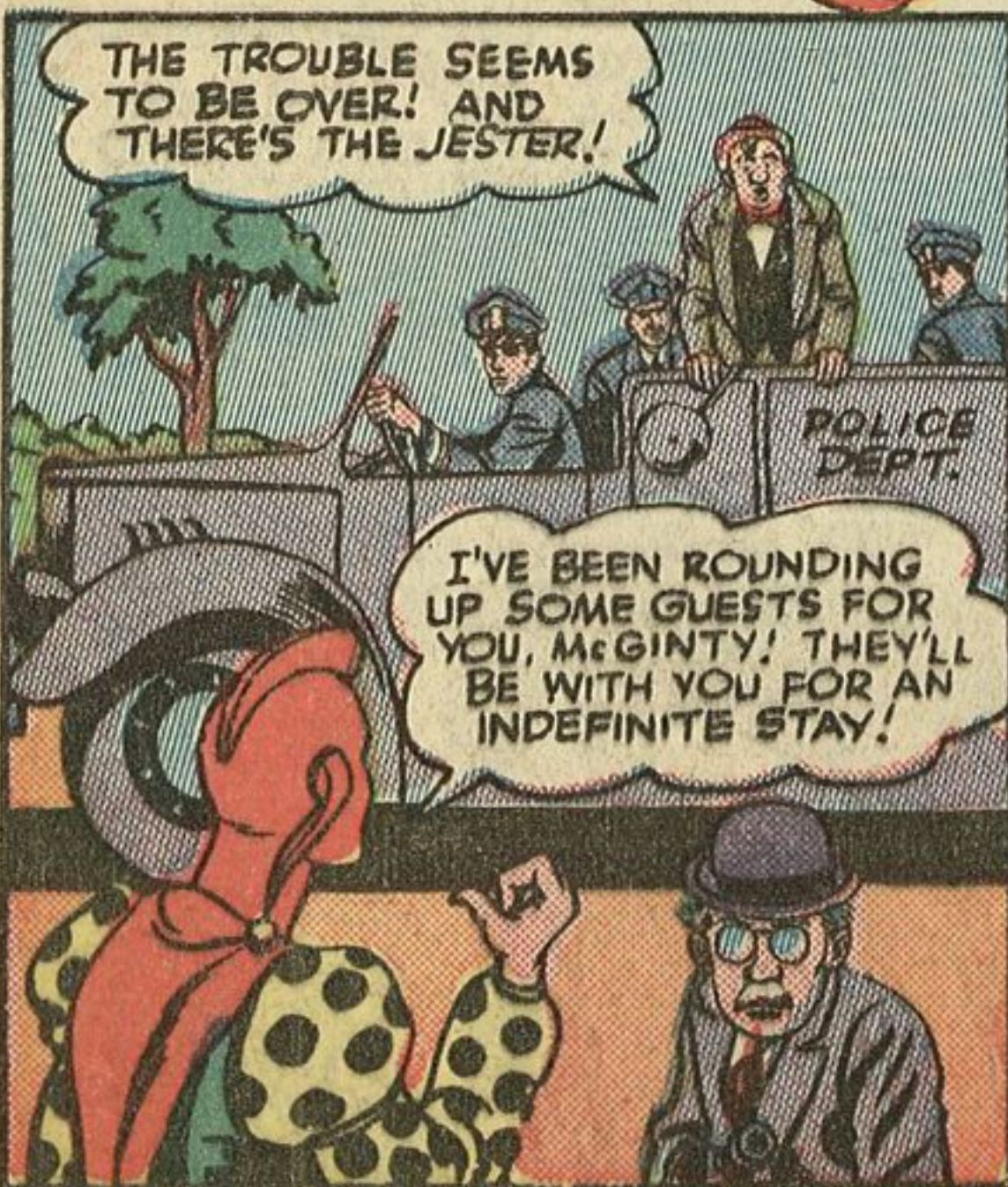
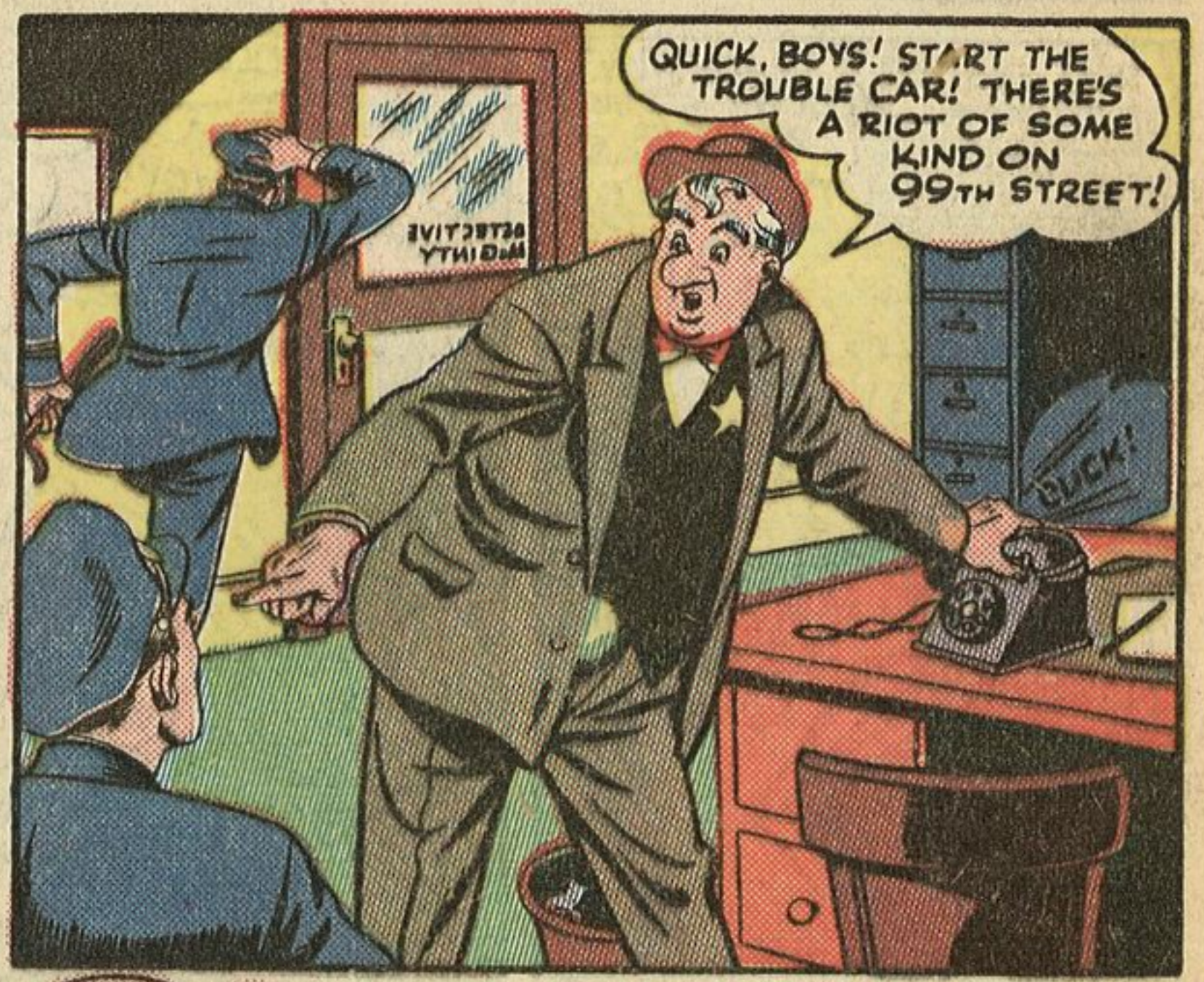
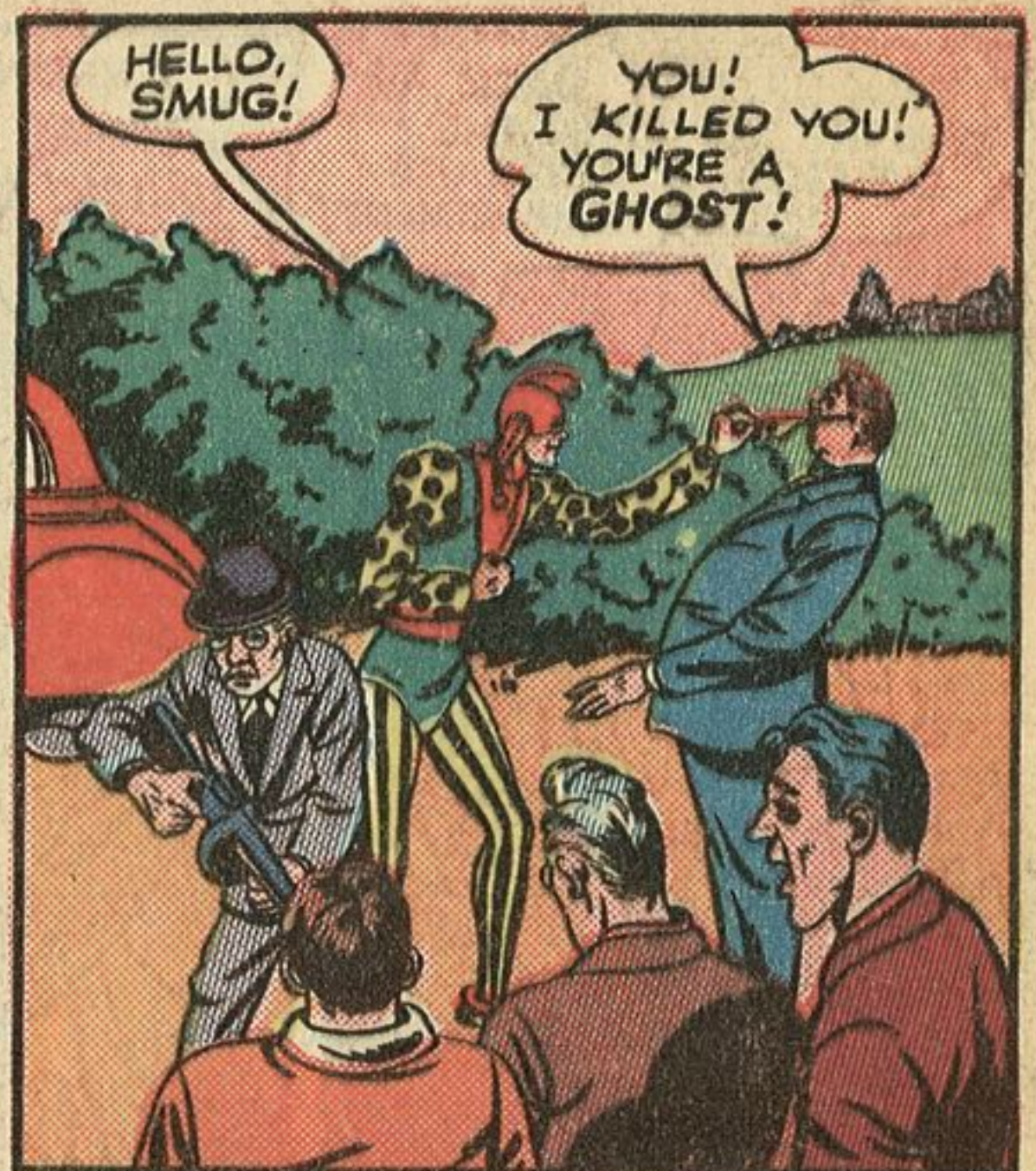
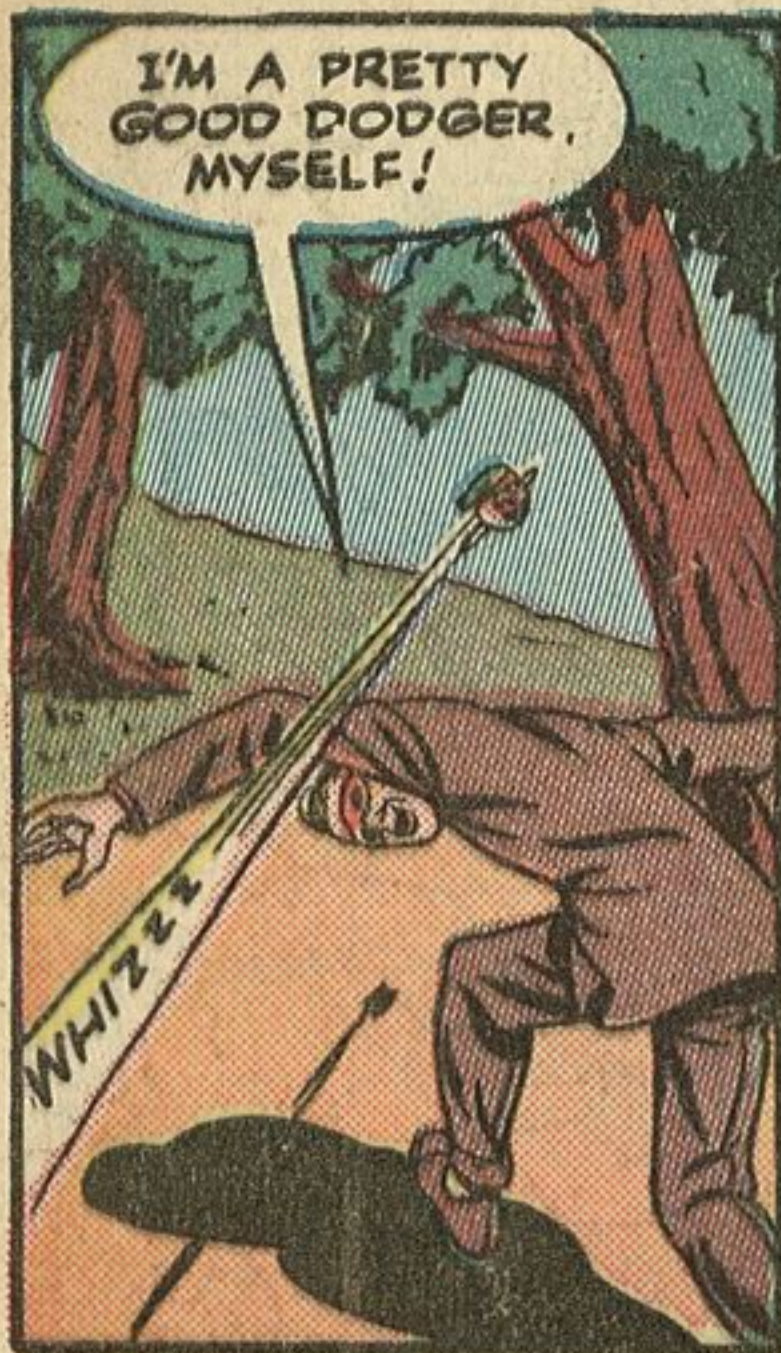
SMASH COMICS











OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE



READ ALL ABOUT THE
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, un-
dependable storm glass. The
Weatherman Weather House is the
original "Swiss" Weather House
which actually tells you the weather
in advance. Beware of Imitations.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN— YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly—prices may rise.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. C.G.1
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name.....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

FREE
for Prompt
Action

GOOD LUCK LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered!
Tradition is—a person owning one of these
plants will have much good luck and success.



AS YOU RECEIVE IT



AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. I. S., Amsterdam, Ohio.
Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful." Mrs. I. F., Booth Bay, Maine

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."—Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful." Mrs. D. L. B., Shenandoah, Iowa

Yours free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rating very high in plant evolution.

ENERGY

WHEN YOU NEED IT!



Jeep or boat? The U. S. Amphibian Jeep is both! This versatile little vehicle, called a "duck," traverses land and water with equal efficiency . . . ready with energy wherever needed!

Baby Ruth HELPS REPLENISH NEEDED ENERGY

When our body motor runs low and fatigue sets in, Baby Ruth Candy is ideal "perk-up" fuel . . . its food-energy helps to carry a job through to the finish!

Baby Ruth has followed through from civilian life to Front Lines. To our fighters everywhere, Baby Ruth is bringing dextrose-rich nourishment . . . refreshing goodness . . . good cheer. Remember this, please, if you must ask again tomorrow for the Baby Ruth you would have enjoyed today!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS



Uummm . . . Baby Ruth Cookies
are delicious . . . easy-to-make!

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

If you cannot find Baby Ruth
on the candy counter, remember
Uncle Sam's needs come
first with us as with you.



BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

